CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

Charles G. Leland

Charles Godfrey Leland

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

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VOL. II

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

CHAPTER X

LIFE AND WORK IN ENGLAND

WHEN I turn to the correspondence with the new friends the Rye made in England. my pile of letters becomes a sort of cinematograph in writing of the literary life of London during the seventies, — of the few men and women whose greatness has grown with the years, of the many who already in their work appear to us as old-fashioned as the tiny sheets of paper, fit for a doll's house, upon which they wrote, and the elaborate crossing of their pages. The picture, to my regret, is imperfect; whole sections of it have disappeared. I find hardly a reference to the Saturday receptions in Park Square; a regret for one special Saturday from John Payne, translator of Villon and "Your Brother in Rabelais," as he signs himself, is the chief trace as yet discovered of evenings memorable to all London old enough to have enjoyed them.

But, if there is nothing of the people who came to the Rye, there is much of those who wanted him to go to them, and they were almost everybody then worth going to. Asked who was the centre of the literary world that entertained in those days, most Londoners would answer promptly Lord Houghton. I must own to some satisfaction in chancing upon an invitation from him to one of the breakfasts which were for a while so renowned, though their model was supplied by Rogers and their glory has been eclipsed by Whistler. The note is in the handwriting that made Lord Houghton the despair of his friends and the terror of the compositor. Delighted as I am, for the sake of appropriateness, that the Rye should have received this invitation so characteristic of the period, I cannot read it and not feel relieved that I was never exposed to the honour. Breakfast as understood in England — it is another matter in France — is the most barbarous form of entertainment ever devised by man. I do not marvel that Sydney Smith objected because it "deranged" him for the day. But Lord Houghton managed to add to its terrors, if I can judge by the note before me, without a date but from Atkinson's Hotel, Clifford Street, Bond Street, where in 1877 he was hav-

ing "some good Saturday breakfasts." "Will you," the note says, "do me the pleasure of breakfasting with me here at 10 o'clock this morning?" At what unearthly hour then, I ask with compassion, did Lord Houghton rout his unfortunate guests out of their beds to summon them to the morning feast? And what gain, in the form of bacon and eggs, or talk, however good, would make up for the loss of the last precious minutes to the man with a talent for sleeping? However, the Rye always kept up the good American habit of breakfasting early, and probably to him the drawback was that bacon and eggs had long ago been disposed of, when his summons came, and work was already too well started to be interrupted by any talk. As for "all London," had it, with Carlyle, looked upon Lord Houghton as a mere Robin Redbreast of a man, it would still have thought no inconvenience too heavy a price for being seen at one of his breakfasts.

Social success in those days might have the official seal put upon it at Lord Houghton's breakfast table, but to be received by Mrs. Norton was, even in the seventies, a privilege more certain to be its own reward. Hers is the more picturesque figure, and from her there

are two notes — in delicate, slanting, very feminine writing, one on violet-bordered paper, in the style of both something of old "Keepsake" affectations and elegance — signed "Caroline Norton." Old as she was when the notes were written, her attraction must have been distinctly more than the mere reflection of a romantic past. It was two or three years later on that she married Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. As "the most charming woman I ever met," the Rye recalls her in his "Memoirs," and again in the "Memoranda." I have an idea it was because this "Beauty with wit" could not help seeming charming to everybody, that she got so on the nerves of Harriet Martineau, especially as Miss Martineau, with the advantage of not being charming in the least, did not accomplish any more, if as much, for the legal welfare of her own sex. The notes are slight. Perhaps the signature, the writing, and the many underscored and doubly underscored words, have helped me to find in them more of old "Keepsake" sentiment than there really is.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

DEAR MR. LELAND, — I called at Langham Hotel to know if Mrs. Leland was "at home"

— and understood that *you* were, but she was NOT. Will you — if ever you have a spare half-hour — remember that I ALWAYS remain at home from 4 to 7 on *Tuesdays?*

I should be so pleased to see you and to thank you personally for your kind remembrance of me in sending me your poems.

No one CAN admire them more than I do, — except *perhaps* my Brother Brinsley Sheridan, who is very eager about them. He is not in town just now, but I hope by and bye to make him acquainted with you.

The other, written a fortnight later (June 19), is to Mrs. Leland, and begins: —

"Card leaving is a very barren cultivation of acquaintance. Do you think you are sufficiently free from engagements to be able to dine here on Monday, July 1st?

"Let me know soon, for it is very, very seldom I venture on such an ambitious mode of securing the company of friends."

Safely put away with this invitation was a little card "just to remind," but from Mrs. Norton could a reminder have been needed? Of the dinner I know but one fact. "To-day it is only the reception of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the

poetess," a letter from the Rye to Mrs. Harrison says. "We dined with her lately, where we met the *belle des belles* of London, Lady Poltimore — tall, stately, dignified, and magnificently wooden!"

The interest of the innumerable other invitations, apart from the rare opportunity they offer to the autograph-hunter, is in showing by how many and what different people the Rye in London was appreciated for his work and liked for himself. It was the demand he was in, I do not doubt, that sent him on many long visits to Brighton and Oatlands Park. It is amusing, for the sake of contrast, to take the notes in the order — or disorder — in which they come. For on the top of the pile lie some invitations from Mr. John Morley to his country house near Guildford — as hermitage, it figures in the first (1871), the visit suggested for the 4th or 5th of July, and if the Fourth, is a dinner of spread eagle to be prepared? — this tribute to the Rye's country followed by a tribute to the Rye's countryman, for George Boker, though their acquaintance was short, was also counted among Mr. Morley's best friends. Immediately after Mr. Morley's invitation, I open one to afternoon tea, from Mrs. Lynn Linton, in

"ladylike" writing on pale green note-paper, in itself a reproach and an example to the Girl of the Period. Next, in an all but illegible scrawl, comes one from Tom Taylor, to luncheon at Lavender Sweep and a talk over the affairs of the Road, for he too, he says, is an *aficianado*, — and I can only hope the Gypsies treated him more tenderly than the Butterfly did, though if it had not been for the Butterfly's stings, Tom Taylor, perhaps because "too clever" as Fitz-Gerald thought, would be a name forgotten. Then follow many letters in the neat writing of George Augustus Sala, also, for some unknown reason, a power in journalism during the seventies, the letters as full of quotations and references as if destined for his column of G. A. S. — surely none but an Englishman could have used such a signature in all seriousness!

After Sala, it is Jean Ingelow, asking the Rye to every possible meal, her friendliness coloured by gratitude because, as she writes in one letter, scarcely a day passes that she has not to thank an American for some kindness. The marvel to me is how she ever summoned up courage to invite any one to anything. For I remember too well, being then new to London ways and the Londoner's gift of silence, how

at the only garden party at her Kensington house to which I went, she was so shy that her shyness seemed to communicate itself to everybody there: a memorable occasion, however, as the one party of any kind at which I ever saw Charles Keene, morose enough at the time, recent honours lavished upon artists, he grumbled, having made even a retired person like himself live in hourly dread of the postman's knock. A reference to one of these entertainments at Miss Ingelow's is in a letter to Mrs. Harrison: "We were at Jean Ingelow's on Saturday, and as usual met some very nice people — she has the nicest in London. Mrs. Procter, the wife of old Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), renewed her acquaintance and we called on her the next day. Her husband is over 95 — so Belle says — at any rate he is entirely gone except his mind, and they nurse him like a baby. But he can read just as well as ever. Mrs. Procter converses wonderfully well and has the kindest manners. They live very near us. Jean Ingelow has gone to Italy for a month. Mrs. Procter asked me about Nanny Lea (and her picture), of whom she had heard from Browning." Miss Ingelow is followed by Lady Wilde, — "Esperanza," a name as redolent of "An-

nual" days and "Keepsakes" as Mrs. Norton's phrases, — she also oppressed with gratitude, since she also numbered among her friends "many gifted Americans, some of the noblest specimens of Humanity we could meet." And next it is her son, Oscar Wilde, in the first flush of notoriety — his "Bunthorne" long since as old-fashioned as her "Esperanza" — wanting to talk "on many subjects," and so proposing a dinner. And next, W. W. Story, expanding in the afterglow of his London triumph, suggesting a visit to Cumberland, where "we will smoke and talk and eat and sleep and set the world right." And next, Professor Palmer, the nearest and dearest of all the new friends made, inseparable from the other, or Gypsy, side of the Rye's life, but leading enough of a dual existence himself to write not only news of Egypt, but invitations to Cambridge; and Walter Besant, the great person then of the Savile Club and another of the more intimate of the new friends; and Ralston, the reading of his "Russian Folk-Tales," his bait; and old George Cruikshank, celebrating his Golden Wedding; and the Trübners, if that could be invitation to a house where the Rye was entirely at home; and fellow Americans passing through, or established, in

London, — Mrs. Julia Ward Howe longing to see an old friend again, Kate Field about to lecture on Dickens, Dr. Moncure Conway expecting "a few gentlemen" to dinner.

A letter from Dr. Conway, in it no invitation at all, is typical of the reverential attitude towards Carlyle to which the literary world had been brought in the seventies, and the diplomacy with which he had to be approached by the admiring stranger, however distinguished. There is no date, but it was probably in 1871, when the Rye says in his "Memoirs" that he met Carlyle. "It was necessary to find out one or two matters before sending you to Carlyle," Dr. Conway, who managed the meeting, writes. "I now have much pleasure in writing to say that if you will call upon him between 2 and 3 to-morrow, or the day after, or the day after that, he will be glad to see you. His residence (as you probably know) is 5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea — a substantial distance from you. It is probable that Carlyle takes his afternoon walk about three, and you will know by tact whether he wishes to have company — as is sometimes the case — or would walk alone. He will be glad to hear all you can tell him about Germany and Germans," and then as

postscript: "Carlyle will be prepared — send up enclosed card." A visit to royalty could not have called for more diplomatic handling. But my uncle, who was the most impatient of men with anything that he thought savoured of sham or pretension, was deference itself before genius, and he made no objection in this case to playing the courtier. His compliance had its reward. According to the "Memoirs," the visit was a success, and the difficult Carlyle of the seventies happening to be in a gracious mood, a walk in the Park together was its conclusion.

Tennyson was as difficult of approach — but then, though even those who know him best had a way of forgetting it, he was as easy when he wanted to see any one. There is a letter to the Rye from Frederick Locker that reads very much as if Tennyson's friends were less sure of themselves in their capacity as special ambassador, than Carlyle's. Locker writes with an effect of light and easy confidence, but winds up his suggestion of how the meeting can be arranged with a "Mind you do this" that makes me suspect a private tremor of apprehension. However, the Rye did meet Tennyson, and the meeting was friendly, for if the worship of the crowd could become an insupportable tax on

the time and patience of a popular poet laureate, Hans Breitmann, the Romany Rye, was not one of the crowd — which made all the difference. The sequel to the visit is in the entry in Lady, then Mrs., Tennyson's Journal for March 17th, 1874: "Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Dr. Quain and Mr. Leland (the American author of the Breitmann Ballads, very humorous) came to dinner."

Another of the older men of the seventies who ranked high in the Rye's esteem was Bulwer. It is hard for our generation to share his enthusiasm. I admit frankly that I cannot now read the novels, though I did once go through them all, beginning with the "Last Days of Pompeii," which in my school-days was thought especially adapted to improve the mind and do no harm in the process. But to open any one of them of late years means to be bored to extinction. The fault, no doubt, is mine. I know that Mr. Birrell, for one, revels in the very "eloquence" which I am in all haste to skip. But I can understand my uncle's admiration, for Bulwer dealt with the subjects he loved. Whoever was interested in the occult, the mysterious, the unknown, was sure of the sympathy of the student of Gypsy Sorcery, Florentine

Legends, and Etruscan Remains. It is very touching to me, in a volume of the "Memoranda" as recent as 1893, to come upon passages carefully copied from the "Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," "No Name," "Kenelm Chillingly," showing that Bulwer remained with the Rye a sort of fetich to the last. He got to know Bulwer better than either Carlyle or Tennyson, he stayed at Knebworth, and was on fairly friendly terms as these things go in London: would, indeed, have been called intimate by the Englishman who looks upon every one he does not cut — or "'eave 'arf a brick at" — as a friend. But of the correspondence, only two letters have been preserved, on the tiny sheets of paper, with the violet coronet in the corner, that make them seem as remote from us as if they had been written hundreds instead of thirty years ago. I quote the longer of the two because there is more of Bulwer in it, and because it is a tribute I am glad the Rye received from the man whose opinion he so keenly valued.

LORD LYTTON TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

ARGYLL HALL, TORQUAY, Feb. 22, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — Many thanks for "Meister Karl," to whom you are very unjust.

I am delighted with him. There is, I think, no greater sign of promise in a young writer than abundant vigour of animal spirits — and this book overflows with that healthful strength. Of course there are traces of imitation in the style and mannerisms — but in that kind of humour it would be impossible to sweep Rabelais and Sterne out of one's recollection. To me, and I think to most men, it is like breathing fresh mountain air — after a languid season in town — to get at a work of fiction which lifts itself high from the dull level of the conventional Novel, and awakens thought and fancy in oneself while it interests and amuses in the play of its own fancy and the course of its own thought. I shall lend the book to some lovers of German literature here and guess how much it will charm them. I ought, of course, to have acknowledged the receipt of the little volume of poems, last sent, but the plain truth is that I am keeping it in reserve for a more holiday time than I have at present. I find that I can never judge fairly of poetry when my mind is not attuned to it — and it never is attuned to it when I am hard at work upon prosy things, which I have been for several weeks, to say nothing of causes of great domestic anxiety which have been occasioned

first by a prolonged illness of my son at Vienna (he is convalescent) and second by an alarming attack of bronchitis which has laid up my brother on the banks of the Upper Nile, 200 miles from a doctor.

With repeated thanks for all your courtesies,

Faithfully yours, LYTTON.

If Bulwer's sun was setting in the seventies, Browning's was still high in the heavens, and from Browning one letter at least has survived; the reason for it an exchange of books. Probably "Meister Karl" and the "Music Lesson of Confucius" are the two the Rye had sent to him, but what Browning's book was, it is less easy now to decide.

ROBERT BROWNING TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

WARWICK CRESCENT.

I was on the point of writing to thank you heartily for your first book, the letter that accompanied it, and the pleasure given to me by both, when a second gift made me your debtor, and now, before I can discharge any part of what I owe, your letter from Brighton comes to add to the burthen of my obligations, if what is so pleasant could be justly called

burthensome. This is, however, the least pleasant and most burthensome part of the business, that your kind words about my own book do really obstruct the very sincere congratulations I was about to offer you on your book, and other books beside, which I have long ago delighted in. For myself, if I know myself at all, such appreciation as you assure me of is quite reward enough, and a "third reading" from you is the best honour you can pay me. Believe in the grateful acknowledgments and true regards of Yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Another letter that I quote, not only for the name signed to it, but as a suggestive comment on the value of lion-hunting, — to the lion, — is from Bret Harte. The date is February 18, 1876. The Rye had been six years in England, — time enough for the people who ran after him to know who he was and what he had done. The "Heathen Chinee" and the "Luck of Roaring Camp" had made Bret Harte already as famous. But the eagerness of lion-hunters outruns their knowledge. Hans Breitmann and Bret Harte were perpetually being confused when both were together in London.

"Mr. Hart Bretmann" was a combination for which lion-hunters roared in vain. As the "author of Bret Harte," Hans Breitmann was criticised. And so, I suppose, it was only according to the law of compensation that the photograph of the Rye should have been seen about town with the name of Bret Harte attached to it, and that one of the Rye's stories should have been entirely credited to him. It was about this that Bret Harte, in New York, at the moment, wrote.

BRET HARTE TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

My dear Mr. Leland, — I confess I was a little astonished yesterday in reading in the "Tribune" a statement — made with all that precision of detail which distinguishes the average newspaper error — that I had written a story for "Temple Bar" entitled "The Dancing God." But the next day I received my regular copy of the magazine and find your name properly affixed to the story. The error was copied from the English journals evidently before the correction had been made.

Nevertheless, let me thank you, my dear sir, for your thoughtful courtesy in writing to me about it. You are a poet yourself, and know

his "irritability" — to use the word the critics apply to that calm conceit which makes us all shy from the apparitions of a praise we know belongs to another. But I am glad of this excuse to shake hands with an admirable and admired fellow-countryman across the water, and I beg you to believe, dear Mr. Leland, that I would not pluck one leaf from that laurel which our appreciative cousins have so worthily placed on your brow.

Always your admiring compatriot and friend,

BRET HARTE.

One document, not a letter, which is of interest in itself and also as a reminder of another house he used to visit, is a pencil sketch of George Eliot. It is the work of the amateur, for the Rye never drew the face or figure with the ease he developed in designing a decorative border. But he found the sketch a good likeness, and so did others who saw it at the time. There is a reference to it in the "Memoranda" for 1894. He had been reading "Gossip of the Century," and the gossip naturally took him back to the days when he saw much of many of the people gossiped about. He noted down, for his own amusement, some of their

names as he read, — Rossetti and Christina Rossetti, remembered less for words spoken than "as sympathetic personalities;" Calverley, "a young and very genial man;" Lockyer, "at Trübner's," where, "standing behind the Christmas tree, he told me all his marvellous discoveries by means of the spectrum analysis;" Max Müller, who "tried to persuade me to give up Gypsies, and devote myself to Red Indian languages, or lore;" Lady Franklin, to whose house in Kensington Gore I have numbers of notes inviting him; "a daughter of W. M. Praed," who had given him a copy of Praed's Life; the daughters of Horace Smith in their delightful house at Brighton; the Duffus Hardys — Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, remembered as "very amiable, clever and refined — very good whiskey — I think he gave me a bottle;" but, "above all, George Eliot and George Lewes." The author of "Gossip of the Century," he writes, "declares that both George Eliot and George Lewes were 'singularly unencumbered with personal attractions,' which may be true from a barber wax bust ideal point of view, but not from that of culture, which finds personal attraction in expression and loveliness in living action. In the solemn welcome of the wondrous

eyes of George Eliot, as in the uncanny fire and keen fancies of Lewes, there was something never to be forgotten. If this is not personal attraction, I know not what it can be. When I close my eyes, I can recall the two as if pictured. How many 'belles and swells' have I known since their death — who have passed away *comme les neiges d'antan*. The best likeness I ever saw of George Eliot (all agreeing with me *sit verbo venia!*) was a sketch that I made from memory years after I had last seen her. It is, I fear, now lost. [There, fortunately, he was wrong.] By the way, G. H. Lewes had an extraordinary resemblance to Dr. Rufus Griswold, as the latter had been when younger."

If I keep to my scheme of taking the letters as they come, stranger contrasts follow. For from Tom Hughes, at Trinity College, writing with something of the "sunshine" Lowell loved in him, to recall "the pleasant hours your visit to Cambridge gave to me and my friends" (1875), I turn at once to Agnes and Dion Boucicault sending just a few sad words on black-edged paper, to acknowledge the sympathy offered them on the death of their son (1876). Letters from William Allingham, at the very end of his working life — the letters short and

perfunctory enough, but the signature bringing with it memories of Rossetti and his own "Music Master," the book that inaugurated the great days of English illustration — are immediately succeeded by letters from Edmund Gosse, on the very threshold of his career. And Mr. Gosse gives place to Miss Genevieve Ward, begging the Rye to come that they may "Romanize together;" and Fanny Janauschek, who to him was the greatest of tragic actresses, but to me just missed greatness, probably owing to the same lack of humour, or sense of proportion, that prevented her seeing the absurdity of a woman of her massive presence answering to the name of "Fanny;" and Herman Merivale, urging a visit to his house at Eastbourne; and Frances Elliot, whom the Rye, in his usual fashion, was helping, the particular work then in question being her Byron; and Max Adeler, thanking him for his trouble in finding an English publisher for a book that is to be called "Out of the Hurly Burly; or, Life in an Odd Corner;" and Sir Edwin Arnold, the "Sir," in parenthesis, prefixed to the signature, and a happy little note below to explain that "Her Majesty has lately been pleased to make me K. C. I. E.!" I am not sufficiently familiar

with Sir Edwin's affairs to be sure as to the period to which the letter belongs, and it is not dated. "I examined his hand," the Rye, writing of him in the "Memoranda," recalls, "and found it very characteristic and well lined. Unfortunately, all hands which are well lined by fate are not equally so by fortune." But Sir Edwin Arnold, surely, was one of the exceptions for whom Fortune justified the signs.

I do not know what lines the Rye may have found in the hand of another of his correspondents, Edwin Edwards, but I do know that whatever they were, Fortune ignored them in his case. For Edwards, an excellent artist, was never recognised during his lifetime as he should have been, and he is now, except by a few, best remembered as the friend of Charles Keene — "the Master," C. K. called him — and Fitz-Gerald, who counted Edwards "among his pleasures." One of Edwards's letters has for me a particularly personal interest. "*Le citoyen Bracquemond*," he writes, "has just finished a very fine portrait of my friend C. Keene and now wants you to come and sit. Don't disappoint us — he thinks of doing *only that large head*, and that of course will include the beard and just a tip of shoulder — now this won't

take long — do write or come at once." Bracquemond was not disappointed, for I have the etching as proof that the proposed sitting was given. He was hardly the artist, however, to do full justice to the beauty and impressiveness of "that large head." There is another etching by Legros,[1] also made probably at the suggestion of Edwards, — the friend of both these artists, as of Fantin and Whistler and all the distinguished group who began life together in Paris, and were, in M. Duret's phrase, *l'avant garde* of everything that is most vital and original in modern art. I have always regretted that there are so few portraits of my uncle. Besides these two, I know of none, except a very early painting by Mrs. Merritt, and a drawing by Mr. Alexander, done for the "Century Magazine." It is a pity. He was an unusually handsome man, even in his old age, when he looked the prophet, a model for Michelangelo or Rembrandt.

The letters the Rye wrote to Edwards explain the relations between the two men, and

1 "Bracquemond and Legros both etched my portrait on copper," the Rye wrote in his "Memoirs," my authority for the above statement. But on referring the matter to Professor Legros, he tells me, to my regret, that he has no recollection or record of having made the portrait.

the reason why Edwards felt the charm which in the Rye was great for those who cared for him, why the Rye felt what there was in Edwards that had already won the friendship of Keene and FitzGerald. I regret that I have space only for one, the first, written from London in 1870, as I learn from the postmark on the little old envelope. The etching to which it refers is one made in the course of a river excursion with Edwards. I have found some proofs among my papers. It is not a remarkable performance as a work of art, but amusing as the first and only etching by Hans Breitmann.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO EDWIN EDWARDS

Saturday, July 16th.

My dear Edwards, — "*Take my hat!*" This means in American, that you've *got me*. . . . I really think that making a man an *Etchist* in spite of himself is something unprecessdentified in "Æsthetic History." And this word *His* Story puts me in mind of my friend W. W. Story, who said to me yesterday, "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar Emetic." Etching and scratching are allied. *You* simply peel off a piece of paper (the original says, Peel a Russian) and you find an etching.

Don't you think you could make a Raff — I mean a Raphael of me? I'm open to conviction. Byron woke one morning and found himself famous. *I* came down *ce matin* and found *mein selbst* a regular topsawyer in art. For willingly as I would be blind to my own merits, I must cordially avow that *my* etching is a very fine production. There are touches in it which anybody ought to give a guinea for. In the words of Pompey Smash (one of my great American contemporaries), "Not to praise myself, I'm a damn smart nigger." (Smart means intelligent and genius-full in America.) No man knows what he can do till he tries.

Seriously, my dear artist, you have overwhelmed me. In looking over those etchings you gave me, I feel as my sister once said when I gave her a prettily framed copy of "The Light of the World:" "*What have I done* to deserve all this?" For our day on the river and for everything, you and Dame Edwards — that blessed good soul — must receive additional gratitude. I suppose it is art which refines the soul and makes folk genial — for verily no one in England has gone so far out of the way, and tried so hard to smooth the path of the pilgrim, as you. And since *l'appétit vient en*

mangeant, and you write me — I *would* like two or three more proofs of that strangely obtained etching.

"And your Petitioner will ever pray" —

For further details of this period, I go back to the more intimate letters to Mr. and Mrs. John Harrison, giving as many and as long extracts as I can.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. JOHN HARRISON

LONDON, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND,
Oct. 20, 1870.

DEAR JOHN, — . . . Our plan of living here is as follows. So much for rooms, gas, washing, bed linen, napkins and towels, fire, lights and kitchen fire — which last means cooking, and no extra charge for service. At the hotel they charged us 4 shillings a day for *service*, and we had to give about 2 pounds more when we left. Belle does the marketing. You can get *very good* brandy here for 4 or 5 shillings a bottle, and wines are cheap. But it is about as dear living here as at home. A man is really not of any account in *society* on less than 5,000 or 6,000 pounds a year. *Position* requires 4 or 5 man-servants in livery and one constant stream

of expensive hospitality. Men and women too drink all the time like topers at home, and the *average* of young ladies top off six glasses of mixed wines at dinner. I learn this from a young lady who has unlimited opportunities of judging. As for the *men*, the one who does not show the effects of heavy drinking is a great exception. There is a very pretty young married lady lives close by us, and the other day at dinner she took six glasses of wine before the fish had arrived. I was at the dinner. The amount of drinking everywhere is awful. I had to tell a lady the other day that it was easier to get a quart of wine than a drop of water in her house. And it was true. Whenever I wanted water, the servants had to be called up and all hell set loose before the *aqua fontana* could be produced. Well, I made her a present of an American ice pitcher, but it was so handsome they stowed it away. Then I kicked up another row — and finally they quite fell in love with it, and I got my water. I am considered a miracle of total abstinence on my 11 o'clock brandy and my little quart of strong ale at dinner.

By the way, look in the last "British Quarterly Review" for an article on American Humourists, which says I am the biggest frog in

the pond. *That* magazine has a tremendous literary influence, and many a far greater writer than I has considered himself as built up by such praise from such a quarter. Well, they are selling my photographs in London, and if I *could* write I could get plenty to do here. But I can't stand it as yet. I can do a little work but I have n't the work in me I used to have, and precious sorry I am for it. I am behindhand with my new edition of "Breitmann." I hear that poor old stupid Philadelphia is in despair over me and can't conceive what there is in my *low, vulgar*, illiterate Dutch English to induce the English to set me up so. I had a little row with the London "Standard" the other day for publishing an imitation of Breitmann ridiculing King William. I got my refutation in, and then gave them rats in Trübner's "Record." I unthinkingly dated it from our hotel here, and the landlady came and thanked Belle for giving them such an advertisement.

The English are a very queer people and do everything by line and angles. The men are all *swells* and wear gold ornaments and bouquets and look as if they *felt* awfully dressed up. They can't conceal it; from the lord to the shop-boy, they seem to say, "I *have* got a new coat on;

God knows I have got a new coat on." They dress a great deal and feel it immensely. But their average of good manners is below ours, though they are very kind and very hospitable. Some are very nice. There is among the lords and such, a certain kind of arrogant impudence which yields at once to a severe *hit back*, or else to extreme politeness. But among the best of them who have seen a great deal of the world, there are the finest men I have ever met. Such a man is Sir Charles Dilke, and Sir Henry Bulwer, with whom I dined not long ago.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MRS. JOHN HARRISON

BRIGHTON, Dec. 17, 1871.

DEAR EMILY, — You must not think because I do not write very often that I as seldom think of you, for the truth is I recall every day your goodness and kindness and know perfectly well that of all those I left behind me, not one cares a tenth part about me as much as you do, or wishes to see me a tenth part as much. As for your kind care of our house, I really cannot *thank* you as I ought, for thanks are most warmly bestowed on strangers, while I feel that if I could do as much for you I should not like to be thanked for it — it is an eccentricity of mine

to be very impatient of thanks when I know that people feel grateful, just as I am deeply contemptuous of ingratitude. The English have a very short cut to gratitude. They estimate the most loving favours, the kindest acts, at just so much money, and promptly send a present of the value. And if they are rich, they are very impatient of receiving any kindness from poorer people and always *pay up*. Well, dear, I have very little to tell you, for time in Brighton passes more monotonously than in London. I have told you about everything. Nanny Lea has told you, I suppose, about my coming out as a riding character. I go very often now on the hunt and yesterday I went out with the harriers and leaped a fence in grand style, and had a good race, and was in at the death, having a superb horse worth a hundred guineas. I had on corduroy breeches, long boots; spurs and a velveteen coat — very light yellow breeches — imagine me in such a rig, and yet everybody says I never looked so well.

. . . You can conceive nothing more romantic and singular than our hunts. The whole country here is destitute of trees save around the widely scattered farm-houses, and it consists of gently sweeping round-topped hills.

All is covered with *very* short velvety grass and the whole is one lump of coarse chalk. Villages lie a mile or so apart, and these are generally picturesque, with a little time-worn old Gothic church, sometimes Norman, and here and there a curious old farm-house. The chief huntsman and the dogs find a hare, and then we ride after, and the country sweeps by like a panorama. Sometimes one has the sea not far off in the distance, and perhaps Brighton. I hire my horse here, it costs a guinea to hunt the hare and 2 guineas for a fox hunt, and 5 shillings to the hunt. It seems dear, but a day's hunting wearies a horse for 3 or 4 days, so that it is *really* cheap, and of course I do not ride every day or even every week. I am following up my Gypsies with great success and have one regular Romany Chal who passes Saturdays with me. I am really getting to talk the language quite well and could write you a letter in it. Nobody ever yet, except Borrow, got into their good graces so, and they tell me their tricks and secrets without reserve.

. . . My book of poems is printed but not published. There is a little literary coterie here, which gathers around Miss Horace Smith, daughter of Horace Smith of the "Rejected Ad-

dresses." She is a jolly old maid, and gives frequent small parties, and she has the best society here. I am always invited there. One meets Maitland the novelist, Sir John and Lady Harrington, and another jolly old Baronet Sir Lionel Darrell, once a clergyman, and Lady Darrell, and indeed quite a number of nice people. I was there yesterday to a little dramatic entertainment. This party read my new book with great interest, — in fact I am the poet of the Brighton literary circle! Miss Smith is very learned and witty, and she has known *all* the great men of England for fifty years, — known them very well indeed. If you see or hear of any American reviews of my books please send them to me. Please tell T. B. Peterson to give you a copy of my book "M. Karl" and put to my account, and "Breitmann" if you want it. The winter has been mild thus far, but we have all suffered with colds. My hunting is doing me a great deal of good, and although I have suffered a great deal from dulness and depression of spirits, my health has been remarkable and my complexion, weight, &c., go beyond anything for years. I have a good appetite and drink a great deal of Bass's ale in bottles. I have a touch of rheumatism sometimes.

. . . George Boker will soon be in London. He has been very kind in preparing my "Meister Karl" for the press, when he had his hands full. I do a little wood carving, but American walnut is dear here and oak is hard on the tools. I have got in London a beautiful old Gothic chest which I picked up there.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MRS. JOHN HARRISON

MELROSE, SCOTLAND, Sept. 7th, 1872.

DEAR SISTER EMILY, — I was so much delighted to hear from you, and to get my birthday present, which I received in Edinburgh this day week. Bless your dear little loving heart! We had been travelling in the distant foreign realms of Tipperary, Limerick & Co. and then in Scotland — and got no letters from Aug. 8 till Sep. 1st, and so I shall keep my present till I get to London, where I can buy a helmet — but really I never had an idea I was giving you a hint. Well, we went to Salisbury and Chester, and so crossed over to Holyhead and Dublin and saw the great Irish Exhibition, which was really wonderful, and thin, by me sowl, we wint to the Rock of Cashel jist where the owld kings of Ireland are buried — it's mighty few thravellers iver gits to that blissid little town I belave!

An' there we saw the deloitful ruins and mit wid a praste from Ameriky. An ye should have seen the bits of bys runnin afther us — sure we had a rigimint av them — the gossoons — beggin for pinnies. An sez I, as I set on top of the lofthy owld castle, "Bys, go to the divil wid yees, an' don't be afther disturbin me." "An' troth we won't, yer honor," sez they. "We'll jist go and wait for ye down below, an' yer can be givin us the pinnies whin ye go out!" So I made an iligant sketch av the owld round tower that was bilt by the Turks an haythens long before King Cormac (the Heavens be his bed!) bilt the iligant chapel — sure I copied his coat of arms off the wall, and here it is jist. [A drawing follows.] Ye can thrace the iligant style av the early Celtic-Norman-Irish in ivery line av this beautiful sculpthure — sure the style bates iverything. (Its meself that's full of feelin for the anthiquities) an the guide was drunk as a piper and sung us a song in Owld Irish, an indid by lockin us up in the ruin an going away — bad cess to the blaggard! And he lift three nice Irish young ladies imprisioned wid us — an I improved the occasion to prache thim a beautiful lecthure on anthicquities — and they towld me aftherwards that that divil av a guide had

whispered to thim that I was a Frinch gentleman of exthraordinary intilligince such as sildim inspecthed the arrikiteckture of the cathaydril. And sure they had been in France thimselves, and whin I found they were Catholics I towld thim that Saint Pathrick and Bridget were owld heathen gods av the early Irishers, and that the crosses on the graves av the owld abbots would make iligant pathrons for crochet wurrek an imbroidery — an wan av thim said she should n't think it right to apply thim to sitch a pur'rpose. By and by the guide let us out, an' I saw the young lady drive herself off in a jaunting car — and the horse was a divil intoirely — but she managed him as if she was a young divil herself.

And thin we wint to Killarney, and sure we had a great time, and saw the place where St. Patrick drowndhed the snakes in a bit of a lake, an' it was mysilf — praise the Lord! — that diskivired an owld Irish Ogham inscripthion in the ruins of Agadoe, which I copied and sint to me friend Dochthor Caulfield, the principal of the Royal Cork Insthitution — it 's he that 's a gintleman! Sure at Killarney we got the bist av atin and dhrinkin, and sailed in a boat on the Lakes — And thin we wint to Correckan,

thin to Blarney, where I kissed the Blarney stone (Belle did n't go up); and thin thro' siviral places to Galway, and the Giant's Causeway. An' there I got two owld Irish axe heads of stone an two arry hids an a bade from an owld tomb. And we had a beautiful fine day and saw the sanery and an owld ruin, an' firin wid a rifle I hit the bulls eye at 55 yards — the saints be good to me!

Crossing from Belfast to Glasgow — 12 hours — we had a lovely smooth passage. But with the exception of one fine day's sail around the isle of Mull, when we saw Fingal's Cave and Staffa, and went into the great cave, our whole Scotch tour has been one wretched rain. We staid a week in Edinburgh waiting for clear weather, and then went through the Trossachs in heavy rain. Fortunately there is a fine Museum of antiquities in Edinburgh. . . . Then yesterday we returned to Edinburgh and this morning came here, and have to-day visited Abbotsford, Dryburgh, and Melrose Cathedral. To-morrow, if possible, I am going to a little town beyond Kelso, called Yetholm, where there is an old settlement of Scotch Gypsies.

And so, dear, dear Emily, I must conclude. I thank you with deeper feeling than you can

believe for so kindly remembering brother Charley with your *dear* gift. *Don't forget to thank John for his kind care of my affairs.* I think of it every day of my life, and, dear, I thank you so much for looking after my house. Give my love to everybody. Belle sends her love and will write very soon. I wish I could write more, but cannot at present. So believe me truly your own dear brother,

CHARLEY.

If the record in letters of the Rye's manner of life during these ten years is large, it is nothing to the record in letters of his work. The packets from publishers are the bulkiest. The correspondence with Trübner alone would make a volume. For the English period yielded a long list of book after book, and the greater number were issued by Trübner, who was quick to take advantage of the success of Breitmann. Almost at once he produced the second edition — the first in England — of "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," to which I have referred. He also published in fairly rapid succession the translation of Scheffel's "Gaudeamus" and "The Music Lesson of Confucius" (1872), a collection of poems, not very successful, — the public never

recognising nor admitting the possibility of seriousness in a man who has first become known as a humourist; "The English Gypsies" and "The Egyptian Sketch Book," both in 1873; "Fusang, or The Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century," — that translation made so many years before at Munich of Professor Neumann's treatise; and also "The English-Gypsy Songs," in 1875; "Pidgin-English Sing-Song," in 1876. Nor did these end the list. The Rye wrote the "Life of Lincoln" for the "New Plutarch Series," edited by Walter Besant and published by Marcus Ward & Co., in 1879. His "Johnnykin" (1876), a story for children, and his "Minor Arts" (1880), a volume in the "Arts at Home Series," edited by Mr. W. J. Loftie, were published by Macmillan. He was also contributing a weekly letter to Colonel Forney's "Progress" and constant articles to the magazines, — most notable of all the story of "Ebenezer," published in "Temple Bar" in 1879.

All these books and articles would seem more than sufficient to fill the time of a man who was being lionised, and who was travelling continually from place to place. But they were light compared to the chief task of his years in Eng-

land. In 1874 he was asked to contribute to, and then to act as English editor for, Johnson's "Cyclopædia." He was to contribute as many articles as he could and to order those he could not write from the proper authorities. He threw himself into this rather ponderous task as other adventurers might into a new quest for hidden treasure. During the next year or so, he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the reading room of the British Museum. Day after day found him at his post. The correspondence alone which his editorship entailed was by no means a light labour. There are reams of letters from the editor-in-chief, Mr. F. A. P. Barnard, then president of Columbia College. There are bundles upon bundles from the contributors, — a mine for the autograph-hunter. Most of the distinguished literary and scientific men of the time were his collaborators. From their letters it might be imagined that all England had caught the fever of his enthusiasm for the "Cyclopædia." And yet his editorship ended in unpleasantness. There were business complications, and though he had not undertaken to look after the business end of the enterprise, though the editor-in-chief approved of everything he had done, he could not rid him-

self of a quite unnecessary feeling of responsibility. It was a bitter return for the energy and devotion he had squandered wholesale upon the work. The affair would have damped the ardour of any other man. He, fortunately, was not any other man, but himself; perhaps over sensitive — he could never refer to the matter without wincing from the old wound — but too buoyant to be killed by discouragement or disappointment.

Busy as he was, as he loved to be, he had, like all busy people, always time to do more, and, unlike most people, busy or otherwise, he was as ready to do this little more for somebody else as for himself. A bundle apart could be made of the letters from friends and strangers whom he helped by advice or by throwing work in their way. And as astonishing to me — who, when my day's work is done, like to put pen and ink well out of sight — he never, at his busiest, spared himself any pains in writing to anybody to whom he thought his letters might be useful. A letter, to him, then as always, was a letter to be written carefully and with thought, usually with illustrations, and not a note to be scribbled off anyhow; I do not know what he would have said to the present fashion of doing all

one's correspondence by telegraph. And he expected the same care and thought from his correspondents, as they knew to their cost, for his standard was high. But if he required a great deal of them, it was for their good, it was to help them to acquire facility and to develop a style in writing.

"I was very much pleased with your last letter," is a fragment of one of his to a correspondent of the seventies, of whom he hoped to make a writer. "It evinces much greater care than the preceding in every respect and shows, as I expected, that you are really capable of writing well if you try. Do not be offended if I urge it on you *never* to write heedless idle letters in the school-girl style, without any preparation, or any care beyond a chattering filling-up! — such flimsy *pièces de manufacture* are never carried off successfully by giggles and flippancy and protestations that there is nothing to write about — and, worst of all, a final fear that you will find this a very dull letter — and I will not *inflict* any more upon you, and et cetera — *und weiter*. People who accuse themselves of folly and dulness in their letters generally deserve to be condemned for it, for no one has any business to be so impolite as to

act stupidly and foolishly before folk — and *writing* is even more deliberate than acting." He did not want people to write him priggish essays. The merrier they could be on paper the better. That is why he usually illustrated his letters, and urged everybody to do the same by him. "It makes letters so jolly," he wrote to one correspondent. Of his own at this period, or of as many of them as have come into my possession, I find none more characteristic — that is, none more helpful and friendly and stimulating — than his letters to Miss Lily Doering. With her mother and sister, she had been at Oatlands Park Hotel in the autumn of 1873, which he and Mrs. Leland spent there, and a strong friendship had sprung up between the two families. Miss Doering was very young and was just beginning to paint. That she was beginning to do anything in the shape of work was enough. His every letter to her after she left Oatlands Park, and for many years, was a goad to further effort. I wish I could find room for them all. One of the first, with no date, but evidently from Oatlands Park shortly after her departure, is decorated at the beginning with a big capital D, upon which a little cherub is perched.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS LILY DOERING

Thursday.

. . . Don't you admire my initial? I recommend you to try this way of getting up beautiful original designs out of newspapers! Do try it. Your last letter is perfectly charming, and you are rapidly improving as a writer. My dear little friend, nothing under the sun improves one in every conceivable mental way so much as writing well. It teaches you to think more accurately and vigorously, it induces you to make greater effort to express yourself well in conversation and to be entertaining — and, finally, it greatly raises the standard of your thought. I cannot too highly commend your habit of translating from such a brilliant writer as Heine. It will inevitably improve your mind and style, and the more you do, the better it will be. You know what a deep interest I take in you and how firmly I believe that your mind only requires vigorous effort and perseverance to lift it out of the commonplace and Little Girlish to become decidedly superior and possibly creative. Now, don't "chaff" and make feeble-funny remonstrances. I was really delighted when you told me in this letter that you

were reading Lewes and Heine and translating bits. The more you do, the better, and don't be afraid of anything. I wish you lived here, for then perhaps I could keep you up to work. And as I said, your style is improving wonderfully. . . . When one goes beyond petty amateurism into a regular *occupation*, then and not *till* then does real happiness begin for any person of *mind*. I consider every life as thrown away and wasted which has never achieved the doing some one thing in a masterly or at least able manner. I don't think you will ever make a painter — at least, not until intellectual vigour and development shall have given you more *energy*, though I make no doubt that *that* will come. I wish you could feel how much in earnest I am and how interested in you — if you were only half so much interested in yourself as I am to help you, you would never rest.

For you have it *in* you and it must come out. If it costs any labour, any pains, any familiarising yourself with unwonted or startling ideas — no matter what — make it come. Why, it may be that those souls become immortal which are developed into something — and though the mark you leave in the world may be no larger than a pin's prick, it is a great thing to

leave one. And remember that any one who can understand great or deep writers, and write good English, and be lively and piquant (and you excel in this, for you are very lively in your writing now) can write something that the world will be glad to get, sooner or later. This merits being considered as hopefully and answered as seriously as I mean it and hope that you will study yourself carefully and cheerfully and believe in me as I believe in you. . . .

Your family picture is very good. Always draw the lines around the edges with a ruler and finish your commonest scribbles more, so as to look like engravings. You may make the drawing rude — but finish it so as to give it the air of being really cut out and pasted on — not as if it were painted on the paper. Always do your best at everything. I don't mean always to make great and finished pictures — but do the least thing artistically.

And, by the way, could n't you write a letter in Romani? You will wonder why I should care to have you learn the useless jargon. My dear Lily, everything quaint, marked, unusual brings you to new forms and phases of reflection. Think how much more you know now of that vagabond curious class — the Romanies — than most peo-

ple. You have a great and natural aptitude for the Grotesque, and all this improves it — and as I must now conclude, so with much regards and "no more the *divvus*" [no more to-day] I remain

Tutes tacheni pal [Your true friend],

CHARLES G. LELAND.

One other letter to Miss Doering, written from London, November 1, 1879, I want to quote, because, though pages are missing, enough remains to indicate, as nothing I have hitherto quoted could, the drift of his most serious thoughts during these years of work and play. I have said nothing whatever of his religion hitherto, for the simple reason that according to the usual standard of church-going as a test of religion, he had none. Since the days when he went to hear Dr. Furness preach in the Unitarian church at Philadelphia, and, to escape the prevailing Presbyterianism, attended the Episcopal church at Princeton, no church of any kind had often seen him. But he had the religious temperament. He could not dispense with some sort of religion, and he felt the need, — the more as he grew older. Through science and mysticism, he had gradually evolved

a creed for himself. He had written it out, as he wrote out anything that occupied his thoughts, but the MS. was never published. I remember reading it, after he was back in Philadelphia in the early eighties, and being struck with its earnestness and honesty. But it has now vanished, not a trace of it left. The only record is in the portion of a letter to Miss Doering. I am glad it has survived, for without it — the MS. being lost — this English period would be incomplete.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS LILY DOERING

. . . Everybody seems to take it so much for granted that I have "no fixed principles in religion," when in fact there is not a man living with such a clearly defined, soul-inspiring faith as mine. A year ago — finding that the belief which had been slowly growing for 20 years was beginning to assume *definite* proportions — I wrote it down in a MS. of perhaps 200 pages. I was determined to know *exactly* what I did believe. It is a higher, clearer, more definite and more *humane* form of the Religion of Humanity than any one has yet set forth. Swinburne's hymn and Comte's form are confused and mystical. It has done me much good, the writing out of this. But I want a few

readers — and believers. The object and aim and end of religion should be to make people better — to induce them to work and develop all their powers and never to rest in seeking and realising the *ideals* of all things, and the road to this is by Love — by mutual aid and worship. What is Jehovah? An infinite Jew. What is the Virgin? The ideal of maternity. What was Olympus? The Greek Areopagus realised. What has every God been? Man's innate sense of reliance put in a national *form*. Greek gods were of marble, severely symmetrical like all Greek thought. The Middle Age coloured its gods — but they were still motionless — like the Church which in Egypt, India, or Europe has always sought — immobility. Now since Man has always created God in his own image, why does he not go to the archetype and realise and worship himself in others? The Infinite source is, and always will be — Unknown. No one has ever proved or disproved theism or atheism. Only that there are Ideals of Everything — *this* we know — and that our *best* in all things consists in seeking and developing in every way these Ideals. Think it over and it will be clear. In Man are more excellencies of every kind than are combined in any other

being. He or she is the most complete, the most beautiful, the most intelligent — the highest form created. Therefore, if the effort to become better and higher and to rise to the Superior be religion, its true form exists in Humanity. Two or three are the Church, — people who try constantly to *perfect* themselves in each other's eyes, in every way, are rising to the Unknown Source and are worshipful. . . .

It certainly seems absurd to a vulgar mind to think of worshipping any human being. To me who hear God, the Unknown, in yonder surf billows roaring in sunshine as if wild with joy, I am worthy of worship, for it is *I* who conceive God moving in glorious beauty, and it is God in Me who inspires the thought. *Now nothing is till it is formed*, and the Infinite Glory and the Fearful Beauty and Tremendous Splendour of God the Unknown are first put into form in man's mind. Now are not we, who form such thoughts, forms of God, the Infinite Unknown Will which is always bursting into life and reality in myriad-million forms — in every motion of matter? We are.

Now when I think of all this, when I write it, I am Gott-trunkene. I know how they felt of old who went forth into all lands to preach

new faiths. This will one day swallow up all religions, for it is the Beginning and the End of them all. The Son of Man and the Son of God and God's Messenger all mean Man who has attained a sincere seeking for Ideals. Therefore this Theo-anthropism is Christian. . . .

I cannot believe that any human being ever *believed* in anything so earnestly, and also so *clearly* — so without mysticism — as I believe in this. With the new coming weeks comes forth fresh faith and clearer intelligence. I have found it — I have learned it — I shall live in it, and in it I will die, and with it I shall live as I trust eternally — I know not how, and progress — whither? I do not know. For as the Will which bursts into life from the eternal Beginning in every creature always *was*, so we in it always were.

A little exaggerated this might seem in any one save the man whose every thought, whose every emotion steered straight for the marvellous. "If I were in solitary confinement I should have adventures, for my dreams would make them," is the comment in the "Memoranda" on a review of his "Memoirs," that described him as a man who was always either under-

going strange experiences or in search of them. Religion, friendship, everything with him must lead above and beyond to something stranger, higher still, even if that something could not always be defined as clearly to himself as his wonderful new Religion of Humanity. No matter upon what enterprise he might be embarked, he strove instinctively to make it a stepping-stone to stranger and greater things.

The period in England was brought to a close, was rounded out as it should have been, with a very characteristic example of this tendency in his nature, — the founding of the Rabelais Club, one of the events which, in looking back over his past life, gave him most satisfaction.

Literary men have always had a fancy — a passion really — for joining together in Clubs, with eating and drinking in some fashion as the immediate object, and a closer social union, and consequent intellectual stimulus, as the ultimate hope. Did not Dr. Johnson take *The* Club as solemnly as he was taken by it and all its members? Was not Dr. Holmes, from the beginning to the end, as eager for the monthly dinner of the Saturday Club as a child for its first party? Would not voluntary absence from the "Dîner Magny" have seemed a mortal,

if not the unpardonable, sin to the De Goncourts? But of all literary Clubs, the Rabelais was to be the most wonderful, with infinite possibilities that not even those who share Mr. Henry James's opinion of Clubs as "a high expression of the civilisation of our time," can value at their full worth, as they expanded in the Rye's imagination. He already belonged, as I have said, to the Savile. He was one of the little group who always lunched there on Saturdays, when there was "generally very good talk . . . sometimes clever talk, sometimes amusing talk; one always came away pleased, and often with new light on different subjects and new thoughts," Besant says in his "Autobiography;" and then, going on to explain why there was such good talk: "Among the men one met on Saturdays were Palmer, always bubbling over with irrepressible mirth — a schoolboy to the end; Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann), full of experiences; Walter Herries Pollock, then the assistant editor of the 'Saturday Review;' Gordon Wigan, always ready to personate some one else; Charles Brookfield, as fine a *raconteur* as his father; Edmund Gosse, fast becoming one of the brightest of living talkers; Saintsbury, solid and full

of knowledge, a critic to the finger tips, whether of a bottle of port, of a mutton chop, or a poet; H. E. Watts, formerly editor of the 'Melbourne Argus,' and translator of 'Don Quixote;' Duffield of the broken nose, who also translated 'Don Quixote;' Robert Louis Stevenson, then young, and as singularly handsome as he was clever and attractive."

It was such good company, and the talk was so pleasant, that most of the little group were content with things as they were. But things had only to be good for the Rye, to awaken in him more ambitious ideals. His pleasure in the Savile set him longing for the perfect Club that was to accomplish the marvels the Savile could not, — the marvels that were to be so stupendous, so surpassing the aims and performance of any other Club that I fancy they remained, even with him, a little nebulous to the end. But his correspondence on the subject with Walter Besant has in it the conviction and zeal that would convert the most cynical. The idea — the "Golden Find," he called it — was originally his, as no one could doubt who knew how for him, as for "the wisest and soundest minds" before him, the whole philosophy of life was contained in Rabelais. But there is

further evidence. For while I have not the first letter in which he actually made the suggestion, I have Besant's, almost as zealous, in answer. The date is the fourth of November, 1878.

My dear Leland, — Your idea is a most captivating one. Let us by all means talk it over. I am going to meet Pollock at the Savile on Saturday to discuss his Richelieu. Come round then at 1.15 and talk about the Rabelais Club, which we will instantly found.

I wish I could give the entire correspondence. But I do believe there is something, if not everything, about the Club in almost all the Rye's letters to Besant at this period. I must, however, find place for at least one, or the greater part of it, to show how much more than dining he expected to come of the enterprise. It was written after the two friends had pushed the "Golden Find" a good deal further.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

. . . Now this Rabelais is and must be *in your hands and mine. We* ought to manage it, without doubt. It is a grand idea. We invented it. Carry it out as it should be car-

ried out, and we shall make a great power of it. Let us go step by step and only admit strong men of European or world fame. Just now we are (beyond ourselves) Lord Houghton, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Bret Harte, Pollock, Palmer, James, Collier.

Now while I admit that ——, ——, and ——'s other nominee (whose name I forget) are all good men and true, I object to them, *entre nous, for the present.* Just now we need *Names.* Of course names with genius. It is all very pleasant for us to have jolly and clever boys, but we must not yield to personal friendship. I want these smaller men to apply to us.

My dear friend, if to these names we should add Lowell and the great French and German guns — we shall make at once a world-name. B. and D. are *not* known outside of the Savile. Let us settle these points at once. James is unobjectionable, but he was proposed and elected, I may say, without my knowing anything about it.

We have an able man in Sir Patrick Colquhoun. Knowing nothing of your plan, he has sent me written in pure French, with a delicious oldtime smack, a *modest suggestion* or *basis* to work on, for our rules. . . .

Collier, Palmer, and I revised your programme on Sunday, but Sir Patrick had given such an original and excellent plan that I must revise it with *you*. *Entends-tu?* He is an old stager, a wise head of great experience and an incarnate Pantagruelist. God has been very good to us, my dear Besant, in our little work.

I do not know or remember whether Sir P. heard your rules read. Did he?

It will require only a little resolution and understanding *between you and me* to make a great thing of this. But frankly, I see that *we* must manage it to make of it a power. There has been no neglect, no slowness, but a great deal too much haste and *democracy* in it. We are to meet at Sir Patrick's on the 13th March, Thursday, at 8 P. M., and will then and there settle details. Don't forget.

From this it is clear that the Club, to him, meant not only a friendly association of writers and artists, but a tremendous force, a wide influence: "We must make it very great to begin with and make it real at the same time. We, its founders, must be earnest and true." Only get the right elements into it in the right way, and "we shall make a *power* of it." "We may

make it the *very first* in London if we are wise and careful." This "Rabelais — this Savile — we ought to make the Circle of the Cyclus of the Decade somehow. Why, even M—— has ambition to make the Savile beat the Athenæum. When I hear *him* talk so, *I* blush. It could be done. Build up the Savile and draw its best into the Rabelais," — so he keeps on repeating in letter after letter. As for the right elements, the name of the Club expresses what should be the definition of rightness. For "to understand and feel Rabelais is *per se* a proof of belonging to the higher order — the very aristocracy of intellect. As etching is an art for artists only, as a *love* of etching reveals the true art-sense, so Rabelais is a writer for writers only." Love of Rabelais, too, may be a protest against a younger generation that, however clever, "is very rotten with sentiment, pessimism, and a sort of putrid Byronism, and sees in Rabelais howling, rowdy, blackguard trash, just as Voltaire did." But this love or understanding of "the Master" was not sufficient of itself. No one was to be elected who had not done great or good work, who had not "distinctly made a name in letters or art." "Let rejection be encouraged." While, to secure the

right people, no effort could be thought too troublesome. Lord Houghton must be treated as *un père noble* — not "a gilded bait," but it was still best that no further appointments be made till "his cordial coöperation be secured." "Great names are our great game." "Admit foreign members by all means; for one, About, through whom Victor Hugo may be reached and captured — About can persuade Victor Hugo, etc." "For others Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, in America; and Tennyson will hardly decline when invited," by these three, which will "punish" Browning, who did decline immediately, as if he "thought himself too good for the Rabelais," who might be a "great poet," but — well, that is all over and past, why revive it? It is pleasant, however, in the light of after events, to note that Besant proposed, as contributor to one volume of the "Recreations of the Rabelais Club," "Young Stevenson," whom both the founders of the Club, so much his seniors, were to outlive.

The Rye returned to America at the end of 1879, but the Rabelais was still dear to him. "Let us rejoice!" a letter in February, 1880, begins, "for Dr. O. W. Holmes has joined the Rabelais. I had a long, very jolly interview with

him in his house in Boston. Before he appeared I heard him singing for joy that he was to see me again, and his greeting was effusive." And Dr. Holmes suggested Mr. Howells, then editing the "Atlantic," — and what with the Autocrat, James, Howells, Bret Harte, George Boker, and Hans Breitmann himself, Lowell cannot decline, and here is a fine American contingent anyway. "Great names draw great names and make us a great Club — small or mediocre names detract from every advantage. . . . Now the Rabelais has enough men to be jolly at its dinners — but not enough *great* men. When it is so strong that nobody can afford to decline, when it is distinctly a proof of the very highest literary-social position to be in it, — when we shall be all known men, then I shall be satisfied to admit the mute Miltons. I have never got over Browning's declining. I want him to regret it. He will regret it if we progress as we are doing. We might have got Browning had —— not undertaken to scoop him in. Poor boy, he wrote a regular wooden schoolboy letter, and this kind of thing requires infinite *finesse*." And from another letter, also from America: "I want the Rabelais to corruscate — whizz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must

be great and wise and good, ripstavering, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender, and tremulous."

It may be because he was in America, things did not go as he wanted with the Rabelais. "Messenger of Evil," a letter in April of 1881 begins, "did ever man unfold such a budget of damnable news as you anent the Rabelais?" It was not, however, until 1889 that, as Besant puts it, the Club "fell to pieces."

But Besant's account of it in his "Autobiography" is the proof of the great gulf between the Club as it was and the Club as its founders meant it to be. "We dined together about six times a year," Besant says; "we had no speeches and but one toast — 'The Master.' We mustered some seventy or eighty members, and we used to lay on the table leaflets, verses, and all kinds of literary triflings. These were afterwards collected and formed three volumes called 'Recreations of the Rabelais Club,' only a hundred copies of each being printed." The eighty members included enough great names to please the Rye, — Thomas Hardy, John Hay, besides those already mentioned. The three volumes remain as curiosities for the collector interested in limited editions. But how far short this

achievement falls of all the Rye had dreamed for it! He thought it was made too democratic, and democracy, whatever it may be to political and social life, is fatal to art and letters. On the other hand, some people thought the Club too eager to be "correct," in outward forms anyway. "When the Rabelais Club dine together, it is, I understand, *de rigueur* to wear evening clothes, though I doubt whether the 'Master' would have quite approved of it," James Payn wrote in reproach. Besant was more practical. "Perhaps," he concludes, "we had gone on long enough; perhaps we spoiled the Club by admitting visitors. However, the Club languished and died."

CHAPTER XI

RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA

In December, 1879, the Rye suddenly broke up the house in Park Square, left England, and, after an absence of ten years, returned to Philadelphia.

This brings me nearly to the period when I can speak of him from my own knowledge as his daily companion: a period to which I owe so much — as I might as well admit candidly at the start — that I write of it with a prejudice I could not forgive myself if I did not feel. My misfortune was to lose the first four months of his return. The very day before or after his arrival, I remember, I went to Richmond, Virginia, for the winter. The ten years of his absence had been no more eventful for him than for Philadelphia and, indeed, all the United States; many things had happened, among others the Centennial Exposition, the impetus to American art that Philadelphians like to think it. "The houses and the roads were old-new to me," he writes in "The Gypsies," "there

was something familiar-foreign to me in the voices and ways of those who had been my earliest friends; the very air, as it blew, hummed tunes which had lost tones in them that made me marvel." I must always regret that I did not have the benefit of his first impressions in their freshness.

These impressions, however, fill his letters at the time, especially to Besant, and in them I can follow him, step by step, until the moment when I need no letters to guide me. To an Englishman, who could not have understood, it was useless to dwell on the changes and differences, or to enter into the comparison, inevitable after the prolonged visit to England, that to us to-day would be so suggestive. But it is easy to gather from the tone of his letters that these changes and differences were great enough to make him seem in the beginning almost a stranger in his native land, and that he, taking small comfort in the fact, could not decide whether or no to remain. Some of the more obvious contrasts the letters do note, and it is amusing to find how a ten years' course of the bacon and eggs, the joints and tarts of England made the civilised food at home a perpetual miracle in his eyes — though, to be sure, Phila-

delphia always has had a way of astonishing the unaccustomed by its genius for eating and drinking. These passages are the more amusing because few men could be more abstemious than he. It was another of the instances where his delight was not so much in the thing itself as in the idea of it. The letters have more to say about his new schemes and occupations; they touch lightly on the many honours paid him, for the return of so distinguished an American could not pass unnoticed; they enter deeply into the "educational experiment" and the two books, "The Gypsies" and "The Algonquin Legends," that were the chief works of his four years in America.

The first weeks were saddened by the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. Rodney Fisher, who had returned with him and Mrs. Leland. She had been very ill on the voyage over, and she died almost immediately after landing. The Rye had always been devoted since the day of his meeting her and mistaking her for one of her own daughters, many years before. When there was no longer the chance for such a mistake, when she was old and her beauty had faded, and he was a successful man of letters in London, she had come to live with him and his

wife, and his home had henceforward been hers. He felt her death as a genuine loss, and this was the reason why he began the year (1880) very quietly, going hardly anywhere, socially as retired as he had been gay in London. I think it also added to his uncertainty as to his future plans and movements, an uncertainty that kept him from establishing himself in his own Locust-Street house. He stayed awhile with his sister, Mrs. John Harrison. Then he took rooms at No. 220 South Broad Street, where the Art Club is now, and there, as it turned out, he lived until he left Philadelphia again for England. Quiet as he was, however, one form of entertainment could not be refused, and in his first letter to Besant, dated from his sister's house, he is enjoying not only the sunshine and food of Philadelphia, but the welcome home offered him in other towns.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

1628 Locust St., Jan. 23d, 1880.

Dear Besant, — The weather so far here has been like Naples. One snow — but almost every day deliciously sunshiny and just October cold. I go out mostly without an overcoat. I have a far better study than I had in Park Square,

about as much bric-à-brac in the same style, and have discovered among my old books lots of Gautier-Garguilles, Bruscambilles, Tabarins, Bigarrures, etc.

Oysters are wonderful here. He must be hungry who can eat twelve. I had twelve yesterday, every one four inches long — sweet, well-flavoured, tender as any native — and two glasses of good bitter — all for fourteenpence. And at the evening entertainments! ! Fancy what I saw Saturday night. A great block of ice neatly cut out into a dish holding a gallon of raw oysters — just from the shell. And I stood on the margin of this, and shovelled out one plateful arter another! And the darkeys kept on a-bringing 'em — roasted and in every way, and imploring me politely to have hock — champagne is twice as dear here, but I never saw such lots destroyed in all my life. Yesterday at dinner in our boarding house, I had chicken, lamb, and scolloped oysters — *ad libitum*. There is better mutton and lamb, however, in England.

You are extremely well known in America and greatly admired. We are *all* greatly admired. The whole Rabelais is greatly admired and has been in every newspaper. . . . You need not be afraid that I shall wish to live here.

The vittles is good and the life generally, but I have found nothing to *keep* me here. There is nothing to engage my ambitions — such as they are. I am in some hope of making a very good newspaper connection and of writing from Europe, but it is all as yet uncertain. I am invited to go on a grand railway excursion to Kansas in September. This would be very jolly and give me piles of material to write about. The Lotos Club are to give me a dinner on Saturday week. It is a tip top honour to get. I was to have had it on the 10th, but Mrs. Fisher's death prevented it.

I wish that you could come here in ten minutes. I should like to have you and the rest — just to grub occasionally — and to consult with. I have lots to write about, but cannot write any more at present. . . . I have just seen the last four "Punches." Du Maurier's "Little Bo-peep" and the "Cimabue Browns" are divine.

Ever sincerely,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

The next letter in the packet is clearly not to Besant, though preserved with his, but to another friend and member of the Rabelais.

The Lotos Club dinner had now been eaten. The account of it is preceded by an opening paragraph too typical to be omitted. The newspaper letters referred to are the weekly articles he had written from abroad for Colonel Forney's "Progress."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO ——

220 South Broad St., Feb. 4th, 1880.

My dear Walter, — Many deep thanks for your long letter. Firstly, my dear boy, let us so covenant and agree and manage that no bothered or bothering publisher or publishing shall come between us. For you *are* bothering yourself with these d—d letters and I am sorry for it. Forney is really poor and he has been spoiled with my awfully long letters for a pound. To be sure, I scissored by the yard to *pad*, and you either won't do it or have n't got the art of cribbing other men's paragraphs. To think I should find you my *moral* superior in anything, oh naughty little Walter! Now if you are bothered with this correspondence, drop it. We could either of us do *far* better as regards writing for money — the sum is ridiculous. But I have been in the past under great obligation to Col. Forney and I still am. But if you are *quite* in

earnest as to not caring for this confounded quarter-paid correspondence, why, drop it, my dear little boy. I did, I do, I always will perfectly appreciate your kindness in carrying it on for me and to oblige me. Depend upon it, I will find you something better. I think I shall ere long be able to do it.

You have received the newspaper with an account of the stupendous dinner given to me by the Lotos Club. There were over a hundred present and the whole thing was superb. Three great halls with three or four tables — lights — flowers! As I got a glimpse of the splendour, I thought, "Great Glory, is all this for *me?*" For one day I was *the* lion of New York. It will always remain a legend of New York — this dinner! There never was such an assembly of New York cleverness and wit before at such a dinner. I thought of you and of Besant and of the Rabelais, and wished they were all there from my very soul. If you *were* here *now*, you could do well lecturing, but it would not do for you to pull up stakes to come. I had a jolly long call on Ada Cavendish on Sunday. She was the first one from England I have seen since I have been here, and I kept her laughing for an hour and a half. How we did review all our

dear London *haute Bohème!* I saw Dana — he is making a fortune annually. . . .

Now I must tell you that my speech before the Lotos was praised as being well delivered, and I felt as cool as a cucumber, and my voice was distinctly caught. Therefore I mean to speak again the first chance I get and perhaps I will lecture. There is an art school of girls here and I have been told I could lecture them. I should n't feel afraid or shamefaced at all before them, and it would get me accustomed. . . .

And now I must come to an end. The sun shines, the white snow unmelting glitters on roof and walk — the weather changes, but I, oh Walter! remain unchanged in gravity and virtue and in truth and things. Do thou, oh Walter, like the early Chanticlere, ever constant in well doing, up early, gathering the grains of righteousness, and making yourself generally charming, as you were in the beginning and ever will be.

About the same time, he was writing much less gaily to Besant. I can see that, though pleased with everything done for him, he was still so unsettled, so unoccupied — and occupation was his chief condition of happiness —

that he almost succeeded in convincing himself America was no place for him.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1880.

DEAR BESANT, — I was glad to get your letter. All goes well. I shall be glad, however, to return. Very glad. It is all very nice to have so much sunshine, and in this respect the weather is miraculous — and the fare is good. I have made a second visit to New York as the guest of a Dr. Hammond — who has the largest practice of any doctor in N. Y. His house is wonderful in bric-à-brac and the Bayeux tapestry copy for a frieze in his drawing-room, and four bath-rooms on the first floor, and all that. *Entre nous*, and a close secret — if I chose to edit a daily in New York I have found men who volunteer to raise the money — but I don't see my way to so much hard work and such responsibilities. I am really sorry that Pollock was so grieved over that puff. It was kindly meant — nobody here would be vexed at such a trifle. I gave my cousin, Gus. Kissel, a note to you. He is very nice and a scholar. You appear often in the American papers. Even a notice of your additional chapter to Rabelais has gone the rounds. . . .

There is a Papyrus Club in Boston — a grand Culture Club. It gives me a dinner on the 19th inst. . . .

I almost think I have the original Ebenezer, not in Clarence, but in Eugene, one of our two waiters in this house. He carves wood, does everything, yearns to learn drawing, and always gets me the chicken breast and saves the oysters for me. All the servants are dark in every house I visit.

I shall add some Gypsy sketches to the "Russian Gypsies" and make a little book of "Romany Rambles."

A letter with an account of the Papyrus Club dinner follows almost at once.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1880.

DEAR BESANT, — I have just returned from Boston, where I went to be the honoured guest of the Papyrus Club. There were about 75 gentlemen and as many ladies. After dinner during the speeching, there came to me a note from Miss L—— B——, whom I used to know at the Langham. Miss L— is a very pretty brunette — and she told me she had read your last novel through four times, and picked this

rosebud from her bouquet, and bade me send it to you.

I staid almost a week with Dr. Hammond in New York. Also an admirer of yours. I think there ought to be an illustrated edition of the "Golden Butterfly." It would sell well as a gift book. . . . Tell Pollock that I saw Miss Maud Howe, who retains lively and agreeable memories of him. There is a sugar-plum for each of you. . . .

Do you know that I find I can lecture! I can fill the largest hall very easily with my voice and I don't scare worth a ——. I am entirely self-possessed, and they say I have an easy conversational manner. Eureka!

It began to look as if his ambitions would be "engaged" at home. With the discovery of his ease in lecturing, the tide turned in favour of America. Upon the fact of his being asked to lecture in other places, and the subject he chose for the purpose, much was to depend, as begins to be evident in the next letters.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

220 South Broad St., April 16th, 1880.

. . . I have a great deal to do. I find I can *lecture*, and I am told my voice is good, etc.

There are two or three women's schools of art here, and they very much need lecturing to. —— missed it like a fool when he declined my "Minor Arts." There is a great universal anxiety in America to know how to create a general taste for Art among the multitude, with a strong feeling that drawing schools will not do it. My coming out with the "Small Arts" just hits the question.

I think that Ward's rival Prang will do the "Minor Arts" in numbers. . . .

Yesterday evening at my sister's — shad, strawberries, terrapin, light hot biscuit, chocolate, etc. In Baltimore, on Saturday, strawberries were selling on the street in a snowstorm. They are cheap and abundant now. I bought them ten days ago at two shillings a quart.

In Baltimore, where strawberries were cheap, he was further to test his powers as lecturer and to become more confirmed in his new ambition, as he is quick to tell Besant.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

220 South Broad St., April, 1880.

. . . I have been to Baltimore, by invitation, to lecture on Decorative Arts. Was kindly

treated — made a sensation — had a reception given me with unlimited broiled oysters and champagne. They are charming people — refined, easy of manner, naïve, hospitable. My idea of teaching the Minor Arts delighted them.

There is a Ladies' Circle, or Society, devoted to the Decorative Arts in Baltimore. Let us start one in London, and bring all the Rabelais and other influences to help it. We and our friends, ladies and all, would thus study Art for nothing. Don't you see? We could sell the things and pay all expenses out of the commission, and hire teachers, etc. This is what the Club does in Baltimore, and surely we could do it in London.

I improve with every lecture, don't know what timidity is, can fill a hall as easily as I can empty a pint, and long to be called to an English rostrum. There is a great moral reform for you.

They are only about half civilised here. Two or three days ago, two young swells of the first Club fought a duel, over the line in Delaware, and yesterday there was an *élite* wedding and one of these young blackguards was chief usher. Nobody was hit — only one shot apiece — a miserable affair. I would have had a sec-

ond shot, by Jove, if I had had to shoot the Doctor.

Shortly after he wrote this, I came back from Richmond. I remembered him, of course, but above all for the fear he had inspired in the shy child I was when I had last seen him. From the vague memories of my childhood, he emerged a distinct figure; his unusual height, his fine head, his long flowing beard were not easily to be forgotten; but his commanding presence might have been less real to me in memory if before it I had not so often trembled. One experience in particular coloured all my recollections of him. I had come home from the Convent for the holidays, with no better defence against the world I had been taught to dread than my own very un-American and much-to-be-deplored shyness, and he had asked — with a kindly gaiety I can now realise — what I was learning from the Nuns, and could I tell him who discovered America? "Christopher Columbus," I had answered glibly, with infinite relief, unconscious of such pitfalls as theories of Chinese in Mexico or Scandinavians in New England. He had laughed: Was that all they knew at the Convent? And the laugh rang in

my ears, for years afterwards, whenever I heard his name. They seemed still to tingle with its reëcho on the warm April evening when I turned into Broad Street to make my first call upon my aunt and himself.

That was the end of my fears. They left me forever at the door of the parlour in the spacious old-fashioned house. I found the same commanding presence I remembered: the beard not so brown, perhaps, the hair grown thin; there was no other difference. But then I found, too, the great kindness the absurdly shy child had missed. And I found it at once, — in the grasp of the hand, in the light in the strange blue eyes. The eyes, I think, were always what struck people most on meeting him. He was conventional in his dress, would have avoided the old devices of astonishing the Philistine as scrupulously as he shunned the company of men who delighted in them. I can still recall his formal frock coat and black tie that April evening. But there was nothing conventional about the eyes, — the eyes of the seer, the mystic, — as unlike those of the rest of the world as the decoration of his walls — the musical instruments, the Gothic grotesques — differed from fashionable ornament.

The once alarming uncle now asked no disturbing questions. He sat down and talked to me as I had never been talked to before, of his life in England, of his work, of his interests, — of things I had hitherto believed immeasurably beyond my reach. I had read a great deal in a desultory fashion; most of my friends were people who did read. But I knew no one who actually wrote books. It was not such a common accomplishment twenty-five years ago. What impressed me most in his talk was its great range and his great seriousness. He had no small talk. He talked of everything except every-day topics. He was discussing the Philosophy of the Will, or the Religion of Agnosticism, at the point where conversation usually dallies with the weather. Darwin, Huxley, Carpenter were names oftener in his mouth than those of the heroes and heroines of the newest scandal. His was gossip that led to metaphysical depths before you knew where you were, and the amulet drawn from his pocket was of more importance than the latest despatch in the latest edition of the afternoon paper. And there was no resisting his seriousness. All his thought, all his energy was concentrated upon what he was saying: it was matter of life and

death to him; and his manner was as fascinating as the deep blue eyes that held you as he carried on his argument or elaborated his description. His voice was low and slightly monotonous. But every now and then there was a pause, unconsciously dramatic, as if the thought was too great for utterance, and then, at last, as the word was spoken, both hands were stretched out open, the palms toward you, as if to force the truth into your very soul. What he had to say, he said with all his might. And it was the same when he laughed. It was usually silent laughter. "I really never laughed once in my life," he wrote in a letter to Miss Owen, — "sometimes I utter an Indian *huh*. I had a brother — now gone — who *was* a great humourist. Nor did he ever laugh. Nor my father. We are a very grave family." But, silent as his laugh may have been, it had the quality of sincerity that struck one so in his talk. I remember that first evening I said little in return — what could I say? — but I listened with an attention, an absorption, I think he felt and liked. Anyway, from that evening, we were friends.

This was the beginning of my close association with him. Because of the relationship, I

would probably have seen much of him in any case, though too often a relation means a person to be avoided. But it was a question of work that brought, or rather held, us together. True, up to that time, I had never done a stroke of work myself, but my curiosity about his, in the first wonder of it all, was boundless, and I could not stay idle if I wanted to see anything more of him. For I quickly discovered that if he must always be doing something himself, he was as determined not to let any one in whom he was interested continue doing nothing.

"Doing something," with him, meant doing it for a certain purpose. He did n't whittle his sticks just to pass the time. If he had five odd minutes to dispose of — before dinner or between engagements — there was always a piece of carving to pick up, or a design to carry on, or a letter to write. To sit with hands folded was out of the question, and his reading was usually reserved for the evening. His own account of his amusements in his "Memoranda" is, "When I have anything to write about, I prefer it to reading, and I like small art work so much more than either that I sometimes think I might have been an artist." For the serious tasks of his working hours, he was

just then putting his second series of Gypsy papers into shape for publication in book form, and elaborating his theories of Industrial Art training which he had first expressed in his "Manual of the Minor Arts." One of these theories was that every man, woman, and child who willed it, could learn to draw sufficiently well to make designs and execute them in wood or metal or other material, and so earn a decent living, and I am even to-day often worried by the idea that he looked to me to prove it. For he set me to drawing at once. "The poor Rye! How he preached, Never say *can't!*" an old friend of his wrote to me recently. He never said *can't*, and I was never allowed to say it as long as he was trying to make a draughtsman of me — an experiment that I could have told him from the start was hopeless. But I noticed that, gradually, I was asked for fewer straight lines and spirals, and, swallowing his disappointment as best he could, he set to work to teach me Romany and to try and make a writer of me.

I say this, at the risk of seeming to say too much about myself, because I cannot speak of him during this period and not say something of all I owe to him, and because I do not know

how, better than by saying it, to show the kindliness most people did not suspect in him. For most people did and could not see the side I saw intimately. He was so impatient of shams, so outspoken in his hatred of affectation and pretence and petty social conventions, that those who met him casually carried away a very different impression. Like all men, or women, of strong character, he was sometimes disliked as cordially as at others he was liked. But for any one who was in earnest, there was nothing he would not do. I remember now with amazement the trouble he took over me, his patience with my first attempts in authorship or journalism, his constant endeavour to help me by telling me of so much I had never heard, by explaining so much that I had never understood. Within a month, my whole scheme of life was revolutionised, and the world in general, and Philadelphia in particular, seemed a much pleasanter place than I had ever yet fancied. Of all my memories of that spring, as of that first evening in the Broad Street rooms, the most vivid are of his extraordinary talk and the revelation there was in it for me. The background, as time went on, was more often the open street, — the red brick street of Philadel-

phia, brilliant in May and June sunshine. For he would let me go with him on the long walk that not a day passed without his taking. I can see him now, in his loose light tweeds and his wide-brimmed felt hat reserved for these tramps, as he talked his way out Broad Street or to the Park or through Camden or sometimes — it was an unusually hot spring — to Mrs. Burns's in Fifteenth Street for a plate of the ice-cream that was as marvellous to him as the oysters and the shad: Mrs. Burns, alas! vanished with so many friendly old features of the Philadelphia I loved. I can see the vigorous hands outstretched in emphasis. And I can see, too, the great form stooping over, as he picked up the chance bit of red string at his feet. Once, when his talent for adventure was commented upon, "This means that I observe," he wrote in the "Memoranda" (1894). "Life is a romance to everybody who observes it." And so, not even the bit of red string on the pavement escaped him, and he was so serious in his superstition that I used to think he prized it as a symbol of the strange, the spiritual things always lurking somewhere in his thoughts and his conversation — the things he cared for most. He was never happier, nor his talk more eloquent, than

when he was lost in speculation where I could but dimly follow. I doubt if such a true mystic had walked and talked in the streets of Philadelphia since Penn, and Pastorius, and the early seekers after the Inner Light. It often struck me that, could they have come back, they would have understood him, as I am afraid his contemporaries did not.

Mysticism, however, never interfered with his practical interests. And the work to which he was then devoting most of his time and energy was preëminently practical in its aims and intentions. To it he attached so much importance, and it monopolised so greatly the four years in Philadelphia, from 1880 to 1884, that I must explain what it was he wanted, why he wanted it, and his own attitude or position throughout.

All his life — from the early days at Dedham when he had found sport in carving spoons and serpents out of wood — he had amused himself drawing, and practising what he called the little or Minor Arts. He had never had any technical training or art training of any kind except what was to be derived from the lectures, first of Dodd at Princeton, and then of Thiersch at Munich. And he never pretended to be more

than an amateur. But his love of art, especially decorative art, had always been strong; he says in the "Memoranda" he began to study these arts very seriously from about 1870 — that is, as soon as he had time to give them. He realised the degradation to which decoration had sunk during the early Victorian period. Already in England, South Kensington Museum, with its schools, had been established, probably the most costly means of reform ever devised. The Rye, while in London, must have learned what it was doing or attempting to do. But had South Kensington been as practical and influential an educational institution as it was intended to be, and was not, it would not have covered the ground for him and his theories. The schools there, however inefficient, presupposed the craftsman devoted solely and wholly to the study and practice of art. The Rye looked to quite another class to achieve the reform he desired. It was not from schools that the boy jewellers he had watched in the bazaars of Cairo had been developed; it was not from schools, so he believed, the mediæval carver of the rude chests and chairs we now pay fabulous prices for, had come. With them decoration, according to his theory, was instinctive, and to make it so again

with the people it was necessary, he argued, to go back to the people, — to train every child, every labourer, every peasant. Besides, there was for him the "singular fascination in all such small fancy work," noted in the journal of 1869, and he did not see why it should not be as great a resource as reading for idle women, or even busy men in their leisure moments.

It was in these beliefs he wrote his "Minor Arts" and, in the Preface, suggested that classes of men, and women, and children should be formed in every village and in every district of large towns for the study of decorative work. The book was published before he left England. He returned to America to find educational authorities struggling with a problem that, at first sight, might seem to have little, if any, connection with art of any kind. It was beginning to be felt keenly that, whatever the Public Schools had accomplished, in one respect their influence had been disastrous. The scheme of public education had as yet made no allowance for manual work, though every youth from the grammar, or even the high schools could not hope to become a clerk or teacher. The worst of it was, the school not only failed to teach the pupil how to use his hands, but confirmed

him in his objection to use them for his living. The evil was recognised, but no remedy had been hit upon. It was not easy to teach a trade in the course of a school education; besides, to attempt it was to rouse every trade-union in the country. This was the problem to which, it struck the Rye, the Minor Arts were the one possible solution. He did not imagine, as some of his critics were eager to conclude, that he was going to make an artist of every child in the public schools. "I would begin," I remember his saying at the time, "with drawing, modelling, and æsthetic culture, to end by making a good shoemaker or carpenter;" neither, as others insinuated, had he no ambition beyond helping them to waste their time, messing with clay and playing with paint. His suggestion, promptly offered once it occurred to him, was that the Minor Arts could be taught in the public schools, that they would quicken the intelligence of pupils and accustom them to work with their hands, in the end opening their eyes to the beauty there could be in this work. He kept to himself the dream he, the dreamer, had of a great future when the people of the United States, after three or four generations had been thus trained in decorative art,

would become craftsmen by instinct, — rivals of the artisans who decorated the cathedrals of Europe, and who made of every pot or pan a thing of beauty now to be treasured in museums. One may think he was too optimistic, one may believe rather, with Whistler, that the people turn naturally to the vulgar, the tawdry, when they have the chance. One may question whether undivided attention, and unrelenting study, and continual practice are not as essential to the humblest craftsman as to the artist, whether art of any kind should be turned into a pastime. But for the Rye himself, belief in his theory was too strong to admit of doubt.

He had no thought of becoming a practical teacher. He was far too modest. No one was more deferential to the professional artist than he, and had he been asked at that stage to undertake any classes, he would have ridiculed the proposition. What he had to give, what he determined to have accepted, was his idea, his theory, his method. He had found out to his own surprise that he could lecture; when, within a short time of his return, the opportunity had come, he had chosen as his subject the Decorative Arts, and, occasionally, Eye-Memory, which he held to be part of the same

training. By the 30th of May he was writing to Besant, from Philadelphia, "I had a very pleasant evening lately, lecturing before about 150 of the female schoolteachers of this city, who are learning drawing. They were very much interested, and had put a pretty bouquet of white rosebuds on the lecture table for me. After it was over, I was introduced to many, and it was altogether very agreeable."

I remember going with him, a week or so later, when he lectured again on the same subject at the Franklin Institute. And I remember what a terribly warm June evening it was. Any ardour, however intense, must melt in the Philadelphia summer. Already, in that letter of the 30th of May to Besant, he was complaining of the heat, "nice" as the weather was in some respects. Besides, schools are shut, teachers are gone, boards do not meet in July and August. Nothing was to be accomplished by staying in town, and his first summer after his European wanderings was spent journeying to Niagara, Montreal, and Quebec, and settling down at Newport. It was his holiday, but in his letters to Besant there is no suggestion of idling.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 20, 1880.

MY DEAR BESANT, — . . . This is a charming place, peopled by the *élite* and highly cultured — a sort of Sybaritic Boston-ling. . . . I am to lecture this evening in a drawing-room. George Bancroft and a lot of swells to be there.

Oh, my son — peaches at ten cents a quart, and great water-melons, and all kinds of nice things! I never knew what good living was except in this country.

I was two weeks at Niagara — just opposite the Falls, — and for ten days had *the* gout!

Also Montreal and Quebec, etc.

Here's to you in a Monongahela whiskey cocktail!

I hear that all the town is talking about my lecture. I have just got a letter from Francis Galton about it. He says he is going to cite me in his lecture on the same subject — Eye-Memory.

Thank God I am, if not an orator, at least cool. I don't know stage fright.

Such a lot of good stories as I hear every day! Decidedly the Americans are *the only* story-tellers.

By September, he was at his post again in Philadelphia. Affairs had come to a point where England was indefinitely postponed. There were ambitions now to hold him to the spot. But they made him only the gayer, and, for Besant's edification, he still revelled in the wonderful food of his native land, the wonder growing with the seasons.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

PHILADELPHIA, 1628 LOCUST ST.,
Sept. 18th, 1880.

DEAR BESANT, — At last I am again in Philadelphia, in my nephew's study — he goes to Harvard in a few days — all the pipes and books of my olden days around me. This town is a sensual Paradise when the cool days begin. Peaches of the best from a penny down to four a penny, and such incredible luxury of great watermelons — pears!! Yesterday morning we had grilled chicken and ortolans (reed birds, rather nicer than ortolans) and cantaloupes, each half filled with broken ice, for breakfast ; at dinner (the family being away) I had at the hotel oysters, oyster soup, ortolans again, and a *soft shell crab* — water ice, melon, peaches, grapes. I send you the *menus* of this hotel. I

have been feeding there for $10 a week, and for the money can eat from 6 A. M. till midnight, and order what I please, *tout compris!*

My Minor Arts has grown into a grand educational reform!! For many years the practical Americans have been longing, yearning for somebody to introduce hand work into the Public Schools. The Governor has every year recommended it, but nobody knew how to do it! For teaching *trades*, such as shoemaking, baking, etc., required all the time, interfered with studies, and injured the boys' health. There are hundreds of boys in the House of Refuge (a sort of prison-reformatory), and they need work, but many are not there long enough to learn trades. Well — there is here a Social Reform Association composed of our gravest judges, professors, etc., and the educational committee held a special meeting last week to listen to me. There was no counter-argument and no dissent. Everybody *saw it*. They knew that a popular demand is springing up for mosaic laying, stencilling, etc., and especially for hand-made work, and that all these crafts are to be learned *in a few days*. The leading architect and decorator here says that there would be an illimitable demand for such arti-

cles if they were cheap, and that children could do the work. In the Girard College here are 1000 boys, and it has long been a question what kind of hand work could be taught them. The Minor Arts are fully admitted to be the thing. They have invited me to set forth my views in a lecture in October, when the principal city magnates will be present. God help me — I really think that there is great Future in all this. For it means not only training young fingers and eyes to work, but the making hand-made *Art* at home in every house, — a mosaic floor in every cottage, stencilled walls, carved oak dadoes, all for a trifling cost. It is this that made Greece artistic — that decorative art was hand-made and cheap. This same reform will be called for in England. I now understand why it was that Mr. Mundella caught at it, — he saw more in it than I did. . . .

I don't think I shall return to England for some time. *Oh, les affaires!* If you hear of any reviews of my new book on the "Minor Arts," let me know.

This "great educational reform" occupied him all the autumn of 1880, spent, after he had left Mrs. Harrison's, first at the St. George's

Hotel, and then in the more comfortable Broad Street rooms. But his next letter to Besant is the best account of his work and its progress during the autumn months.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

220 South Broad St., Jan. 18th, 1881.

My dear Besant, — I have been very busy and very much fought against by Fate, for I have at last, after months of weary swimming against the tide, and in darkness, seen daylight, and while struggling towards the Morning Rednesse (as Jacob Böhme calls the first gleam of illumination) have been seized with a cramp. *Id est*, I have at last really got my project of making Hand-work a branch in every school fairly into life, but have, while I most required freedom to work, been laid up with gout. Since Christmas day, I have been confined every day, save three, to the house, and not long before that I had an attack. To-day I am very much better, and it may be on cards for me to go out to-morrow. The thermometer has been about zero for weeks, but the weather is the finest I ever felt in my life. I really think that cold winter weather here is the finest in the world. It is much preferred by everybody to

summer. There is no sense of cold, no unpleasantness. The sidewalks are clean and dry, while the street is a hard bed of snow-ice like stone, over which the sleighs go like lightning, with myriad bells. Every horse has a girdle of bells. The thermometer between Philadelphia and the West ranges from 10 degrees below zero to 56!

I received your letter yesterday and sat down in the evening to read Christie's "Etienne Dolet." I finished it at one sitting without missing a word, and was so intensely interested that I could stand a very good examination on it. It is a book of a decade. The unaffected purity of the English is miraculous, the impartiality and clear sound judgment as to Dolet is not less. I never met with better criticism as to character or morale. When the author is — alas! too rarely! — humorous, he is more dryly droll than any living wit I know of. All of Burnand's fun put together is not equal to either of two passages in "Etienne Dolet." . . .

I have discovered the edition of "Don Quixote" of which Duffield doubted the existence. It was printed in an obscure New England village in 1827, in four volumes. I read recently that to have discovered an unknown

edition is to have made a reputation. I have discovered one of "Don Quixote," one of Luther's "Catechism," and that the most important, the only known fragment of Sir Gray Steele, and the 13th known copy of Sir William Wallace.

I have received a letter from —— in which she tells me how good and kind you have been to her, and that you have sent her some work. I feel very grateful myself and would add my thanks to hers. Nothing has occurred for a long time which has pleased me so much as your doing this. . . .

After much trouble I have got the Industrial Committee of the school board of Philadelphia to take up my project of introducing handwork into schools. I have a room or rooms given me; I am to have money for materials and to pay an assistant teacher. There is a large class of teachers in the public schools who are coming to my classes, and I am to have as many scholars and children as I can manage. A number of ladies interested in education will take a hand. We shall go at wood-carving, leather, brass, mosaic, etc., etc. When this is started it will go of itself. All the pupils will have their work sold and share the profits. A

house in New York will take all the plaques I can supply. . . .

Remember me very badly to Walter Pollock and Palmer. Palmer is no correspondent. I am becoming quite proficient in Schmussen, or the low-German Hebrew dialect. One does not, as with Gypsies, have to go far and wide to find the talkers of it.

We were at a hotel, but have returned to our old quarters in Broad Street. We have two very large rooms on the ground floor and, what with some of our own furniture, are very comfortable.

CHAPTER XII

IN PHILADELPHIA: THE INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOL

EARLY in 1881 the Industrial Art School was established, or rather, the school board consented to make the experiment. In a very fragmentary journal of this period a few entries refer to it.

Saturday, April 16th. Afternoon, 4 P. M. Meeting at G. Harrison's, 1620 Locust Street, with Miss Pendleton, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Leslie, Dr. Cadwalader, Mr. Whitney, etc., to form an Association for Public Education. I was appointed one of the three to make constitution, etc. A very interesting meeting, with large views, and well planned. Evening, my School, Locust Street. Very few in attendance, but all getting on nicely and hopefully.

Sunday, 17th. G. H. Boker called. He very much approved of my School.

Wednesday, 20th. Meeting of the Educational Society at Miss Pendleton's. In the evening my Industrial Art School. A great many visitors, and

some who could have been spared, as they behaved in a vulgar, patronising manner — talked about and criticised the scholars, and offended them. The wood-carving class under my teaching getting on very well.

Saturday, 23d. Evening School. Very good and attentive class.

After a few more entries as brief, the Journal ends almost altogether. His days were too crowded for journalising. A letter to Besant, however, goes into detail.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO WALTER BESANT

220 South Broad Street,
Apr. 18th, 1881.

. . . There is a very great, deep, and general spirit of reforming education here, and it is principally due to my introducing industrial and decorative work into the public schools as a regular branch. I have at present a primary or normal school of my own, with sixty female teachers in the schools as pupils. There are 105,000 scholars in our public schools, and I am preparing to have them all industrially educated. I am also making inquiries as to having a higher standard introduced into our prisons, reforma-

tory schools, and all similar institutions. The representatives of the Girard College for Orphans, the House of Refuge, etc., etc., all want me to set 'em up in this lay. I am really doing a great work here. They were all ready for it, and had been talking for years about it, but nobody knew exactly what to teach. Now I did know — and could even show them how with my own hands.

I teach so far china painting, wood carving, and modelling. We have volunteer assistant teachers and classes twice a week.

You want me to establish a society in London. I have already a much larger one in operation in the Lake country. Mrs. Jebb of Ellesmere, Shropshire, taking the hint from my book, has established a circle or congeries or association of village schools which is largely increasing, in which the Minor Arts are taught. . . . If you know any ladies willing to establish little local schools or decorative art associations to teach the poor or young Something to Do, pray get them to write to Mrs. Jebb. . . . [This was the beginning of the Home Arts in England.]

There are just now two large Gypsy camps on either side of the city. My niece has learned Romany quite "flick," and we have had a great

deal of fun visiting the tents. The Romany Rye is an unknown being as yet in America. . . .

I expect to go to Mount Desert, Maine, in July. Injuns live there who take you out in their canoes!

I miss Alsopp!
How is Pig?

I have a nice collection of Gypsy sketches or Romany Rambles written.

And a book on Education going about seeking a publisher. . . .

I have read the negro stories. If I had time I could get up a fine coloured volume here. My particular servant Eugene is as good as Ebenezer and capable of everything. I have met with a coloured woman (quad) cleverer than any white lady in Philadelphia. Such a stunning public speaker as she is!

Now, if you were here, we could be in a few hours among deer and bears.

To his story in his letters, I can add a few facts, as I worked with him, fired by his enthusiasm — it was irresistible — and believing many things I have not the heart to believe any longer. Mr. MacAlister was then the Superintendent of the Public Schools, and members of the Board I

remember as specially active and sympathetic were Mr. Edward T. Steel, then the President, and Mr. William Gulagher. As the school, in the beginning, was but an experiment, it was necessary to limit the number of pupils and the cost of the classes. The plan was to start in a central school-house, where there were vacant rooms that could be used for the purpose, and to select the children from the schools all over Philadelphia. The teachers interested enough to want to come were to have a special class in the evening. The school-house chosen was the Hollingsworth, in Locust Street above Broad, but a step, fortunately, from the Rye's home. To have a school, but no instructors, would have daunted anybody less brave. The one assistant paid was a man with the ideas of the schoolmaster, who could not understand the Rye's larger, more far-seeing ambitions. A few volunteered their services. After the disastrous results of my short apprenticeship, nothing was to be hoped for from me as instructor. But I could keep books in order, and manage the clerical business. Miss Lucy Moss, well known in Philadelphia, offered to take charge of a needlework class. After the school had got going, Mr. J. Liberty Tadd interested himself and suggested that he could manage the classes in

painting and modelling. But the brunt of it fell on the Rye, and he, who had never taught in all his life, who made no pretension to professional proficiency and was all modesty before the artist, who would not have accepted a cent, if it had been offered, — and I cannot remember that it ever was offered, — found himself chief instructor of drawing, carving in wood, working in metal and leather. Really, in his life of adventure, nothing seems to me more adventurous than the brave way in which he met this difficulty, — the unselfish way, I ought to add. His own work and innumerable interests more personal might be clamouring for him. Spring might be in the air and Gypsies on the road. But, with nothing to gain, he shut himself up deliberately in the stuffy schoolroom, going regularly from boy to boy, from girl to girl, setting copies, presiding, directing, encouraging. And I might as well say here that he never failed when he was wanted, — that from the first class, held in 1881, until he left Philadelphia, in 1884, he always did teach and never was paid for it, and that, from beginning to end, he missed not more than half a dozen lessons, if that many.

I may as well also, for the sake of continuity, finish at once the story of the school, which he

ranked as the greatest achievement of his life. By the autumn of 1881, the School Board was sufficiently satisfied with the experiment to place the school on a firmer basis. A more generous grant was made, and salaries were now possible. Miss Moss and Mr. Tadd were retained. Mr. Uhle was engaged to teach wood-carving; Eugene, who continued to seem as good as Ebenezer, was given a class in carpentering. My clerical services were also considered worth being paid for. In fact, we all profited, save the one man who gave everything, — ideas, methods, time, advice, hard work. For he continued to teach. His was the largest class, the class upon which the others depended, the class of drawing and design. I have no intention to go into technical details; this would not be the place for them. But it should, in justice, be recorded that to the Rye was due not only the idea of introducing the Minor Arts into the Public Schools, but the method by which they were to be taught. Of this method he has left the explanation in various pamphlets and manuals in which it can be read at length. It will be enough here to borrow from the "Memoranda" a short, simple statement of the fundamental theory of his system and some of the maxims by which he sup-

ported it. "The leading idea is that designing original patterns can be taught from the first lesson with drawing, that such exercise of invention stimulates and pleases the youthful mind, and causes great and rapid progress." "The Minor Arts are really only drawing in different materials with different implements." "The decorative artist who can design is a Dives, the one who cannot is a Lazarus who lives on the crumbs and scraps from the rich man's table." "Decorative art without design is a flower cut from the root. Design is the root which sends forth endless flowers." "The artistic designer can do everything well; the specialist, without drawing, can do only one thing as a mere workman." And he believed, further, that the feeling for decoration "does wonders in refining people and elevating their intelligence;" that interest in the Minor Arts develops general intelligence and love of literature; that "a knowledge of art, or how to make one or more things, is of immense value in stimulating in every mind a love of industry." The logical conclusion of this belief was that all the children, before being put to anything else, should be taught drawing. To be taught practically, he insisted that they should be made to draw "freely from the shoul-

der," and that they should begin to design by mastering the simple spiral, from which the most complicated patterns could be evolved.

It was not only to the school he sacrificed himself, in order to prove his theory by teaching his method. By far the greater part of the time that followed the opening of the school was devoted to expounding his system and endeavouring to promulgate it throughout the country. He wrote for the U. S. Bureau of Education a pamphlet on the Minor Arts as a branch of public education ("Industrial Art in Schools:" Circular No. 4, 1882), a pamphlet distributed in the fashion in which the Government at Washington manages such matters, and bringing him, in consequence, such a mass of correspondence from North, South, East, and West, that it was a constant marvel to me how he got through with it. He edited a series of "Art Work Manuals" for Tournure in New York, supplying most of the text and designs himself. (Published by the Art Interchange Co., 1881–82.) He wrote constantly to Mrs. Jebb, helping her in forming classes that were to lead to the Cottage Arts Association, and so, eventually, to the Home Arts, as directly the outcome of his teaching as the school in Locust Street: his suggestion in

the "Minor Arts," that classes should be formed in every village, having been Mrs. Jebb's inspiration. He started a Decorative Art Club, for I think it was more than he could stand to consider all the idle women in Philadelphia, and, as an active President, he spared himself neither time nor labour. He lectured, here, there, and everywhere. He saw innumerable people who came to consult him, and seldom failed to talk them into enthusiasm.

Until both club and school were firmly enough established to run themselves, the Rye never thought of going back to England. The club survived only a few years after he had gone — Philadelphia women not being sufficiently lured from idleness to ensure for it, by work, a longer lease of life, and the end being brought on precipitately by an unfortunate lawsuit. But the school did not depend upon amateurs, and it developed into the Public Industrial Art School, Broad and Spring Garden Streets. After the Rye left Philadelphia, there was a long interval when it seemed as if Philadelphia, with its usual distrust of its prophets, was bent upon ignoring the founder, the creator of the school and even of its method. There was an attempt to pass the credit on where credit did not belong,

and to let others enjoy the fruits of his disinterestedness, as all who cared for him at home saw to their grief and indignation. Word came to him in England that old Dr. Furness was wishing for his return, that he might vindicate his claim to the credit of introducing "all these artistic manual training schools," for it seemed as if "there were others who would take the whole of it." George Boker wrote indignantly of the way the Rye's ideas and methods were being used and no credit given to him: "I do not fail to express my wrath on all occasions," Boker adds. This was in 1887. Only three or four years ago, I went to hear a lecturer in London describe the methods of the Philadelphia school, and he failed to mention once the name of Charles Godfrey Leland, without whom it never would have been. It seemed as if everybody save himself was to continue to profit by his ideas and his labours in the cause of industrial education. It is a grief to me now to remember the grief all this meant to him. But, as I write, I believe the interval of forgetfulness is at an end. At a meeting held to do honour to his memory, not long after his death, he was duly acclaimed, as he should always have been, as the founder of school and system both. And the two "Charles

Godfrey Leland Scholarships," presented by Mrs. John Harrison, will make generations of students in the future venerate his name and appreciate the work he did for them.

If the school, with its many off-shoots, was the chief outcome of his short visit to Philadelphia, it did not exhaust his time and energies. That would have been a degree of self-sacrifice more than useless. He allowed himself a few amusements, though, to the average man, they might have seemed anything but amusements. For, from the social standpoint, he lived almost a hermit's life. London had made him forget a little the distaste for social pleasures he began to feel when he left home in 1869. But, back in Philadelphia, it seized upon him with renewed force, chiefly, I think, because he could not do everything, and the innumerable other things he had to do amused him far more than what is called society. I do not mean that he did not see any one. His sister's house was always open to him. As in the old days, his Sunday afternoons were spent with George Boker, only now Boker came to him with "Young George," as the Rye always called the son. And he met, more or less occasionally, men like Walt Whitman, Dr. Furness, Mr. Talcott Williams, and old news-

paper friends. That sadly fragmentary journal notes, too, a few special functions he attended, a few meetings with distinguished strangers. There are loose cards, that somehow have succeeded in never dropping out from the much travelled book, inviting him to a dinner given by Irving to the Clover Club at the Bellevue, to a reception to Irving by the Journalists' Club, to the Penn Club to meet Principal J. W. Dawson of McGill University, Montreal — what characteristic Philadelphia functions those are! In the Journal itself I read: —

Saturday, April 23d (1881). Called with Elizabeth on P. T. Barnum. Anecdotes of elephants, etc. He was very amusing, and noted down my suggestion to bring out a Hungarian Gypsy orchestra. [How P. T. B. did talk!]

Saturday, April 30th (1881). Went with Elizabeth out to Kirkbride's Lunatic Asylum, saw the lady patients sawing fretwork. I promised to go there some time and lecture. Returning home, we met old Walt Whitman in the car. He was quite charming and asked us to come and see him when in Camden. He had been roaming in the country, and had enjoyed himself very much, and said the day had not cost a dollar. He had recently returned from Boston,

where he said they had fêted and dined him so much that he retreated home. He said that he had never met Dr. Holmes, and I expressed great astonishment at it. He had on a dark broad felt — I have always seen him in a white one which some poet in a newspaper lately compared to a lily! He remarked that the Boston newspaper had said so much of his clothes. And truly they and all have had more to say of his hat than his head, and of his shirt collar than of his soul. He told me that his best photograph had been made by Wenderoth — this in answer to my question. Once, he told me, that — in the darkest years of his life, when he almost despaired, he had been kept up to hope by two letters — one from my brother Henry, who, then in Italy, had seen some of his first scattered poems, and, not knowing him, had written to him very encouragingly, or well, — or however it was. Therefore, he is so much interested in me. E. is better informed as to what the reviewers say of him than I am, and I wondered that she did not tell him of an English review, in a just published work, that calls him the greatest living poet, for I think he may not have seen it.

May 10th (1882). While Mr. Augustus Hoppin, the artist, was calling, a messenger came

from Oscar Wilde, who appeared himself before long. [I remember well. Wilde came, got up as a far-away imitation of a cowboy, whom he thought the most picturesque product of America, and he was fresh from Camden, and an hour at the feet of Walt Whitman.] He went to see the work at the schoolroom, and told me he had often described my education in his lectures, and answered many letters inquiring as to it. I gave him some specimens of work, — a vase, two brass placques, a wood carved panel, and an India ink design. He went off to lecture, and in two hours' time there came in eight or ten young lady artists who had been to the lecture and said that he had praised my school as constituting a new era, and exhibited the plates, etc., praising them highly. We held a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ladies' Art Club, and resolved to call a general meeting.

December 27th (1883). Invited and went to dinner given to Matthew Arnold. Introduced to him. He is strikingly like the portrait caricature of Talmage, the sensational preacher. I said so, and was told it was a libel. I asked on whom, Arnold or Talmage? Arnold abuses Philistines. A runaway monk never praises his convent. He is zealous against them. "One renegade is a

fiercer Mahometan than the Turks." In reply to Wayne MacVeagh's speech, he made a very shambling, awkward, feeble reply, which was charmingly cooked and sauced up by the reporters. He is a sad contrast to Henry Irving — or any other man. He seems to be the prince of Prigs.

The next entry is dated from London, six months later. Whatever his social amusement may have been from time to time, I think his real relaxation was in his afternoon tramps. Sometimes we went Gypsying, but our adventures, when we did, belong to the story of him in his Gypsy incarnation; though I must at least mention here how I used to find myself holding my breath, in fear almost, when I looked at him, the centre of the group of vagabonds for whom Philadelphia had but disdain, and then suddenly considered what the members of the school board and the pupils of the school would think, could they see him. The chances are, the same comparison suggested itself to him, and half his pleasure was in it. Sometimes we merely rambled about the streets. But he loved the streets and the shops in Philadelphia, no less than Charles Lamb in London. He would stand

entranced before the shop windows, and, in memory, I see him again putting on his glasses carefully the better to study the display. And he loved to buy things, — old things by preference. Philadelphia was not like Florence, where, the last years of his life, he could gratify this passion in the old shops and at the old barrows, until he had made the collection of books which Mrs. Harrison has since presented to the Pennsylvania Museum. Antiquity shops in Philadelphia then were few. Fryer's was only for the millionaire, while the German whose name I have forgotten — now, I am told, a very important person — was in my day just starting in life. Often, all the Rye brought home from his rambles was some ingenious little Yankee contrivance for his writing table; at others, it was a huge pear for me, and this pleased him the more, for it was bought from "a Dago," and five cents was cheap for the talk in Italian, by which the bargain was clinched, — how many pears, colossal Bartlett pears, have I eaten in the cause of philology! Or else, it was a bit of cheap blue and white china from an Eighth Street Jew, the greeting in Schmussen thrown in for nothing; and I cannot look at the pieces that remain of the collection he thus made for me, without

hearing again his laugh of exultation after his *Sholem Alaicham*, and the Jew's stare of astonishment. "What jolly walks about town!" he wrote to me, recalling them ten years afterwards, — "Buying Japanese china! — Henrietta! — Gypsies! — George Boker — Walt Whitman — Mercantile Library — Campobello!" And again, "I was never as happy as in those days. How fast life flies! Those days are beginning to mingle with old time reminiscences and take a little of the colour of fairyland."

The reference to Campobello is, for me, an eloquent reminder of the part his summers should have in any account of his amusements at the time. The first at home he spent in Newport. The second (1881), from which fresh interests and much work were to come, he went to Mt. Desert. On the way, he stopped at Boston and Cambridge. He had been asked to read the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, an honour that gave him genuine pleasure. He wrote it with even more than the usual care and enthusiasm he lavished upon whatever he might have to do. As I was seeing him daily at that period, he would read me in the afternoon the lines he had written in the morning. It meant much to him — he made it almost a profession of faith.

It was never published, and, after this long interval, I should not venture to explain its subject in detail. But I know it touched upon the modern materialism that he believed was leading to the noblest, the most perfect spiritualism ever yet evolved. Therefore what he thought the indifference of his audience when he read the poem at Harvard was a deep disappointment, and he felt it enough to say so frankly to Dr. Holmes. I do not know which pleases me better, his own frankness or the equal frankness with which the Doctor met it.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Beverly Farms, July 18th, 1881.

My dear Leland, — I was sorry for the circumstance you mention so quietly — very sorry. Now I will tell you one or two things about the Phi Beta Poem. Over and over again I wanted to get up and tell you that the last portion of many lines could not, I felt sure, be heard. But it is so awkward to interrupt — and to be interrupted — that I refrained from doing it. I was confident that many of the best points were not taken, simply because they were not clearly heard. It is the commonest fault of those who

read their own verse to let their voices drop at the end and toward the end of a line. My wife has so often reproved me for it that I have learned pretty well to avoid it. . . . You must remember also that Boston was almost literally empty of its proper world when you were there, and that "everybody" scattered off from Cambridge in every direction in the afternoon trains.

In delivering your poem, you were at such a disadvantage as perhaps no other Phi Beta poet ever was before. Wendell Phillips *at Harvard* was an event — I don't doubt some of the other alumni went into convulsions about it. He had utterly exhausted the sensibilities of his audience before you had a chance at them. I saw at once, before you opened your lips, that you had an impossible task — to address an audience which was exhausted by two hours of electric shocks. It is *always* a difficult matter to interest an audience tired with a long piece of declamation. I do not think that your predecessors of late years have succeeded in doing it. I have myself on one occasion delivered a poem after an eloquent and taking address, and experienced a wretched sense of depression after it in consequence. Your poem will *read* well, I have no

doubt, and would have gone off finely if you had had a fresh audience.

One or two pleasant incidents there were, however, to make up for a disappointment caused, I do not doubt, by nothing more serious than the tendency "to somnolence among the men and a desperate resort to their fans on the part of the women," that Lowell deplored as a danger to be carefully foreseen on these occasions. One of the redeeming incidents was the dinner, when Dr. Holmes greeted him and Wendell Phillips — "The Dutch have taken Harvard" — in the verses without which an occasion in Boston would not then have been an occasion.

And you, our quasi Dutchman, what welcome should be yours
For all the wise prescriptions that work your laughter-cures?
"Shake before taking?" Not a bit, the bottle cure's a sham;
Take before shaking, and you'll find it shakes your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty — vhere is dot barty now?"
On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth the careworn brow!
A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How long before we see
Another Hans as handsome — as bright a man as he!

That was a welcome pleasant to listen to.

Another incident was the meeting with Alcott, who had not forgotten the old Philadelphia days, and the small pupil who had read through the "Faerie Queene" and so much besides. But pleasantest of all was the incident that reveals something of the boyish element both the Rye and Dr. Holmes retained to the end, and that is on record in the "Memoranda:" "When I went to Boston to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Poem in 1881, Dr. Holmes invited me to pass a day with him at his place in Beverly. It was a very delightful day. I went out to take a walk with him, and picked up on the shore some of the shells of the Unio, a thick pearl mussel. Dr. Holmes said something to the effect that it was a pity such beautiful objects should be without value, when I replied that I could easily make them sell for five dollars apiece! So I took some to the house, and asked the doctor to write his name on each, which he did, and I then said, 'These will now easily sell for five dollars each.' At which he was much pleased, and I think was deeply touched when I remarked that by this shelling out I should induce collectors of autographs to fork over, as is usual in consuming oysters."

Of the Indians who were the great event of

the summer of 1881, as also of 1882 and 1883, I wait to write in connection with the book he made out of them, "The Algonquin Legends." The hours in their tents by the sea helped to give him courage for the routine of work in Philadelphia. The quiet, industrious, civilised Passamaquoddies danced no war dances with him, — led him on no wild chase across the plains. As I saw them, they were tranquillity itself. But the old fire, the old wildness, the old magic was in their legends, and in each, as he forced it from them by his own spell of sympathy, he drew a fresh breath of life. I remember what splendid form he was always in when he got back to Philadelphia and to work in the fall, his note-book full of Indian words and phrases and stories, his trunk full of birch-bark boxes. The procession of savages, armed with tomahawks, grasping each other's long hair, that encircled some of the boxes, proved to me how well the Indians had been initiated into the mystery of spirals.

The summer of 1882 was spent partly at Rye Beach, partly at Campobello, then just beginning to be heard of as a rival to Bar Harbor. A letter from the Rye recalls to me now many things, and is characteristic of him.

"The Dutch have taken Holland," so the schoolboys used to say
The Dutch have taken Harvard - no doubt of that to day!
For the Wendells were low Dutchmen and all their vrows were Vans
And the Quitmanns are high Dutchmen, - and here is honest Hans.
Mynheers, you both are welcome! Fair Cousin, Wendell P.
Our ancestors were dwellers beside the Zuyder Zee;
Both Grotius and Erasmus were countrymen of we,
and Vondel was our namesake, though he spelt it with a V.
It is well old Evert Jansen sought a dwelling over sea
On the margin of the Hudson where he sampled you and me
Through our grandsires and great grandsires, - for you would not agree
With the steady going burghers along the Zuyder Zee.
Like our Motley's John of Barneveld you have always been inclined
To speak, - well, - somewhat frankly, - to let us have your mind,
And the Mynheers would have told you to be cautious. Whatever it

— But were very glad you've kept it; [illegible]
And whenever Reason chose it she found a royal throne;
You have whacked us with your sceptre; our backs were little harmed
And while we rubbed our bruises we owned we had been charmed.

— And you, our quasi Dutchman, what welcome should be yours
For all the wise prescriptions that work your laughter-cures?
"Shake before taking!" — Not a bit, — the bottle-cure's a sham, —
Take before shaking, and you'll find it shakes your diaphragm.

— "Hans Breitmann gif a barty" where is dat barty now?"
On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth the cureworn brow!
A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How long before we see
Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man as he!

O.W.H.

Beverly Farms, June 24th 1881.

FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO JOSEPH PENNELL

RYE, N. H., June 25th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. PENNELL, — If you want my picture, you must go to Gutekunst and get that one with the broad-brimmed hat. Tell him it is to be engraved to his honour and glory and eternally.

We are all well, and yesterday went to Portsmouth and saw some marvellous old houses.

Yours truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

P. S. I write in great haste. I am quite full of the idea of writing a book to be called the "Vagabonds," you to do the pictures. Run it first through "Scribner." Miss Robins is all right, and anticipating doing a jolly lot of work. This is a very nice place.

In the summer of 1883, I joined him at Campobello for a few weeks, and there he took me to spend long afternoons with Tomah and the others under the pines near the Tyn-e-Coed House, and to ramble long mornings in the woods, almost primeval in their wildness. In his rough flannels and wide-brimmed straw hat, he looked like the pioneer seeking a trail or blaz-

ing a new one, as he literally hacked his way through. For he carried a great knife, and, as he went, he cut down here a branch, gnarled and twisted, that with two or three touches of the knife he could make into a grotesque as strange as the grinning gargoyle of some old cathedral; or there a great fungus, bracket-like in form, in which he divined decorative possibilities. And so we would come home to lunch, laden with trophies that hung for the rest of the summer on the walls of his room. He could not live in a room with bare walls, and the more barbarous the ornament, the more it pleased him. And at Campobello, too, the idle were set to work. Spirals were made with as great assiduity on the Bay of Fundy as on the banks of the Delaware. But if half the time he was the stern schoolmaster to the young women in the hotel, whose talent heretofore had been for idleness, he was also, the other half, the magician who could tell fortunes and cast spells. On how many a windy evening, before the great wood fire in the hall, have I seen a small hand stretched out that he might read the lines, how many times have I seen "that fine head" bending over it with the gravity and intensity he gave to his every action!

It was this curious contrast in his interests—

a contrast incomprehensible to some people — which made him the extraordinary man he was, and gave his life its zest. After knowing him, I have understood better that once inscrutable figure of Borrow, Romany Rye and agent in Spain and Russia for the Bible Society. The Rye was the happier gossiping in the garden with a tinker because, the moment before, he had been interviewing a school director in his study. He was the gayer in the Gypsy tent because of the hours in the schoolroom. I saw both sides during the four years in Philadelphia. I have shown one; now I want to show the other, — the more picturesque, and, I am half tempted to believe, to him the better side.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROMANY RYE[1]

To the many who do not understand, it is not easy to explain the charm of the Gypsy. But what it means to the few who feel it, Borrow, long ago, left no chance of doubt. I have come under the spell. There was a time when I found my hand's breadth of romance, "'mid the blank miles round about," on the road and in the tents. But when I look back to the camps by the wayside where I was at home, the centre of the group round the fire or under the trees was not the Gypsy, but a tall, fair man, with flowing beard, more like a Viking,—the Rye, without whom I would never have found my way there.

When he took me to see the Gypsies, after his return to Philadelphia in the winter of 1880, he had already written his first books about them,

[1] One word of explanation: I am not responsible for the vagaries in the Romany spelling of the Romany Ryes. A moment came when they strove for uniformity. But at first they were as independent in the matter as the Gypsy is in life, with infinite confusion for the student as result.

was already honoured as a Romany scholar throughout the learned world, and welcomed as a friend in every green lane where Gypsies wander. I like best to remember him as he was on these tramps, gay and at ease in his velveteen coat and soft wide-brimmed hat, alert for discovery of the Romany in the Philadelphia lots, and like a child in his enjoyment of it all, from the first glimpse of the smoke curling through the trees and the first sound of the soft *Sarishan* of greeting. Of his love for the Gypsies, I can therefore speak from my memory of the old days. And as, since his death, all his Gypsy papers and collections have been placed in my hands, I now know no less well — perhaps better than anybody — just how hard he worked over their history and their language. For, if "Gypsying" was, as he said, the best sport he knew, it was also his most serious pursuit. There are notebooks, elaborate vocabularies, stories, proverbs, songs, diaries, lists of names, memoranda of all sorts; there are great bundles of letters, a few from Gypsies, the greater number from Romany Ryes; for nothing, I do believe, ever united men as closely as love of the Gypsy, — when it did not estrange them completely, — and it happened that never was there a group of scholars so ready

to be drawn together by this bond, Borrow their inspiration, as they would have been the first to admit.

If a Romany Rye is, as Groome explained, one, not a Gypsy, who loves the race and has mastered the tongue, Borrow did not invent him. Already students had busied themselves with the language; already Gypsy scholars, like Glanvill's — or Matthew Arnold's? — "had roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood." But they had been scattered through the many centuries since the first Gypsy had appeared in Europe. It was Borrow who, hearing the music of the wind on the heath, and feeling the charm of the Gypsy's life, made others hear and feel with him, till, where there had been but one Romany Rye, there were now a score, learning more of Romany in a few years than earlier scholars had in hundreds, and, less fearful than Glanvill's youth, giving the world their knowledge of the language and the people who spoke it. A very craze for the Gypsy spread through the land. I know of nothing like it, save the ardour with which the Félibrige took root in Provence. Language in both cases — with the Félibres their own, with the Romany Ryes that of the stranger — led to meetings, and friendships,

and rivalries, and collaboration, and exaltation even; only, the sober men of the North were less intoxicated with the noise of their own voices, less theatrical in proclaiming their Brotherhood, less eager to make of a common study a new religion — and more self-conscious. They would have been ashamed to blow their trumpets in public, to advertise themselves with joyous self-abandonment. The Félibres were proud to be Provençal; the Romany Ryes loved to play at Gypsying. And so, while the history of the Félibrige — probably with years of life before it — has been written again and again, the movement Borrow started still waits its historian, though, if the child has been born who will see the last Gypsy, the race of Gypsy scholars must now be dying out. It is a pity. The story of their studies and their friendships and their fights, as I read it in these yellowing letters and note-books, is worth immortalising.

Of all the little group, not one got to know the Gypsies better, loved them more honestly, and wrote about them more learnedly, yet delightfully, than the Rye, — the name by which they, as well as I, knew him best. If his study of the Romanies began only when he came to settle in England in 1870, it was simply because, until

then, he had found no Romanies to study. Love of them must always have been in his blood. His passion for the mysterious predestined him to dealings of the "deepest" with the Gypsies — everything connected with whom is a mystery, as Lavengro told the Armenian — once the Gypsies came his way. The Rye did not make Borrow's pretence to secret power; he did not pose as the *Sapengro*, their master. Nor was there anything of the vagabond about him. I cannot imagine him in the dingle with the Flaming Tinman and Isopel Berners. He would have been supremely uncomfortable journeying through Norway, or through life, with Esmeralda. He could not have wandered as the Gypsy with Wlislocki or Herrmann in the mountains of Transylvania, or Sampson on Welsh roads. It was not his way of caring for the Gypsies; that was the only difference; he cared for them no less. For him the fascination was in the message their dark faces brought from the East, the "fatherland of divination and enchantment;" in the shreds and tatters of myths and magics that clung to them; in their black language — the *kalo jib* — with the something mysterious in it that drew Borrow to the Irish tongue.

Besides, his love of Nature, though it would

no more have driven him into the wilderness with Thoreau than love for the Gypsy could have led him to pitch his tent in Borrow's dingle, was very real, and opened his heart to the people whom he thought the human types of this love which is vanishing. In his ears, theirs was "the cheerful voice of the public road;" to its "sentiment," their presence gave the clue; and he believed that Borrow felt this with him. I am not so sure. For all the now famous picture of the Gypsy as the human cuckoo adding charm to the green lanes in spring and summer, it is a question whether Nature ever really appealed to Borrow, save as a background for his own dramatic self. With the Rye, however, I have wandered often and far enough to know that he loved the wood, the sea, the road, none the less when all humanity had been left behind. And out of this love of Nature and the people nearest to her, came the gift of which he boasted once in a letter to Borrow; he had always, he said, been able to win the confidence of Indians and Negroes. It was natural then that he and the Gypsies, as soon as they met, should understand each other.

I do not mean that he did not enjoy the dramatic moment when it came. He did. He liked to astonish the Gypsies by talking to them in

their own language. He liked to be able, no matter where he chanced upon them — in England or America, Hungary or Italy, Egypt or Russia — to stroll up, to all appearance the complete *Gorgio*, or Gentile; to be greeted as one; and then, of a sudden, to break fluently into Romany, "to descend upon them by a way that was dark and a trick that was vain, in the path of mystery," and then to watch their wonder. That was "a game, a jolly game, and no mistake," — a game worth all the philological discoveries in the world, which, I must say, he played uncommonly well. Everything about him helped, — his imposing presence; his fine head, with the long flowing beard, always towering above the Romanies; his gestures — that impressive way, all his own, of throwing out his large hands as he spoke the magic words; his earnestness, for he was tremendously in earnest in everything he did, and no Romany Rye ever "looked fixedly for a minute" into the Gypsy's eye — the first move in the game — with more telling effect. To have an audience, especially a disinterested audience, added to the effect and the pleasure. "Wait, and you will see something queer," the Rye told the friend who was with him at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, when

he spoke to the Hungarian Gypsies. There you have it. And the "queer thing" did not end with the first breathless second of astonishment. For he could tell the Romanies their own stories and fortunes, sing them their own songs, put them up to their own tricks, every bit as well as they could themselves, if not better, and look the *Gorgio* all the time. "How do you do it up to such a high peg?" one of them asked him once. "It's the air and the style!" To become a mystery to the people of mystery was a situation to which the study of no other language could lead. And to have somebody, even a chance passer-by, see him do it — to force an involuntary "Do you know, sir, I think you're the most mysterious gentleman I ever met!" — but made his triumph complete.

If at home, up to 1869, he had never fallen among Gypsies, Fate so willed it that in England he should spend much of his time in the town of all others where to escape them was impossible for the few who did not want to escape, though most people there would not have known a Gypsy had they seen one. This was Brighton, middle-class and snobbish, still too dazzled by the royalty that once patronised it to have eyes for the Romanies who, however, were always to

be found at the Devil's Dyke, but a few miles off. It was another piece of luck that chief among these Romanies should be old Matty Cooper, in his way as remarkable a personage as the Regent had been before him. Matty is effectively described in a letter to Mrs. John Harrison from Brighton (October 28, 1871): "There is a very romantic and extraordinary place, six miles from here, called the Devil's Dyke. It is a very large old Roman encampment a mile long, around a very high hill from which one can see sixty steeples and several interesting places. I walked over there one Sunday, and while there, asked for Old Gentilla, the Gipsy who tells fortunes, whom I had not seen for a year. I found a Gipsy man in Romany rig, i. e., with red and yellow neckerchief, knee breeches, and cut-away coat — her brother. So I accosted him with *Sarishan!* (Greeting), to which he replied, *Cushto divvus* — (Good day). And I, *How 've you been beshen sore acovar tattoben?* (How have you been all summer?) And he said he had been picking hops and earned *shtar chindis*, or four shillings, a day. For I am getting quite fluent in Gypsy, which is very queer, for they always refuse to talk it or teach it — but I verily believe that I have some magic power over them, for they

MATTY COOPER

really seem to like to teach me all they can. I am told that I am probably the only man in England except Borrow who has learned it."

The result of this meeting was that, presently, Matty Cooper was coming to the Rye's rooms three and four times a week, sometimes every day, to teach him Romany. "I read to him aloud the 'Turkish Gypsy Dictionary of Paspati,'" the Rye wrote years afterward to Ibbetson, a Romany Rye of a later generation. "When he remembered or recognised a word, or it recalled another, I wrote it down. Then I went through the vocabularies of Liebich, Pott, Simson, etc., and finally through Brice's 'Hindustani Dictionary,' and the great part of a much larger work, and one in Persian." Matty had the courage, during the lesson, to face any dictionary his pupil chose to open, though how he faced his people in the tents afterwards, what language he used to them, is not on record. There is no sign of the master playing truant in the note-books, some nine or ten in number, in which the date of each lesson is entered, and the sum paid for it, and it is to Matty's credit that there were weeks when, at the rate of three shillings a lesson, he earned twenty-one. Then follows a list of the new words learned, or the old words discussed,

each accompanied by its definition, its possible derivation, its variations suggested by different Gypsies and Gypsy scholars, and its practical application. There is no question that the lessons were not all "beer and baccy" for Matty.

But there are other entries that explain how he managed to bear the strain. Sometimes, the pupil records, "I went with my professor to visit the Gypsies camped about Brighton far and near," and by the time he left Brighton for Oatlands Park, the open road had become the usual class-room. At first, I fancy, the Rye hoped to continue his studies by correspondence. Otherwise, I can hardly explain a couple of letters which I have found among his papers. One, still in its envelope, is ingeniously directed "To the Gentleman at 123 Marine Parade, Brighton." Both are undated, but both, internal evidence proves, come from Gypsies at the Dyke. Here is the first, of which the second is practically but the repetition, even to the entire absence of punctuation: —

My dear Sir, — I received your kind letter and happy to hear you was quite well, also your friend Sir i have sorry to tell you that my poor sister is very ill i do not think she will be here

SYLVESTER BOSWELL, A WELL-KNOWN OLD GYPSY

long i cannot tell you anything about Romni Chib in the letter but if you will come down to see me i have a little more to say to you as you know where i live and if i have not at home i ham aways up on the Dike i must thank you for telling me about my niphews so no more from your well wisher.

However, the Romany University is all outdoors, and Matty was as much at home along the shores of the Thames as at the Devil's Dyke. Indeed, he was best known as "The Windsor Froggie," and Windsor is not far from Oatlands Park, which, in its turn, is not far from Walton Bridge and the old willow tree through which, some thirty years ago, — alas, I cannot say how it is now, — the blue smoke was always curling, as sure a sign of the presence of Gypsies as the flag floating from Windsor tower is of royalty. And in all the country round about — the country of the old church towers the Rye loved, rising over fringes of forest, of ancient castles with the village at their feet, of the river and bridge in the foreground — Gypsies were forever coming and going. By the cool banks of the Thames, by the "turf-edged way," they pitched their smoked tents, and in the little ale-house, at the country

fair, on every near racecourse the pupil was sure of finding his Romany professor or one or more of his tutors. The note-books now are full of the sound of running water and rustling leaves; the sun shines in them, the rain pours. Borrow, teaching Isopel Berners Armenian, was not freer of academic traditions than the Rye taking his frequent lesson from Matty Cooper. Certainly, nothing could be farther from the methods of Harvard or of Oxford than the session on Sunday, November 16, 1873: —

"Went to the Bridge, but no Matty. Went to Joshua Cooper's tent — not there. Finally found Joshua out of breath, who, having just been chased by a *gav-mush* [policeman], escaped by throwing away the wood he was carrying home.

Convey, the wise it call.

So we had a long session and a very stormy one — the children squalling, the Gypsies *chingering* [quarrelling], and old Matty as Head Dictionary shutting them all up. Finally, young Smith, Sally Buckland's grandson, and another came to visit, and, after praising my great generosity, got a *tringrushi* [shilling], and departed in a boat with a jug, returning joyfully, singing cheerful, with three quarts, which made the Sabbath sweet

unto them. During all the confusion, I extracted the following."

And the following means several pages of Romany words. Or here is another entry two days later: —

"Matty was waiting at the gate and took me a long walk, perhaps 25 miles — visiting on the way Ripley and Woking. . . . We got luncheon in Woking, Matty feasting on cold pork, and I on beefsteak, hot baked 'taturs, bread and butter and ale." And this was the day when, "as we got on, Matty became more excited, and when, after dusk, we got near the Park, he began to sing jollily," with a gay "Diddle dumpty dum Hurrah!" a song all about the hunger of his children and the cold in his tent, a subject which would hardly strike any one save a Gypsy as something to be particularly jolly about. But, the Rye adds, "I got the following words from him," and there are ten pages of them.

"I ran after the beagles, Matty of course was on the ground;" "out with the beagles, meeting Gypsies;" "another cold, frosty, bright morning, we started for Cobham," are examples of some of the further entries that follow each other in rapid succession.

English Gypsies have not outgrown the prime-

val fashion, which they brought with them from the East, of expressing gratitude through gifts. Jasper Petulengro was as ready to lend Borrow the money to buy a horse, as the wild Gitano in Badajoz was to throw down before him the bursting pomegranate, his one possession. And the Rye's friends were as eager to give him something as to take from him, and words being about all they had worth giving and what he most wanted, words were lavished upon him: in the daily lesson, at every chance meeting, even by trusty messenger. It is amusing in the note-books to come across such an entry as: "Christopher Jones, a half-breed Gypsy, but whose mother was a full blood (a Lee), and said to be deeply learned in old Gypsy, told Cooper to ask me if I knew that water was called the *boro Duvel*. C. Jones had much intercourse with old Gypsies." The scholar, of course, would prize the facts in the note-books, however acquired. But it is the entries like this that please me, and the little memoranda, scribbled in pencil, meant to be rubbed out later, but left as witnesses to the friendly relations between the Rye in the *boro ketchema* (big hotel) and the Gypsies in their *tan* (tent) by the roadside: "Write to G. Cooper," one of these entries says, "ask if she has

seen Louisa Lee — tell her her mother is dead. Oliver ill. Send your love."

The Rye gradually came to be looked upon as a sort of general news-agent and letter-writer for all the Romanies in the South, a trust he accepted with good-nature, or an "ever loving friend" would not have written from the tents, to charge him, in one breathless outburst, "if you should see my boy again you might ask him where his sister is as i should like to hear from her as well as i should from him if you see Valentine Stanley you might give my love to him and tell him i should be glad to hear from him or his Brother at Any time and you might give my kind love and best wishes to Anybody that ask About me give my kind love and best Respects to your wife and niece sir if you should see any of the Smalls again plase to tell them there is some money left them By the death of their Aunt Eliza What Was in Australia the house is to be sold in taunton and the money is to be divided among her Brothers Children."

In the midst of this hard work — or pleasant play — or, rather, when he first embarked upon it, the Rye's thoughts naturally turned to Borrow. No one could then, or can ever again, see or hear of Romanies without thinking of Borrow.

And Borrow was still living; not the magnificent, young, heroic Borrow, inviting wonder wherever he went, whatever he did, whether fighting the Horrors or the Tinman, talking to an old apple-woman on London Bridge or drinking beer at a wayside inn, translating the Bible into Mant-chu or distributing it to the heathen in Spain (by the way, only a few years ago, I saw the sign "G. Borrow, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society" high up on a house in the Plaza de la Constitucion, in Seville); but it was now the old Borrow, ill-natured, grumpy, living like any city man in a respectable Brompton Square, passing his afternoons at the Savile Club, still ready, however, to pose, if we can believe Groome, who saw him in the winter of 1873. "He posed even to me, a mere lad," Groome says, as he had to old Esther Faa in Yetholm or to Colonel Napier in Seville. But of this talent for grumpiness and for posing, the Rye was agreeably ignorant. All he knew was that he owed to George Borrow the sport he cared more for than any other in the world. "For twenty years it [Borrow's work] has had an incredible influence over me," he wrote in his first letter, asking for an interview. Gypsy scholars who came after Borrow might point out flaws and

blunders in his work, and find fault with his want of exactness, and the meagreness of his knowledge of Romany. I tremble when I think of his rage, could he read some of the letters now lying before me. "Borrow will never make much of his book," writes Professor Palmer on the first appearance of the "Lavo-lil;" "he is essentially priggish and makes such display of his smattering of various tongues that he constantly comes to grief." "Borrow's work I should like very much to review," Groome says in a letter. "On my return home, I found Bright's 'Hungary' come from the library for me, and do you know I have discovered a fact which seems to have escaped your notice, viz: that Borrow has quietly appropriated Bright's Spanish Gypsy words for his own work, mistakes and all, without one word of recognition. I think one has the ancient impostor there. Bright is the origin of all." Dr. Bath Smart was another who was disappointed in the "Lavo-lil;" his own collection of words was larger. And yet I do not think there was one of them all who would not have agreed with Groome in ranking "George Borrow above every other writer on the Gypsies." Inexactness and shallowness matter just nothing in the man who could write "The Bible in Spain"

and "Lavengro." The entire human race of "mere philologists" could be spared, rather than this one great artist-tramp, "the horse-coper with a twang of Hamlet and a habit of Monte Cristo."

"To mystify" was Borrow's game in life: a game which the Rye could also play, when he held a leading hand, and it is characteristic that, between them, they should have made their short acquaintance a problem as baffling as the Romany was, before they gave the world the solution. The letter to which I have referred, published by Mr. Knapp in his Life of Borrow, is dated October 18, 1870. There is a second from the Rye, dated January, 1871, — both were written from Brighton, — and Mr. Knapp finds in it proof that during the interval the desired meeting had taken place. And yet, the only letter from Borrow which I have found among the Rye's papers, written as if no meeting had taken place, is dated November 2, 1871. It is from 22 Hereford Square, Brompton, and, though not enthusiastic, is at least not discouraging from the Borrow of those days.

Sir, — I have received your letter and am gratified by the desire you express to make my acquaintance.

Novr 2 1871
22 Hereford Square
Brompton

Sir

I have received your letter and am gratified by the desire you express to make my acquaintance.

Whenever you please to come I shall be happy to see you.

Truly Yours
George Borrow

Charles G. Leland Esqre

FROM GEORGE BORROW

Whenever you please to come, I shall be happy to see you.

Truly yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

This might settle matters, did not the Rye state in his "Memoirs" and again in "The Gypsies" — without date of course, but 1870 is the year of which he is speaking in the "Memoirs" — that he was introduced by chance to Borrow in the British Museum, where, afterwards, he again met and talked several times with the "Nestor of Gypsyism." Perhaps the most accurate account, because written at the time, is in a letter to Mrs. John Harrison (London, July 9, 1872). "I have become quite at home in the great library of the British Museum," he tells her. "There is a queer old lady, an American, Mrs. Lewis, 'Estelle,' who always writes a letter to some American newspaper about everything that comes into her head; I believe if I asked her to look at the clock she would write a clock letter at once. She inhabits the Reading Room and is very useful to me in pointing out celebrities, and the other day she rejoiced greatly in telling me that it had got about that I was there, and in proving incontestably that this or that novelist

or editor had stopped to look at me! She introduced me to old George Borrow, with whom I talked Gipsy. I hear he expressed himself as greatly pleased with me." However, it does not matter just when they met; the main thing is that the younger Gypsy scholar did once see Borrow plain, — cannot you fancy them looking at each other "fixedly for a few moments" in the approved Romany Rye fashion? — that several meetings followed, and that the Rye, so far from being disillusioned, offered the "Dedication of his 'English Gypsies,'" when the book was written, to the man he looked up to as master. The letter carrying the offer was directed to the care of Murray, the publisher, who assured the Rye it must have reached Borrow, and this assurance is also in my pile of letters, the letters that tell me the whole story of those full years of Gypsy scholarship. But Borrow's only answer was the public announcement, a few days later, of his "Lavo-lil." When it came to interest in the Gypsy, Lavengro drew the line at himself.

But hurry as Borrow might to throw together anyhow the words, stories, and names collected during long years, the Rye's book came out first. (Trübner, 1873.) I am not sure if "The English Gypsies" is remembered by a

public dazzled by the melodramatic Romany of fiction, and incapable of appreciating the Rye's study of the origin of the Romany and his language. Since Borrow, there had been no such contribution to Gypsy-lore. But the book has something more than learning. It sings the joys of the road and of the things that make life sweet to the wanderer, it has the indefinable charm of the Gypsy himself. What the public in the seventies thought of it is shown by the fact that it went quickly into a second and a third edition. What the Romany Ryes thought, they immediately wrote and told its author. It must have been a surprise to find how many there were, when he had fancied himself alone with Borrow. They all wrote,—Groome, from Göttingen: bed impossible, he said, until he had finished reading the book to the last page; Cauldwell, from Cardiff: "I was so enchanted with the book that I read every line, word, and syllable in it at a night's sitting;" Professor Palmer, from Cambridge, his letter the beginning of their warm friendship; Bath Smart, from Manchester, the photograph of old Mrs. Petulengro sent as a guarantee of his genuineness, and also his collaborator, Crofton; Mr. Hubert Smith, just launching his book about the journey through

Norway with Esmeralda and her brothers, — they all wrote, and not only to the Rye, but to each other. There was a frenzy of correspondence. And visits were made, photographs were exchanged: one of Groome is in the bundle before me, young, gay, the world still to conquer; another of Palmer, long-bearded like a prophet; a third of Hubert Smith, in Highland dress; a fourth of Esmeralda, delicately tinted, out of compliment to her sex. When I look at the letters received by my uncle alone, I cannot help asking how the men who wrote them had time to do anything else. It strikes me as one of the little ironies of life, that the Gypsy, smoking and dreaming the years away, should have excited his lovers to such a delirium of industry.

Groome was the first to write, which was only in keeping, he being the youngest of them all, and his enthusiasm in the first freshness of youth. As the son of FitzGerald's old friend and neighbour at Monk Soham Rectory, Francis Hindes Groome would be remembered in any case. But it happens, and no Gypsy scholar would deny it, that he holds the highest rank as an authority on Romany. Years after, in 1899, the Rye wrote to him, "I am indeed the *doyen* as regards age, but I believe that you know more than anybody."

Perhaps Groome knew too much, was too overladen with facts. But his books seem to me to express far less of his joy in Gypsying than these early letters. I wish I could publish them all. They are young, fresh, frank, enthusiastic, but they are enormously long, — twelve, sixteen, eighteen, closely written pages long. The first five are from Göttingen. They are not dated; I am growing used to the Gypsy scholar's vagueness in such a mere detail. But as "The English Gypsies" came out in the autumn of 1873, the dates can be guessed within a few days.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

GÖTTINGEN.

MY DEAR SIR, — I suppose I should by rights apologise for the somewhat irregular proceeding of writing to a perfect stranger, but my motive for so doing must be my excuse, and strangers to one another we are not exactly. At any rate, I think I can establish "a Mutual Friend" in Matty Cooper, "the old Windsor Frog," from whom I have heard of an American gentleman who can hardly be other than you. I have n't set eyes on Matty for some time now, but it was impossible to mistake the white hat, red waistcoat, and yellow handkerchief. If you see him soon,

remember me to him. Whether he knows me I doubt. But he'll remember me quick enough, as having seen him last at Ascot, the race week, a year back. I got your book late last evening, and I sat up until I had ended the last page, so you may imagine that I read it with interest: but if I read it with interest, I read it with ten times more regret. I have known Romani a long time now, ever since I was quite a small child, at first in the Eastern counties, latterly in almost every part of England, as well also as in Germany and Hungary. . . . I am very sorry that this book has appeared. I had seen it long announced in the papers, as also one by Borrow, which I have not yet seen. Of the latter I had little fear, as Borrow has such a wonderful way of mixing up English, Spanish, and Hungarian Romani, that there is little to be learnt out of his works, except by one who knows a good deal of the language. Of your book, too, I will own, I had also little fear. All I knew of your powers of Romani was from a song you published some time ago in a volume of the H. B. Ballads, and which, as you would probably own now, is not the ordinary English Romani. But I am disappointed, for your book contains some deep, very deep Romani. Well, the result, I take it, will be the hasten-

ing of that rapid vanishing of the language of which you speak in your preface, and with the language of the people as a people. True, you say the book is written only for philologists, and that only philologists will read it. But that will hardly be the case, to judge from Borrow's books, which are accountable for most of the Gipsy gentlemen, who are, I take it, accountable for the loss of the language and the race. I wish I could put the case better, but the fact stands that 99 of 100 Romanis would be against publishing a book of their words. How often have I heard them — Angelina Lovell, if you know her — speak of and against Borrow! . . . Your book has brought back a lot of pleasant recollections to me, sorry though I am that it has appeared, and for these I thank you. If I could do it, I would be back in England to-morrow and follow the old Romani life from now on. For I have tried it in England, and I know something of what it is in Hungary, and with all its disadvantages, which are not a few, there is yet none like it. Unfortunately there is an "if" in the case which will probably ever remain there. . . .

On one point Groome was mistaken. The

Gypsies, as a rule (there were exceptions), did not resent being written about. When he got over his scruples and published "In Gypsy Tents," it made no difference in his relations with the Romanies, except that some of them wondered why he demeaned himself by writing a book that was "nothing but low language and povertiness, and not a word of grammar or high-larned talk in it from beginning to end." Mr. Sampson tells how old Lias Robinson used gaily to improvise songs about his coming to see the Gypsies to learn words and put them in his books. And as for the Rye, he did not lose a Gypsy friend, and in one case this first Gypsy book only strengthened the friendship, to judge from the letter of an old Romany, to whom the Rye had sent a copy. The letter is characterised by the usual Gypsy ingenuity in the matter of spelling and the usual Gypsy contempt in the matter of punctuation: —

"I now take my pen in hand to answer your kind and welcome Letter and book wich I receved yesterday and ham verry much please with it I had some of the book read I ham verry proud with it Dear Friend I have sent you my Daughter Likness I hav had A Letter from my son in Chinia and his Likness as soon as I cane

get the chanc of one to be coppey I will send you one if you should see any of my parents you cane tell them I ham well and harty Dear Friend I should like to have your likness in full Statue so as I could have it frame and keep it for your sake."

I am told that Groome destroyed many letters in his later years. Only two from the Rye to him have come into my hands, and they were written as recently as 1899. But that the Rye answered Groome, not only promptly but sympathetically, I know from Groome's second letter. It is impossible to give it all, but even in a short extract his great love of the people can be read between the lines.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

GÖTTINGEN.

. . . To leave the language a bit and come to the people. You have done them ample justice, I believe, though possibly not so much as they would do themselves or as I might have done them, barring the word "justice." They have one merit, that Romani vices are at least often more amusing than gorgiko virtues. But they have their virtues, though not always after the gorgiko standard. I have always found that they

are ready to help one who has helped them. You speak of their readiness to lend one money. You seem never to have accepted their offer. I have, for I hold there is no surer way to make a friend of any one than to put yourself under obligation to him, and I have wished to see whether the offers were genuine. The best instance of Romani liberality I ever met with was once in Norfolk, where walking I fell in with three of the Gray family, whom I had never met before. I went with them to the *Tans*, had some *hobben* [food], and sat a long time talking with them. Something I said to the effect of not being overburdened with riches, and this they interpreted as meaning that I was actually short of *wongur* [money]. Accordingly one of them pulls out a fairly filled purse, hands it to me, and says, "There, *pal*, you can *lel* as much as you *kom*, and need n't *pooke mande* how much." [There, brother, you can have as much as you like, and need n't tell me how much.] Naturally, that offer I could hardly accept, for I had never seen him before, and have never set eyes on him since. But the kindly meaning remained the same. And I could give a good many such instances. In all my intercourse with Romanis I have avoided becoming an object of *mongings* [begging] *yek*

whose *putsi* [purse] they could *tarda* [draw on] for all the *lova* [money] that was to *lel* [have], and though in the long *prastrin* [run] they have probably, accurately speaking, *lelled* [had] more from me than I from them, yet considering their poverty, I take it the balance lies to their account. Their love for one another, of which you give many examples, I have never seen equalled elsewhere, and *most* writers have I think done them, generally speaking, injustice. I have never seen or heard of a tract in Romani. I should like to come across one. I have seen a long advertisement of Borrow's forthcoming book. To the best of my knowledge, the Romani of his English Romani books is not unfrequently somewhat questionable. The Romani verse in "Wild Wales" I cannot make head or tail of. You know it, I suppose. . . .

The "Dear Sir" of these first letters was quickly dropped for the *Miro Kamlo Rye*, which, among Gypsy scholars, is the equivalent of *cher Maître* among artists, and, after the fifth, the last from Göttingen, Groome was inviting the Rye down to the Suffolk rectory, where I wish he had gone, not only for the Gypsies, but for the welcome Archdeacon Groome and, surely,

FitzGerald would have given him: "I had such a droll, nice, handsome young fellow here lately," the Rye wrote to Miss Doering from Oatlands Park on the 9th of December, 1873; "did I tell you about him — the Oxford scholar in Göttingen, 23 years old — who spoke Rommani so well? All the Gipsies round here made up their minds he was my *son*, and as I said *No*, they were *sure* of it. I would like to have such a son, for he was very nice, and as he was very nice, I considered him like myself." The event also was chronicled in the note-books. "Mr. Groome came to the O. P. Hotel" is the entry for Wednesday, December 10, 1873, and whoever has read "The Gypsies" knows how much the next few days went to the making of it. "Thursday morning we went out and met Sam Smith's wife selling baskets. Walked over to Horsham, called on Hamilton, the Hawker, etc. He was sick in bed, but was very entertaining and talked Rommany, and went deeply into Gipsy family gossip with Mr. Groome. There was a picture of Milton and his daughters over the chimney-piece which H. said was of Middleton — a poet he believed — anyhow he was a writing man. . . . In the evening we went down to the river and talked with Sam Smith's wife. . . .

Then we went to the Lambs' tent. They were civil and did not beg, but spoke very little Rom. Going home we met three men, one of whom knew Groome, and the two discussed with glee some old Gipsy reminiscences. They told us there would be a fair next day at Cobham."

The entry for the next day, as might be expected, is an account of the fair: "Mr. Groome abounds in Gipsy souvenirs and we were busy in discussing words. At Cobham Sam Smith appeared, looking very neat — also Bowers and other *diddikais* [half breeds]. Sam invited us to drink — and I then invited them all. As we all spoke Rommany pretty freely, the result was that the two or more policemen eyed Mr. Groome and myself very earnestly and appeared to be looking after us during the day. . . . We walked along the road and met a Gipsy woman who knew me, Mrs. Matthews, peddling. She was much nicer than most of them. She thought that Mr. Groome must be my son. We asked her to come to an ale-house and drink, but she demurred to being a cause of disgrace to two such gentlemen. So I told her to follow us in, and we went into a queer little old tavern. . . . Another Gipsy woman was seen approaching. We opened the door and Mrs. Matthews in great

glee called her in, as did I and Mr. Groome, all speaking Rommany. I never saw astonishment so vividly portrayed on a human face. As she slowly entered she stared at me and at her friend — as if in a dream. There was Mrs. Matthews — *en famille* with two gentlemen — in gloves with lorgnons — but they were talking fluently — especially the younger — in the language of the roads. Then there came yet another named Lee — a black-eyed, hawk-nosed, fierce, and rather handsome young woman — and she was even more dumbfounded, and went and wedged herself in the extreme corner, and was almost afraid to drink her ale. . . . Mr. Groome was very lively, talking Romany so fluently that we all burst out laughing again and again. Mrs. Matthews conversed with more intelligence than is usual among Gipsies. Once she said, 'As if we were n't all alike to God — does n't his sun shine the same on a Rommany as on my Lord Duke?' She apologised for not standing treat in turn. So after much fun we broke up the party."

Groome, back at Monk Soham Rectory, had his own future career to consider, and he wrote less to tell of adventure with the Gypsies than to ask advice for himself. It is a pleasure to me

to read the letters of the next months, so much can be gathered from them of the Rye's kindliness and unselfishness when he could be of use to others. "I think with you," Groome wrote, in his despair, "that if I once got off, I might come in somewhere in the race. 'T is such a wonder to me to find some one taking an interest in me beyond the fact that I am my father's son, *oder so etwas*, that it cannot but seem to me unfair to be bothering you with all my troubles and affairs." And again in another, "I have thought over all you have ever said to me and am fully convinced that your suggestion as to the course I had better adopt is as good as can be, but to begin with, that suggestion carried great weight with me as coming from *you*. For you are *my* friend, and I am not a little proud of ever having found that friendship." And so I might go on quoting, were not the Romanies for the moment my special concern.

The Rye's answers, as I have said, do not exist. But, by some odd chance, one, begun and never finished, was put away in the packet with Groome's, and to read it, fragment as it is, is to know why advice from him was not distasteful. "My dear *chavo*" (boy) is the friendly opening, and, after a preamble in Romany, the letter goes

on, "I congratulate you on having settled the last Oxford bills. Poverty may be a shirt of fire — but debt is hell fire. And don't do it again — not if to live on a crust." In these few lines, certainly, is no trace of the preacher. Anyhow, Groome's letters are an eloquent tribute to the sympathy of his older friend.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ROMANY RYE (CONTINUED)

It was after Groome was back at Monk Soham, facing the bitter fact that life is not all a saunter along the open road, that is, it was late in January of 1874, — the letter, characteristically enough, the subject being what it is, dated 1875 — that Professor Palmer wrote to the Rye. Palmer was not only an extraordinary man, but must have been the best company in the world. I have been told that he was no great scholar, really, like most Orientalists of his generation, no scholar at all. If by this is meant that his knowledge, his method, was not academic, there is a grain of truth in it. For he learned languages because he could not help himself, because it was in him to learn them, because they meant to him something real and vital, something that existed not merely as dead symbols in books, but as a means of expression between men. He had nothing in common with the Greek pedant who knows so much that he would not know how to ask his way, were he suddenly to find himself in

modern Greece. Palmer studied languages to talk them, — he loved them for the adventures of speech, of human intercourse. "I do not care much for philology *pure et simple*," he explains in one of his letters now open before me; "I like to read and above all to talk in the language I know, but I seldom trouble my head about the comparative philology." Persian, Arabic, Hindustani, Romany were so many introductions to people who interested him, so many clues to the mystery of the East that fascinated him. When he read "The English Gypsies," he discovered the same feeling in it, the same personal enthusiasm. To write to the author was as natural as to pounce upon the stray Oriental whom he met in the streets of London, and so from Cambridge, on the 25th of January, he sent the first of a series of letters that reveal a talent for good fellowship, of which Besant's big biography gives only a hint.

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 25th, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have just read with very much pleasure your work upon the English Gypsies, and have been endeavouring to recall by its help the slight knowledge of Rommany which I picked up when a boy. I thought it

might interest you to know that I have seen and conversed with Gypsies in Palestine, and can vouch for their speaking pure Romani. I met a party of them in Jericho on my return from a long absence in Moab and the mountains south of it, and on putting the question to one of them the whole camp became at once communicative and talked freely with each other in Gipsy, using scarcely a single Arabic word. I was only a short time with them, but I was told enough to convince me that the language they spoke was substantially the same as that spoken by our English *chals*. . . .

I notice with much pleasure that you propose to publish a Gipsy-English dictionary — if I can be of any service to you in revising the etymological part, I shall be most happy to do so. . . .

Yours faithfully,

E. H. PALMER.

In this case also, I have not the Rye's answers — more's the pity — but they are not needed for a proof of his pleasure in the correspondence. Palmer wrote almost as frequently as Groome, though less diffusely, being already a man of so many occupations that the crumbs from his table would have seemed a profession to Groome,

down in the Suffolk rectory, chafing against Fate that kept him idle. But if Palmer's letters were short, they were enthusiastic, as they could not have continued to be, had they met with a reception a shade less enthusiastic. They bristle with propositions and projects for work together. To be doing something was essential to his happiness, but to be doing it in genial collaboration made a long holiday of the heaviest task. Before the end of February, the original idea of a Gypsy-English Dictionary suddenly expanded into a broader scheme, that would unite in closer bonds all the Romany Ryes, — now in the first glow of correspondence, — and that anticipated the "Gypsy-Lore Journal." And Palmer accepted and furthered it, with an energy that helps me to understand why the Rye remembered his industry as "something appalling."

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

18 Brookside, Cambridge, Feb. 25th, 1874.

My dear Sir, — I have delayed answering your last because I have cut my thumb and am only just able to write. I think we certainly should ask Borrow to collaborate, — if he does his help will be valuable, if he snubs us we shall have "done the civil" and eased our conscience.

Dr. Smart would be a great acquisition, too, and I should be very glad to see his name associated with the work. I think that the tone of our periodical should be certainly "lively," but our prospectus must hit a happy mean — we shall have to rely on philologues, I fancy, for a good many of our subscriptions, but then there are also a great many people of position and education who are Bohemians in heart and taste, to whom a journal of the roads should be a joy for ever.

Your own book is an admirable illustration of the tone required, — the general public there lies down with the philologue and the ethnologist puts his hand upon the Bohemian's den. Could not you draw up a circular?

And, hereupon, Palmer himself sets forth to show how easy it is to begin as Bohemian and end as philologue. His next letter, dated five days later, is evidence of the Rye's loyalty to Borrow.

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

March 2d, 1874.

My dear Sir, — I am surprised at the uncourteous treatment you have received from Mr. Borrow. I should not at all imagine that your

book would be any the less welcome for the appearance of his, for you seem to have worked out the subject in the spirit of a scholar and an *amateur* — in its original and better sense — whereas Mr. Borrow, from what I have seen of his works, has not the least fraction of scholarlike spirit in him. He is of course a good adopted-Rommany, and as such it is well that his store of words should be emptied into a dictionary, but that is not *all* we want. Could not you at any rate — if you have *really* determined to postpone your dictionary — publish all your phrases and tales?

By the 8th of March, the proposed journal had somehow been transformed into a society — the forerunner of the Gypsy-Lore Society. By March 22d, the society, in its turn, had been forgotten for still another scheme, this time one that did materialise: the "Book of English Gypsy Songs," a collection of Romany Ballads, with English translations, written by the Rye, Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey. I make this explanation because I am afraid, although the volume was published, that it has long since passed into a curiosity of literature to be unearthed by some future D'Israeli. At the time, it did not

create too much excitement. "Somehow, I did not augur well of the Gipsy Prospectus you sent me," FitzGerald wrote to Cowell on February 11, 1875, when the book was announced; "it was rather gushing, I thought; and some Lady in it who did not seem to me likely to be a good Gipsy Interpreter," — this last as characteristic a FitzGerald touch as you could have. But whatever it was to the public then and is now, whatever it may be in the future, at the time it was to the three collaborators the one thing of supreme importance in all the wide universe. That there was, for a moment, some thought of Mr. Hubert Smith working with them as a fourth collaborator appears from the following letter.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. HUBERT SMITH

LANGHAM HOTEL, April 24, 1874.

DEAR SIR, — I am *very* much obliged to you for the insertion of the notice in the "B. M. N." I have never taken any pains hitherto to *prôner* a book of my own, but having associated my friends with me I feel like making every effort to help this. And I *do* most honestly believe it will be a very pleasant book-full of quaint stories in rhyme, droll songs, and jolly Gypsy fancies. I

wish I could show it to you. I have made one of my best out of the "Cow Corner." Your description of the party was to the life, and I had very little to do but rhyme it.

I shall be very glad to do *anything* to please you, or to set forth things as they are as regards the Romany Songs which you contribute. I suppose the right thing to do is to say that all the ballads contributed by Mr. H. S. owe much to his correction, and have generally been put in shape and "tune" by him — that the reader may not be aware that most real Gipsy songs are "without form and void," consisting of straggling prose with an occasional lucky rhyme which is greatly admired as a triumph of lyric art. At the same time it will not do to say *too* much about your share in them, since they are not uniformly *rhymed* and the irregularities are not according to Horace or Boileau, or even the old English ballad standard. They are a little too smooth for Romanys and not *quite* good enough for a scholar. However, they are very good ballads and I am very much obliged for them. I don't expect the book to pay anything, but I am well assured that it will go into high quarters and be widely reviewed. If you can give me any more *tips* in the way of Gipsy anecdote I shall be

very grateful. Please let me know exactly how I shall "put it" about your ballads — without reserve.

We ought to have it well known as to the interesting character of this collection. The ballads are many, or mostly, *very* droll and quaint, and as good in English as in Gipsy. *Every phase* of Gipsy life has a story in rhyme, and my two colleagues really excel in humorous ballads. And all are true to life and free from dillettantism or affectation. Every study has been made from life. I shall of course credit the incident of Gourinäver (?) to you. Who was Mr. Foote, who ran himself into the ground so strangely? That "buttons" was very Gipsy. I send you the rough draft of my poem. You need not return it. The English version is better. I hope that you will be able to make it out. Our Rommany here is a little different from yours — *no better certainly.*

And so with best wishes I remain,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Palmer's letters, from now on, overflow with the Ballads. He sends instalment after instalment. Of one poem, "Preaching Charlie," there

are six versions before he is done with it. And the "floating" of the book is as all-engrossing as the writing of it; without pulling wires, how is a dull, Gorgio public to awaken to the importance of a Romany enterprise? The collaborators live in an atmosphere of plot, in a whirl of conspiracy. By April 28th, Palmer is writing a letter typical of the ensuing months of correspondence.

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

My dear Mr. Leland, — Your letter came like rain to the arid soil or beer to the thirsty throat — for I have been and still am very busy . . . so that my normal condition is one of fatigue and my only feat of imagination one gigantic oath. I have not under these circumstances tried to do much with the *Potry* because I feel that one cannot produce anything worth a rap without feeling fresh — but I shall be able, I hope, to pay a few visits to old mother Ratimescro (Herne) and at least get some materials. . . .

I have had the same notion as yourself that it would be a good thing to let one or two tit-bits get out in print. The "Athenæum" likes that sort of thing and would put them in at once. . . . —— *is* a humbug, and I would n't take my oath that he is n't a liar too. I think, though, that you

have made him feel like the cat in your ballad of childhood's days, substituting for saucer the *variant* pantaloons. . . . I shall try in the course of the week to get an article in the "Daily News" through W. Besant, in which our forthcoming book shall be insinuated to be a formidable rival to Shakespeare, the Bible, Joe Miller, and Macaulay's "History of England." I am so glad you do think it's going to be a success. *I* quite share your enthusiasm, and I should much like to see it as far as it has gone, and hope to do so by the beginning of next week. I shall not have much more of this over-work, and then I will come back with redoubled energy to the task.

As I read these old letters, I wonder that the rest of the world could keep on plodding at its accustomed tasks, — that everybody was not writing Gypsy ballads. Between Cambridge and London, those that were written were sent backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock, and were criticised and corrected and revised with a zeal scarcely short of fanaticism. More papers were "nobbled," — did n't "young Fred Pollock" write for the "Saturday," and did n't he know well "Leslie Stephen of the 'Pall Mall'?"

"I, like you, will do my damnedest to make the book go," Palmer writes with one of his reports of tried and suggested intrigue! "I am more *on* for it than even for my Arabic Grammar, which is just out and which has absorbed almost all my thought for these two years past." Occasionally, other matters call for a passing word, but they speedily make way for the only thing that counts.

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

CAMBRIDGE, June 10th, 1874.

DEAR LELAND, — I will talk about your forthcoming Chinaman discoverer to-night at Trinity, where I dine with the Chancellor and Honorary degree men — Sir James Wolsey and Co. and a distinguished countryman of yours, J. R. Lowell — and on every other occasion that I can. It ought to be a success. My lectures are at an end, thank my *dearie duvel* [dear God], so that as soon as I can clear off a few reviews I shall be free to go ahead with the Rommany Pomes. I am very glad Miss Tuckey is also likely to be free to finish off her lot. As soon as you let me have a printed slip of the Royal poem, I will get the Dean to present it. In the meantime please let us have the specimens for the "Athenæum," etc. —

and then we will follow them up with a leader from W. Besant in the "Daily News."

Log-rolling, you may say. Yes: but log-rolling done with a gaiety, a disinterestedness, a sense of the fun of it, unknown to the modern weakling with no ambition higher than the commercial traveller's. The publisher, Trübner, intimate friend though he was of the Rye's, it seems would not think of the book until a certain number of subscribers were assured.

"I don't much like having to do publisher's work as well as our own," Palmer says in one of his gayest letters, "nor do I like having to appeal *ad misericordiam* for subscribers, but I suppose we must submit.

"'You are earnestly requested to subscribe to the above work; it is the composition of a blind orphan who is deaf and dumb and has no use of his limbs. Unless 50,000 copies at a penny each are taken by a Christian and sympathising public, the book will remain unpublished, and the writer will have no resource but the workhouse or dishonesty.' However, as soon as I have finished the glossary — which I am getting on with fast — I will draw up as you suggest a circular, and when you have approved and touched it up

we will scatter it broadcast and I will ask every one I know to subscribe. We will make it go somehow. I think we had better come out with a burst, get if we can Royalty's opinion, then get out our prospectus, then a leader on it in the 'Daily News,' then specimens in the 'Athenæum,' and say a sandwich man with a prospectus on his hat up and down Regent St."

Palmer bubbles over with "lovely ideas," — a copy must go to the Lord High Almoner, who will show it to the Queen, — and then "all will be gas and gaiters;" an *édition de luxe* must be subscribed for in Belgravia; circulars scattered right and left; her Majesty approached through still other channels. There was one dreadful moment of anxiety. Miss Tuckey, who supplied the sentiment, was responsible for a long poem about the birth of a Gypsy baby in Windsor Park at Christmas time, and the benevolence of the Queen, who lavished royal and useful gifts, — among other things, stockings knitted by her own royal hands, upon mother and child. A printed copy of the poem, before the book was out, was sent to the Queen, and somewhere, somehow, it was suggested that the stockings were an indiscretion. "First about stockings," Palmer writes, "I've never heard a word or sneer

June 17. 74

My dear Leland

Hooray! The poem is lovely & I have sent it off by this post & the Lord High Almoner with a request that he will take the first opportunity of shewing it to the Queen. Now for the excitement of awaiting the result. I think the size it is printed a very convenient one & one which I think people like — an edition de luxe

would be a lovely idea, well
subscribed for in Belgravia.
We will make it go somehow.

Ever yours

E. W. Palmer

at H. M. about them. But I have got Lady Ely's bosom friend (Lady E. being H. M's. bosom friend) to take the matter up and convey to the Royal mind that the incident is true, and the song *loyal, grateful, devoted, humble, pious, magnificent, sublime*, so that'll be all right." It may be owing to the intervention of "bosom friends" that the trouble was disposed of, but on the 31st of the same month, he writes, "From the enclosed, you will see how the 'stocking' business may be got over." The enclosed was a letter from the Dean of Windsor, explaining that stockings and all may have been presented by some benevolent person of the Household, without her Majesty's knowing anything about it. But there was another "lady," to whom the poems were read, whose criticisms meant even more to them, as an amusing letter that Palmer wrote on February 17 sets forth.

"Why do you make me no sign, and make the world black in the face of your servant," the letter begins. . . . "While writing this, Morella Knightley, *née* Shaw, came here — I made her *besh alay* [sit down] on the hearthrug and read to her all the ballads I had — she *wept* at the *Kairengri* [house-dwellers], not recognising or remembering that she was the authoress. 'Why

the R. C. left off drinking beer,' she pronounced to my wife, who was present, to be 'our people's trace of life and their discourse and language as true as ever Rommany knowed it.' The Rommany *gilly* [song] she pronounced 'real deep Rommany *jivvyben* [life].'"

It is impossible to read Palmer's letters without sharing his excitement, so that it is a regret to me when, in them, I reach the moment of the book's appearance. Not that the excitement is at an end; there is still the agitation of sending a copy to the Queen, this time through her Equerry Colonel Ponsonby, and receiving in due course the usual formal "I am desired to acknowledge the receipt of the volume on English Gipsy Songs, forwarded by you to the Queen, and to announce Her Majesty's acceptance of it with thanks." Did this sort of thing ever do any good to any book? There is still the redoubled agitation of intrigue, now for reviews. From some unknown channel, news arrives that "Crofton is to be civil;" more encouraging, the "Athenæum" really is amiable. Palmer, in between a consultation with the oculist and a visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar — who, it might be recorded, talked all the time "about Hell and Purgatory" — stops to write, "Hooray! *dordi* [behold] the 'Athe-

næum' — have n't they *mukked* us *tale mishto!* [done us well]." Walter Pollock is to write for the "Saturday." A dinner with the proprietor of the "Spectator" may lead to things there, by gentle insinuation — who knows? I may as well state at once that all this did lead to results more practical than the mere *kudos*, with which usually the philologist must be content, for the first edition was sold out by August.

One thing I cannot understand: why Palmer, keen about every detail, never refers to the Dedication, for which whatever credit there is lies with him. The one exception to the original Romany ballads in the book is his translation of Tennyson's "Home they brought her Warrior Dead." Before publishing it, Tennyson's permission had to be asked, and his granting it led to the further request that the book might be dedicated to him. And yet, of this episode, nothing survives but Tennyson's short letters to the Rye. The first is the acceptance of the Dedication.

ALFRED TENNYSON TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

March 20th, 1874.

DEAR MR. LELAND, — I thank you for your re-translation, and trust that if you publish your

volume of Rommany verse you will either adopt some such system, or add a copious Glossary; otherwise the whole thing except to the very few μεμνημένοι will be but a dead letter.

As to the Dedication, why of course I should feel honoured by it — only — since I am utterly innocent of Gipsy-tongue, would not such a proceeding seem as if an Ornithologist should dedicate his book to one who knew nothing of birds, or an Ichthyologist to him who could not distinguish between a trout and an eel?

Yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

The second, the acceptance of a copy of the book, is as non-committal as such a letter well could be. Appropriately, the subject being what it is, it has no date.

ALFRED TENNYSON TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for your handsome volume. I have as yet had no time to study the contents, though, as you know, I feel much interested in Gipsies and Gipsydom.

Yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

March 20th/74

Dear Mr Leland

I thank you for your re-translations & trust that if you publish your volume of Romany verse you will either adopt some such system, or add a copious glossary; otherwise the whole thing except to the very few [illegible] will be but a dead letter.

As to the Dedication, why of course I should feel honoured by it - only - since I am utterly ignorant of Gipsey-tongue, would not such a proceeding seem as if an Ornithologist should dedicate his book to one who knew nothing of birds, or an Ichthyologist to him who could not distinguish between a trout & an eel?

Yours very truly

A Tennyson

FROM TENNYSON, REFERRING TO "ENGLISH GYPSY SONGS"

After the launching of the book, Palmer's letters became few, partly because the two men were now more often together, meeting in the summer, and, eventually, Palmer coming to London to live; partly because the Rye returned to Philadelphia in 1879, and whatever letters Palmer wrote to that place, before his tragic death, are gone no one knows where.[1]

But, during the seventies, it seemed as if not only Groome, and Palmer, and Bath Smart, and Hubert Smith, but everybody who sent the Rye a letter, could write of nothing but Gypsies. One day, it was George Boker, then United States Minister to Russia, supplying him with information as to the Gypsies in that country; the next, it was Miss Doering giving him news of the Gypsies near Weybridge and Oatlands Park; or else it was Dr. Garnett writing from the British Museum to enclose a song in the dialect of the Transylvanian Gypsies; or Miss Janet Tuckey, consulting him about her ballads, envying Palmer his facility, — "Why, he'd soon make a book all by himself;" or Mr. Horace E. Scudder, with

[1] Among the letters entrusted to me after my book was finished, are a few more from Palmer. But they are the hurried lines of a man to whom his own studies, life in London, and the daily tasks of the journalist left small leisure for letters, gay or otherwise.

a message from army officers in the West, puzzled by a suggested relation between Romany and Red Indian — and it is curious that the same relation, or rather comparison, should have suggested itself to "old Frank Cooper," who one day at the Walton Races, according to the Notebooks, told the Rye he "had been often puzzled by Indians in America and their great resemblance to Gypsies;" or Miss Genevieve Ward, anxious for Gypsy songs, which, for her coming rôle of Gypsy, will be more effective, she thinks, sung "in the true lingo;" or it was any and every one in a list far too long to quote.

And it was another part of the charm the Romanies had for the Rye that, thanks to them, he could travel nowhere and not find friends waiting for him. All his journeys during these years meant so many chapters for his Gypsy books. He went to Russia for the winter, and the record is in his papers on the Russian Gypsies who sang to him in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He attended the Oriental Congress in Paris in 1878, and he might have forgotten it himself, but for his meetings with the Hungarian Gypsies who played to him at the Exposition. He wandered over England, here, there, and I, for one, could not say where, were it not for the Gypsies, who,

in each new place, gave him fresh material for his books. He spent a summer in Wales, Palmer with him, that would be a blank in the story of his life, but for the discovery of Shelta, the encounters with some of the deep, wild Welsh Gypsies, and the strange legend that grew up among them of his passing. Of this legend Mr. John Sampson, of University College, Liverpool, wrote to him more than twenty years later, in a letter that I quote now, because it refers more especially to this period. It is one of the most delightful letters in all the bundle, — delightful to write, delightful to receive.

MR. JOHN SAMPSON TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

University College, Liverpool,
18 April, 1899.

My dear Mr. Leland, — I can scarcely tell you with what pleasure I again hear from you, one of the few remaining *tacho-bïeno Romano Rais*. Though it is long since I wrote to you, you have been so often in my thoughts that I feel as if I knew you better than perhaps I do. . . . Well, Romani, which you somewhere rightly compare to the longing for the plains (Kipling's "East a-calling"), is as much a passion with me as ever, and since the cessation of our Journal I

have done more work at it than ever, especially at the very perfect Welsh dialect. Five years ago, travelling through Wales in Gypsy fashion with van and tent, in company with Kuno Meyer, Walter Raleigh, and two other friends (one a Gypsy) I struck one of the Woods — Edward Wood, a harper — and began from him my study of the Welsh dialect. Since then I have practically spent all my spare time in Wales with the Welsh Gypsies, and believe I now know every member of the family and every word and inflexion. At times I have spent weeks without hearing English spoken, for the natives speak Welsh, and the Gypsies invariably Romani, not, as with most English Gypsies, only on rare occasions.

Now let me tell you something that I think will interest you. Do you know that you have become a mythical personage among the Welsh Gypsies, just as the Arch-Duke has among some Continental Gypsy tribes? (I forget which, but I remember reading about it in Herrmann's "Ethnologische Mittheilungen," and I daresay I could rake out the reference if you want it.) I first heard vague allusions to it from several Gypsies without of course connecting it with you. Then meeting "Taw," that deepest of witches,

at Menai, I heard the story more definitely. It was told me as a great secret. Her story was of a great kinsman of the Woods who lived across the water, of great height and fabulous wealth which he held in trust for the family and with which he would eventually endow them, who spoke deep Romani as they did, who knew everything, who travelled everywhere. "You met him at Aberystwyth," I said. "*Auaua Chavo.*" "In the year 187–." "*Bichadás tut yov more fōkengi ?*" I did not deny it, for it is a rule of mine neither to deny or affirm anything, neither to promise or refuse anything to the Gypsies. Since then from different parts of Wales I have had repeated invitations to turn up the money at once or take the consequences. Only last year I received a letter from a Wrexham firm of solicitors saying that from information received, they now positively knew that certain sums of money intended for their client Mrs. Wood had been withheld by me, and that, the matter having been placed in their hands, they would stand no nonsense, or words to that effect. I replied saying that if they would read the enclosed letter to their client she would gather something of my intentions. The enclosed letter was in Romani.

If, when the Rye came home in 1879, Philadelphia in many ways had been transformed almost out of recognition, there were Gypsies to keep him from feeling a stranger in his native land. Most people in those days — as I believe they do still — looked upon respectability as Philadelphia's only product. Its straight streets and regular vistas of house fronts seemed to offer no escape from the commonplace, no chance to stumble upon the Unknown. And yet, for the Philadelphian, as for Borrow, "strange things" may every day occur, America being as full as the British Isles of the people who bring adventure to one's very doorstep. I was young then, the convent not so many years behind me, and I was carried off my feet by this new excitement the Rye brought into my life. A quarter of a century older as I am now, when I look back to those days I still see in North Broad Street, not the chief thoroughfare "up town," where no correct Philadelphian would be "found dead," but the path to the freedom of Oakdale Park, where the Costellos camped in the early spring; the dreariest West Philadelphia suburb becomes transfigured into the highway to Bohemia and its Seven Castles, though to my blind fellow-citizens it was only an open lot where the Lovells pitched

their dirty little brown tents; the old thrill comes with the thought of the ferry where we embarked for Camden, the ineffable, and the Reservoir, and, under its shadow, Davy Wharton, the truest Gypsy of them all, who slept through the short crisp October days, while Sheva, his wife, begged and told fortunes in the town. There was no going anywhere, on any matter-of-fact errand, without the happy risk of adventure. If I stepped into a street car, might I not, as sometimes happened, be greeted with the mysterious *sarishan*, from Gypsy women, carrying their day's plunder home, while all the *Gorgios* stared? In my own back yard — good Philadelphian for garden — or at my own front door, might I not run into a tinker, part if not all Gypsy, sharpening the family knives and scissors? And on decorous Chestnut Street, were there not rare, but unforgettable, visions of strange, wild creatures, with flashing eyes and long black hair, wearing strange garments decorated with big silver buttons, striding along on a First Day morning past the quiet groups of Friends in plain coats and plain bonnets, — beautiful beings, such as I had never seen before, but have since on the remote roads of Transylvania? "Do you remember," the Rye wrote me from Florence

(in 1892), referring to these old days, "do you remember Rosanna Lovell, and how we took her a *dukkerin lil* [fortune-telling book] and brought a thousand people out to see her; and how Val Stanley sent out every ten minutes for beer which we drank out of a moustache-cup — and the great tent with the Arab brass lamp, where the beer was carried round in a watering pot! — and the old Rom who apologised for the want of a *view* or scenery, and who offered a piece of tobacco for hospitality?" — Why, Philadelphia was all adventure, a town of "strange things."

But I remember, too, what an indefatigable student the Rye was. He was always studying, always learning. Note-books and sketch-books were always in the pockets of his old velveteen coat, and though there was no sign of the student so long as he was with the Gypsies, though he was the gayest of them all, getting off a good Romany joke or singing a real Romany song with the best of them, he was busy adding to the chapters for his second Romany book, "The Gypsies" (1882). Groome, when his "Gypsy Folk Tales" was published (1889), regretted that no careful study of the Gypsies in America had yet been made. But the American Gypsy is simply the English Gypsy, with a new touch of

FROM "DUKKERIN LIL" A FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK

American independence, and a degree of American prosperity and American capacity to do without alcohol that would astound his brothers of British roads. And if the Rye only left "stray jottings," as Groome says, it was because he found nothing important to add to what he had already written of the English Gypsies; though I think he did regret, when he got back to England, that he had not noted down changes in minor details. "I want very much," he wrote to Mr. MacRitchie in 1888, "to collect what I neglected in America — the American-Romany names for places — towns — etc., and any Romany words peculiar to the United States. Thus *lil*, which means one pound sterling in England, means a dollar in America, and *horra* a cent, etc."

During these years also I first met the Hungarian Gypsies. They were brought over to play in an up-town beer garden. To have real, live, Czardas-playing Tziganes descend upon Philadelphia was, in truth, to have romance dangled before one's eyes. But I write no more of them here, because the Rye, throughout that summer, was off on the coast of Maine seeking and finding new adventures among the Indians. This gave me my little chance. Had he been

there first, my Romany would have been overshadowed, and the Gypsies would not have played "in my ear," as they did on those hot, burning nights of a Philadelphia July and August. As it was, I had my little day, and when he went to Budapest in 1888, he wrote from that town to tell me of the Gypsy he had met in the slums, who also remembered those burning nights, and who asked him if he had ever heard of me. That was my hour of triumph.

I am content to give merely one letter relating to this episode. It is enough. The fact that the Rye kept it as a record is all I need say of what is left unsaid in its enthusiastic pages.

JOSEPH PENNELL TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

FISHER'S LANE, GERMANTOWN, 7. 30. 1882.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — I received your letter with the page of the *dukkerin lil* in it all right, some time ago — and never answered the letter for the simple reason that I had n't anything to write about. Though I believe I did ask Miss Robins to tell you I got the *lil*.

But now I have some things to tell you. You know all about the Hungarian Romanies being in town, and have probably heard all (?) our experiences from Miss Robins. I saw a notice of

FROM "DUKKERIN LIL," A FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK

their concerts while I was in Washington and instantly skipped out, intending to inform Miss Robins about it, and see if she would visit such a "den of iniquity" as the Männerchor Garden — and she probably has told you how we met there and she was received as a sister — and of the scene of "Rudy Radish" and the "breeks." But probably she did n't tell you how I went the next day to sketch them, having crammed many Romany words and *learned to count;* for she said that seemed to be the principal test in the catechism through which she was put. So having made my drawings, one of which is the head of a young violinist, who has the most glorious head I ever saw, and who could stand for Young Italy, St. John, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, as I afterwards found out, — so having made my drawings, the catechism commenced. Some vowing I was a *shou-car Romany*, and others that I was "no Romeneskas," all went on successfully, especially my invention of *new and more words in the unknown tongue* — alleged to be "Anglo-Romany" — till finally one brigandish individual said something about "miss," and began to count on his fingers, and I imagined, here is my chance. So I pitched in: "*Yek, dui, trin, stor*" — I got no further — with *one*, their

eyes opened ; at *two*, every man gasped ; when I said *trin*, they jumped up ; and with *four*, they *burst into a frantic yell*. I saw, to say the least, that I was n't on the right track, and as one or two of them speak French, innocently asked what was wrong. Finally, the one who counts French in along with his dozen and a half of other languages and dialects managed to inform me that the brigand wanted to know *if Miss Lizzie was married*, and I had told him four times, and, as she now wears mourning, it was for the last poor man. Whether they imagined her a sort of female Blue Beard I never found out. But so endeth that experience. All the rest, saving the brigand, still call me *prala* [brother] — and we *pi levinor* [drink beer] and say *beng* [devil] in the greatest harmony. (Both of these expressions they understand without difficulty.) I said to one the other night, "*Was ist beng?*" "*Beng*," says he, "*beng!!* O ya-a-a-a-s, *beng — der teufel!!!!*" This gentleman, named "Radish Rudy" also "spiks Inglish," and, on being presented to an "Imlish mädchen," immediately fired this wonderful combination at her : "I lof you very goot very fine very nice I spik Inglish ha-de dooo." The effect was all he could have desired. I now manage, by a judicious combination of French,

German, Romany, Hungarian, and English to get along with the greatest of ease.

All you say of their music is true. In fact, you can't describe the feeling they put into it — you should hear them play the Storm in the Tell Overture, and some of their Czárdás and their National airs. I can't keep still while they play some of their fantasies, and I ask them what they are. "Oh nothing, just a little bit — but *now* we will play *you* something — play for one," and the Rakoczy starts up, played with more life and go and vim than I have ever heard put into music — and when it is finished, the leader says, "Shou car?" and smiles — why, that man puts his whole soul into his violin —

Uva tu o hegedive
Tu sal mindík pash mange.

Did Miss Robins tell you how I found a camp of English Romanies — and that *I am one?* I went to see the Costellos last Sunday and the "old mon" says, "I say, sorr, did ye know that there were a camp on the Railroad with more 'n twenty families, the Lovells, and the Smiths, and the Scamps. Now just you go over there and *rakker* till 'em and they 'll take ye fur a Rye;" and I went, and I looked around in a mooning sort of way and talked to the Gorgios,

and finally I goes up to a *mush* [man]. I says, "*Pal sarshan*," and he says, "What 's that furrin tongue ye har' a talkin' of, sir?" and I says, "Ain't *you* a Rominy?" "Hi be," says he. "Well, then, *pal*," says I, "won't *tute* come and *pi* some *Levinor?*" He opened his mouth, and his eyes, and said, "Not to-day, Rye, but come into the *tan* — and see the *joki*" — and I comed — and then he says, "Ah, Rye, but ye coomed hit ower me thot toime, ye did indeed." "I thought you did n't know anything about Romany," said I — and many, many things could I tell you — but will only inflict one more upon you, that the drawings for the articles are all finished and in New York — and we must do the book.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH PENNELL.

P. S. I hope you may not die in the endeavour to wade through this.

The Rye did not lose in America his extraordinary faculty of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and the Gypsy fever spread, as in England, even to people he did not know. Before long, on our expeditions, we were joined by my husband, — not then my husband, as the above letter explains; many articles, for the

"Century" principally, coming of those days when we were fellow explorers, and, also, I sometimes think, our life for the last twenty years together. And, almost as soon, Gypsy bulletins were despatched from Boston, where Miss Abby Alger watched for the passing Romany, with the keenness of Groome in Göttingen or Palmer in Cambridge. And, as promptly, we were hearing from our Gypsy friends of two *tani ranis* (young ladies) down in Delaware, beautiful, rich, and real Romanies — one a Lee — talking deep Romanis, though house-dwellers. We thought them myths for a while. But they, at the right moment, materialised, at first in a voluminous correspondence, eventually in person, when the *tani rani* who was a Lee to the Romanies, and Katherine Bayard to all the world beside, was crossing the ferry with us to that Lotus Land under the shadow of the Reservoir. But what now strikes me as the most curious evidence of the hold the Gypsy had taken of people's imagination, is the ease with which Planchette wrote Romany for a girl I knew, who, without its help, could not, or thought she could not, speak a word of the language.

It adds to the picturesqueness of these memories that Walt Whitman should have a promi-

nent place in them. We seldom could get to Camden and home again without meeting and talking with him. Sometimes, we found him sitting in a big chair by the fruit stall at the foot of Market Street, gossiping with the Italian who kept it, eating peanuts, shaking hands with the horse-car drivers, whose stopping-place was just in front. Sometimes, he was leaving the ferry boat as we started, or stepping on it as we landed in Camden. Sometimes, we paid him a visit in his brother's house, where he lived; sometimes we rode up together in the Market Street car. He always wanted to hear about the Gypsies, though I fancied he was not quite in sympathy with our way of seeing them. It would not have been his way. He would rather have come across them by chance, not by design. In the "Memoranda" there are stray notes of these meetings, and I only wish I could make others realise all that they recall and suggest as I read them. "It seems so strange to me now (1893)," the Rye wrote, "to think that I used to walk with him [Walt Whitman], and take drinks with him in small publics, and talk of poetry and people, and visit him in his home with Elizabeth Robins — long ago. There were always gypsies camped about a mile from his house, and Eliza-

beth and I, going and coming, . . . used to meet him and tell him all that we had seen, which greatly interested the old Bohemian. I have some recollection of telling him his fortune or of examining his palm. We had no idea in those days that we were making print for the future. But we were really all three very congenial and Gypsyish. Whitman's manner was deliberate and grave, he always considered or 'took' an idea 'well in' before replying. He was, I think, rather proud of the portrait of an ancestor which hung in the parlour of his home. . . .

"One day, when I found him seated on a chair at the foot of Market Street in Philadelphia, by the ferry, a favourite haunt of his, he was admiring a wooden statue of an Indian, a tobacconist's sign. He called my attention to it — not as a work of art, but as something characteristic and indicative of national taste. I quite understood and agreed with him, for it had, as he saw it, an art value. It was a bit of true folk-lore. . . .

"Once, when I had first made his acquaintance, we met at the corner of Sansom and Seventh Streets. He took me into a very common little bar-room where there was a table, and introduced me to several rather shabby common-looking men, — not workmen, but looking like

Bohemians and bummers. I drank ale and talked, and all easily and naturally enough — I had in my time been *bon compagnon* with Gypsies, tinkers, and all kinds of loose fish, and thought nothing of it all. But when we came forth Whitman complimented me very earnestly on having been so companionable and said he had formed a very different idea of me, in short he did not know the breadth of my capacity. I had evidently risen greatly in his opinion.

"When my book on the Gypsies appeared, I, knowing that it would interest him, gave him a copy, in which I had written a short complimentary poem, and mindful of the great and warm gratitude which he had declared regarding my brother Henry, I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of 'Leaves of Grass' which he had sent to my brother. His reply was a refusal, at which I should not have felt hurt, had it been gently worded or civilly evasive, but his reply was to the effect that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words then were, 'Sometimes when a fellow says to me, "Walt, here's ten or five dollars — write me a poem for it," I do so.' And then seeing a look of disappointment or astonishment in my face, he

added: 'But I will give you my photograph and autograph,' which he did."

After I came to England, in 1884, the same year the Rye returned, I went on some expeditions with him to see the English Gypsies, but not many. I was seldom in London in the summer during the few years he remained in England, and the fog and wet of a London winter never exactly made me long to see "the road before me." But, of these few expeditions, two stand out with startling vividness in my memory, and are very characteristic of him as Romany Rye.

One was to the Derby. My only experience of the "popular revel" taught me little of the English people, most of my day being spent with the wanderers who could teach me more of the East. What horses ran, I do not think I knew; I am sure I did not look on at one race; it is doubtful if I had a glimpse of the course. My confused memory is of innumerable Gypsy tents; of more Romanies than I had ever seen together at any one moment in any one place; of endless beer and chaff, of which I am afraid I did not consume or contribute my share; of gay bouts in the cocoanut shies; of the Rye, for the rest of the afternoon, with a cocoanut under each arm,

beaming with pride over his skill in winning them; and of the day's wonders culminating in what, to me, was the great event of that year's Derby. I don't know quite how it happened. We were passing late in the afternoon a tent which, somehow, we had missed in the morning, and we stopped to speak to the *Dye* and the children playing round it. Almost at once, out of the tent came a young woman. It was in the days of "water-waves" and never had I beheld such an amazing arrangement of them on any one head. They and her face shone with soap and water. A bright new silk handkerchief was tied coquettishly about her neck. She smiled, and tripped on to greet a friend. In less time than I can write it, with hair streaming, handkerchief flying, face flowing with blood, she was struggling in the arms of the other woman, — both swearing like troopers.

"Hold hard," cried the Rye, "this won't do!"

And down fell the cocoanuts, and he was between the two women, his great head and beard towering above them, blows and kicks falling upon him from either side like rain, for so quickly was it done that it took them a good minute to realise they were not pommelling each other. That ended the fight. But since then

AN OLD DYE

I have understood Jasper Petulengro better: "Rum animals. . . . Did you ever feel their teeth and nails, brother?"

The other expedition was to the Hampton Races, where I had my one memorable meeting with Matty Cooper, who was then very old, and very drunk, too, I regret to say, but very charming, and where I wore the carnations he presented me, with a bow worthy of a prince, as, at other tournaments, maidens wore the colours of their knights.

Within four years of the Rye's return to England, the Gypsy-Lore Society was established. Again, there was a perpetual interchange of letters, an agitation, a fever, an absorption. Old enthusiasms were revived, old disputes forgotten, the Romany Ryes were united more closely than ever. The credit for founding this Society has been given to W. J. Ibbetson, who, in answer to Colonel Prideaux's question, in "Notes and Queries" (October 8, 1887), as to whether any systematic attempt had been made to collect the songs and ballads of English Gypsies, suggested (November 17) that a club of Romany Ryes be formed to collect and publish by subscription as complete vocabularies and collections of ballads in the Anglo-Romany dialect as might be pos-

sible at that date. The matter was taken up by Mr. David MacRitchie, to whom fell the work of starting the Society. At first, the Rye did not respond over cordially. He had proposed just such a society eighteen years before, and the little band of Gypsy scholars then, instead of supporting him, "were very much annoyed (as George Borrow also was) at the appearance of a new intruder in their field." His first letter on the subject to Mr. MacRitchie from Brighton — February 26, 1888 — was, for him, decidedly indifferent. He agreed that there "should be a Romany Society to collect what is left of this fast vanishing people," and he was quite willing to join and pay his guinea a year, but there must be no further responsibility; while he urged for a greater exclusiveness than Mr. MacRitchie, with a necessary eye to the bank account, thought possible: "I do not insist on anything, but I have possibly had a little more experience than most men in founding or watching such clubs, and I will therefore give reasons for admitting only men who speak Romany. If such men *only* join, it will give the Society a marked character. The members will be able to do something and to work. A man who don't know Romany may pay his guinea, *but of what use will he be?* And of

what earthly use will his *guinea* be? To publish our works! Why, if our works are worth printing at all I can find a publisher who will do it all at his own expense. Now this is a fact. Half the works issued by societies are *rubbish* which the writers could not get printed, except by influence. . . . I should prefer a small and poor society, but a *real* one even with Gypsies in it, to an amateur theatrical company. Pardon me for speaking so earnestly, but I have been so sickened by my experience of clubs in which men were taken in for their money, that I would like to be in one which was real."

His indifference was not quite conquered, even when Mr. MacRitchie, early in May, wrote to offer him the highest tribute it was possible for the Romany Ryes to offer.

MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

4 ARCHIBALD PLACE, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — Your two letters have been duly received by me, and I am glad to know that you will be an active member of the Society. In addition to this, Crofton and Groome and myself hope that you will also become our President. Before we send a prospectus to others, we must have two or three

office-bearers named, and there is no one so well fitted for the Presidentship as yourself. So I hope soon to hear that you have accepted. We propose that Mr. Crofton be Vice-President, and that I be Secretary and Treasurer. Groome has kindly agreed to divide my labours (such as they are), but he firmly declines to appear as Secretary — or in any prominent position. . . . [Later, however, Groome's name did appear as Editor of the Journal, with Mr. MacRitchie's.]

"Unless you can get along with my name alone, there will be very little use in proclaiming me as President," is the Rye's answer on May 4th. "I am out of London and England — or expect to be — most of the time. . . . If my name will help I am willing to let it be used."

Of course his name would help, and so Mr. MacRitchie assured him promptly, and I can see that his indifference began to be shaken, by the interest he took when it came to the question of Romany spelling, which I wish, for my comfort and my readers', had been settled years before. "Let the word be henceforward written Gypsies with a *y*," the Rye writes to Mr. MacRitchie on May 9th. "You caused me to write it so. If it comes from Egypt, Gypsies is right. Seriously,

let us come to some agreement as to orthography. Groome writes Ri — I write Rye after Borrow, because he made Rye known. But I don't like the *Kooshty* of Smart, nor the forcing Romany words into strict English form. So far as we can make Romany agree with Continental, and especially with Indian, pronunciation we really ought to do so. We had better arrange all this *en famille*. We can 'rehabilitate' Gypsy without manufacturing, if we will only be unselfish and harmonious."

Just four days after the Rye had written to this effect from Brighton, as indeed Palmer had written to him from Cambridge fourteen years earlier, Sir Richard Burton was writing to the same purpose, from Trieste, where he was then British consul, to Mr. MacRitchie. "I have received yours of May 4th and return my best thanks. Very glad to see that you write 'Gypsy.' I would not subscribe to 'Gipsy.' Please put my name down as subscriber for two copies. . . . When the 1001 Nights are finished, say September next, I hope to attack the Gypsies."

The Rye's next letter announced that the Austrian Archduke Josef had consented to become an Honorary Member, "so that now there are five of us — and a rum lot they are, as

the Devil said when he looked over the ten Commandments." The Archduke Josef had made a careful study of the Gypsies of Hungary and Transylvania, and had published a book on the subject. This book he sent to the Rye, as a fellow-student, and, at the same time, the following letter, written on paper with "Josef" in silver letters intertwined on a red ground, in a monogram of a kind that I thought had gone out of fashion with the sixties.

THE ARCHDUKE JOSEF TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

BUDAPEST: 8. 5. 88.

SIR, — From your amiable letter of the 25th April I see with pleasure that your collection of Gypsy words will now appear in print, and I am very thankful to you for your amiability and friendliness in wishing to dedicate this work to me. I should feel in the same degree flattered if I could belong to your most interesting Gypsy Folk-Lore Society as an honorary member.

At the same time I can inform you that my Grammar of the Romany Language is now being translated into French and German for the purpose of its dissemination in wider circles, as our own Hungarian tongue is too little known.

I have for some time past received many let-

ters in Romany from genuine Romany people which are very interesting from the point of view of dialect, the more so as it has seldom happened hitherto that these nomads could write their mother tongue as well as speak it.

I am also sending my Grammar to Boston to Mr. Sinclair. Musicians here who have been over there told me that he speaks their language.

I am, dear Colleague,

Yours very sincerely.

Sympathy now coming from every side, at home and abroad both, the Rye's keenness of the English "Gypsy Songs" period at last returned to him, and he was again busy suggesting, scheming for success, striving after ever greater perfection. On the 17th of May he was writing in his most characteristic vein: "I have sent notices of our Society to the 'Saturday Review' and to the 'Century' of New York. Now get every member to do the same, to every weekly or daily which will take them, without loss of time." On May 27th, he was urging branches everywhere, a great international social union as it were, a new freemasonry, an association ensuring that its members, "on their travels, shall find friends wherever they go."

On May 30th, he was full of a great scheme, "to have the works of George Borrow, yours, Groome's, Crofton's, and mine, all uniform, issued, and sold as 'The Gypsy Library.'"

For the man who held the purse-strings, this was travelling a bit fast. There are moments when I feel sorry for Mr. MacRitchie, and perhaps he felt sorry for himself, forced to face the unpleasant task of keeping the eagerness of his President, as well as his own, in check. And he was eager, though obliged to write as if he were not.

MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

4 ARCHIBALD PLACE, 1888.

. . . With regard to your suggested extension of our programme, I at present do not feel disposed to go so far forward. To some extent I, personally, have regarded Romani-brotherhood as constituting a claim to social fellowship. It was with that feeling that, two years ago, I trysted Mr. Crofton at Liverpool, when those Greek Gypsies were there, — and afterwards accepted his hospitality for a night. And the same idea induced me this year to make myself known to M. Bataillard and yourself, without having been invited to do so (though I don't

think I was regarded as an intruder, in either case). But, as regards the Society, my ambition does not at present urge me to do more than get the Society itself, and the Journal, once fairly set agoing, in a good healthy fashion. Once that is done, I believe the social result you speak of will come about in a natural manner. . . .

But the President was fairly roused, and, from this time on, was inexhaustible in suggestion. "Why not a Notes and Queries Corner?" Why not an "article on the people who persist in believing that common slang or canting is Gypsy? . . . The conceited rot which is sent in to the Slang Dictionary [which he was just then editing] is absurd beyond belief. . . . We ought to issue a proclamation to the seekers for the Lost Tribes, assuring them that Gypsies are not Jews any more than Fleas are Lobsters." Why not an American corresponding Society of Gypsies, started with the help of Miss Alger? "The whole success of the Romany Society depends on pushing." Why not an exchange of advertisements with a London publisher "who does a large business in occult, magic, and curious literature?" Why not — but a stream of suggestions flowed from him, many adopted, many

allowed to drop by his more cautious fellow-workers.

The "Journal" appeared on the first of July (1888). "I think the first number looks remarkably well," the President assured the Secretary. With the second, which reached him in Vienna on his way to Budapest, he expressed himself delighted. Of this visit to Budapest, he wrote to Mr. MacRitchie, from Florence, November 17, that it had been "a very good thing for us all," and that Gypsy lore there was "all the rage." Then Mr. MacRitchie, a month later (December 26), could answer with the equally consoling assurance that "we have made friends with the *Real Academia de la Historia*, Madrid, and with *the* Folk-Lore Society. We are booming."

The Society, it is true, lasted only a short time, but while it did last it kept on, to use Mr. MacRitchie's phrase, "booming." In the summer of 1889 came the Folk-Lore Congress in Paris, and the Oriental Congress in Stockholm, and, with them, the occasion to flaunt the scholarship of the Romany Ryes in the face of the world. To the general public, learned congresses of learned men may seem dull things, but never in the letters of the Romany Ryes. In Paris, the President figured as "*Directeur de la Gypsy-lore-*

Society ;" he read a paper to prove that the Gypsies have been "the great colporteurs" of folk-lore, — a phrase Groome later applauded, expanding the theory; and he reported to Mr. MacRitchie: —

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE

50 Rue Boissière, Paris, Aug. 1, 1889.

. . . Yesterday was a grand day for us. As I said, it has fallen on the Gypsy-Lore Society to come to the front, and take all the honour of representing England, as the English Folk-Lore Society has not appeared at all in it! . . . In the evening Prince Roland Bonaparte gave an awful swell dinner (Roumanian Gypsy musicians and pre-historic *menu*, etched for the occasion) and, as President of the G. L. S., I was seated at the Prince's right hand. . . . At any rate, we have had a stupendous lift, and, with energy, may do much more. Lord knows that I have tried my little utmost, not without some effect.

In Stockholm, he pushed the Society no less vigorously but — I leave it to his letter to explain the "but," and to throw an unexpected sidelight on the ways and woes of Orientalists assembled in solemn Congress.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE

BRIGHTON, 1889.

. . . The Swedish Oriental Congress was 100 times fuller of incident than the Paris one. It was awfully *over* done and turned into a great Oriental Circus — to its very great detriment as a learned body. We were rushed about, and fêted, and made a great show of — until I now loathe the very name of "banquet," "reception," the sight of banners or hurrahing thousands, fireworks, and processions. We *all* got tired or fell ill — half of the Orientalists became "queer" or irritable, — and then they quarrelled! My God, how they did quarrel!! I kept out of it all — but I am awful glad to get home again.

Despite congresses, despite "booming," despite the tremendous interest of every member of the Society, despite the really important work done by the "Journal," by February of 1891 the impossibility of a much longer life was realised.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, Feb. 5th, 1891.

DEAR MR. MACRITCHIE, — I was not very much astonished to get your letter of the 3rd.

I have long felt that the "Journal" held by a thread and that you were unduly taxed in many ways by its care. Of course it must suspend, and I sincerely hope that it may be done without loss.

I hope, however, that the Society will continue if only in name and *pro forma*, for a very good reason. The "Journal" was simply admirable, and did a *great* work. In years to come, and *always*, there will be great scholars who will refer to it. But "movements" of very great value often interest very few people. . . .

I think that a society might be made on broader lines which would succeed well. You did *admirably* by introducing Shelta. We ought to have included *all* British slangs and jargons on bold principle, such as Yiddish, Whitechapel, Italian, etc., all that is allied to the Romany, — in short a reflection of the floating Vagabond nomadic population of Great Britain. There is no such publication, and it would have many subscribers. Properly edited, a serial giving all that could be collected as to the strange, out-of-the-way, little understood people — strange sects in towns, wizards, and criminals — would sell very well.

What the trouble is in all Folk-Lore Journals is that those who contribute are, as a rule, timid

and yet very critical old gentlemen who generally write, in the style of "a letter to the Times," small paragraphs in "an otter seen in the Thames" kind of foozles. It was such writing which kept the "Gentleman's Magazine" in a dead-alive condition for about a century — a Sylvanus Urban-pottering scholarship. Our Journal is above that, but I still think that a rather wider range is necessary to pay. The Shelta proves that, and it *is* a pity that, just as we have made our best hit by a departure, we must stop.

But, after all, we all four of us were rather like architects kept at sawing boards. You and Groome ought to be at something more than Gypsy. I don't mean to neglect it, but I really think it takes *too much out* of you both. Your "Testimony of Tradition" is far beyond Romany, which is getting to be pretty well threshed out in Great Britain. .....

The "Journal" actually stopped in 1892, and, with it, all reasons for the existence of the Society disappeared. "But the Gypsy question is not played out," Mr. MacRitchie wrote during the last months. "It has *no end* of things to say for itself yet. I intend pegging away at the

Gypsies for a long time to come, though of course avoiding Gypsomania." The Rye, when he was enthusiastic about anything, was never to be outdone in enthusiasm by any one. Before the work of the Society was over, he had published his "Gypsy Sorcery," a book full of curious information, but concerned less with the Gypsy himself than with Gypsy superstitions. He now promptly undertook a "Gypsy Decameron," and finished it too, with the name changed to "Romany Wit and Wisdom," but he never got so far as to publish it; the MS. lies with all his other Gypsy papers, a marvellous collection. He planned a record of the Romany Ryes of Great Britain and their work, — "especially to please them," he wrote to me at the time. But they all shrunk back, afraid of the critic, and he had to give up the idea. In 1898, he wrote the Coronation speech for the King of the Gypsies, who was crowned at Yetholm. And Gypsy affairs still filled his letters. He kept on writing to Mr. MacRitchie, though at longer intervals. He renewed the long interrupted correspondence with Groome. He found a new correspondent in Mr. Sampson, who when he was not writing of his wanderings with the Gypsies on Welsh roads, and his study of Shelta, was sending his Romany

translations of Heine and Omar Khayyám, and once of *Gaudeamus*, the Rye having long before made an English version of Scheffel: "We used to sing it around our camp fire in the evening," Mr. Sampson adds. Nor could the Rye keep the Gypsy out of his letters to me; the almost inevitable ending of them all is "*Tiro Kamlo Koko*" (Your affectionate Uncle), and, wherever he went, he had Gypsy adventures to report to me, sure of my sympathy. Now, it was at the Bagni di Lucca, where "down in the valley I met with a band of Piedmontese Gypsies. They denied being Gypsy and did n't know a word of Romany. Indignantly pointing to the horse, I said, 'How do you call that?' And the answer was '*Grai*.' 'Yes,' quoth I, 'and thou art *manusch* [man], te *adovo* se a *chavo*, te me *shom* o *boro Romani Rai*' [and that is a boy, and I am a great Gypsy gentleman]. Then we got on very well." Now, it was at Geneva, where a French Gypsy woman told him his fortune, and he gave in return "a small shell tied up in leather which was received with boundless gratitude. I also described eloquently the value of the shell as a bringer of *bacht*" [luck]. Now, it was at Innsbruck, where he was lonely, without the companionship he always craved, and so, when he

met "a charming van full of Romanys," he almost, he said, "cried for joy." Now, it was at Homburg, the last place to suggest that sort of society, but he wrote, "I met with a real Gypsy family in a beer garden, day before yesterday, and had a gay time." And so it went on to the very last year of his life — the last quotation I give is as recent as 1899.

I have said enough, however, to show what the Gypsies meant to him all his life long, once he got to know them, and how much more his interest was than the passing "fad" he never forgave any one for calling it. He loved them as a friend, he studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that, when they have vanished forever from the roads, they will still live and wander in the pages of his books. Even if Borrow had never written, the Romany would be immortalised in "The English Gypsies" and "The Gypsies."

CHAPTER XV

TINKERS AND RED INDIANS

Of the many things Romany made sweet to the Rye, few were sweeter than the whizzing of the tinker's wheel and the tap-tap of the tinker's hammer in his ears, and of his love for them much was to come. For it was in talking with tinkers that he discovered Shelta, or the "tinker's talk." To the discovery of Romany he could make no pretence, though, with Borrow, he added more to the world's pleasure in it than any other Gypsy scholar. But Shelta was his own contribution to philology; that is why I speak of it apart. "Shelta was a great discovery and all the credit is Leland's!" Mr. John Sampson wrote to me after the Rye's death. And from Mr. MacRitchie came the charge, "I hope you will emphasize Mr. Leland's discovery of Shelta to educated people — a real and important discovery."

Of how he chanced upon it he has written in "The Gypsies." One summer day, in 1876, on the road near Bath, he met a tramp, but a tramp

in whom he read the "signs," and who, after the first interchange, confided, "We are givin' Romanes up very fast — all on us is. It is a-gettin' to be too blown. Everybody knows some Romanes now. But there *is* a *jib* that ain't blown." He further confided that this *jib* is "most all old Irish, and they calls it *Shelter*," though confidence stopped here. If "Shelter" too was ever to be "blown," he, anyway, was not the man to blow it.

Another year (1877), and the Rye was in Aberystwith with Professor Palmer. No Romany Rye ever yet went to Wales who did not return the richer for many strange adventures, from Borrow and Groome to Mr. John Sampson, the latest of the company. And the Rye and Palmer were not the men to prove exceptions. They could not go out together, in the streets of the little town, or by the sea, or in the beautiful wild country all around, and not meet with the Romany. Sometimes the Romany was a tinker less troubled by scruples than the tramp near Bath, and ready to reveal how much more there was in Shelta worth "blowing" than the name. All this is in "The Gypsies." But the story in its first freshness is told in a letter written at the time to Miss Doering. As the discovery is of so

great importance, this letter — the first record of it — also has its value. It has besides the charm the Rye gave to everything he wrote of his adventures on the road. The beginning of the letter is missing.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS LILY DOERING

. . . We have had, Prof. Palmer and I, some odd gipsy meetings. There came along a very good-looking, very dark gipsy woman the other day, but she would n't *rakker* [talk]. By and by we met a tinker. He said he could n't, and he did n't know any gipsies and had n't seen one for a month, and then, finding we had seen a gipsy woman named Bosville that morning and were a good lot, remarked it was his wife, and that he was here by appointment with a gipsy lot of her folks, and so on. After a day or two we drank with him and he described his wife as subject to a disorder which is evidently softening of the brain. Palmer bought him half a crown's worth of "Brain food," a powerful form of phosphates, etc., and he was very grateful, in fact he demurred at taking money for grinding our knives, scissors, etc. He goes away but leaves another gipsy in his place. Yesterday as we were talking with him and a friend of his who

keeps a tramps' lodging-house, there came along a regular bad lot of a woman who held out a sovereign and wanted me to change it, and offered to treat if I would. I asked her if she knew Lord John Russell, which is Rhyming Slang for *bustle*, which is thief slang for *glad'therin*, which is tinker's *jib* for passing bad money for good. She cleared out and the tinker looked exceedingly disgusted at her. He evidently thinks that we are deep in all dodges and iniquities, and as Palmer is a most accomplished slang-faker, or juggler, and as we are so very low that we can talk Italian! there is small chance of doing us. The lodging-house keeper knew some Italian — from hand-organ men.

The other day we saw a very humble-looking wretch, cowering under a rock to protect himself from a blast about to be fired. Said Palmer, "*Dick adovo mush a gaverin lesters kokero.*" [Look at that man, hiding himself.] "I can understand that," said the man. "It 's Romany." On examination he proved a character. He had "Helen's Babies" and was picking ferns. He knew *tinker's language*. I had heard of this slang in Bath as very hard and as being Old Irish. This man said it was based on Gaelic. In it, picking ferns is *shelkin gallopas*. The

language is *Shelter*, and "Can you *thare Shelter, subri?*" is "Can you talk tinker's slang, pal?" I took down quite a vocabulary of it. We find it is universally understood on the "road," and amazes the travellers much more than Romany. To *sūmni the bewr* is "to see the girl." The poor fellow who taught it to me said to write is *scriv*. "But that is all the same as *écrire* in French." "Do you know French?" I asked, and he replied that he could conjugate all the verb *être*. And also that he was so low he had been turned out of the lowest lodging *kairs* [houses] in Whitechapel, and was such a blackguard that there was not one in the town which would take him in.

Palmer models very well in clay, and is doing my bust and about a *quart* of it in size. . . .

TIRO PAL.

Three years later the Rye was in Philadelphia. One of the great changes to strike him in his native town, after his ten years' absence, was the large increase in the number of vagabonds and foreigners of every kind. "Italians of the most Bohemian type, who once had been like angels, — and truly only in this, that their visits of old were few and far between, — now

swarmed as fruit dealers and boot-blacks in every lane; Germans were of course at home; Czecks or Slavs — supposed to be Germans — gave unlimited facilities for Slavonian practice; while tinkers, almost unknown in 1860, had in 1880 become marvellously common, and strange to say were nearly all Austrians of different kinds." I remember now, with a return of the old thrill, our excitement when we would meet in our wanderings a little Slavonian, of tender years, with a great load of rat-traps on his back. But it was nothing to the rapture when a tinker happened to come within sight or sound. There was one among many who, fortunately, was not an Austrian of any kind. "One morning" — I tell it in the Rye's words — "as I went into the large garden which lies around the house wherein I wone, I heard by the honeysuckle and grape-vine a familiar sound, suggestive of the road and Romanys and London, and all that is most traveler-esque. It was the tap, tap, tap, of a hammer and the clang of tin, and I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled at the end of the garden, a tinker was near. And I advanced to him, and as he glanced up and greeted I read in his Irish face long rambles on the roads."

This tinker, at work in the pretty old Philadelphia "back-yard," was Owen, to whom the world owes by far the larger part of the vocabulary published in "The Gypsies" (1882).

"There you are, readers!" is the Rye's summing up, at the end: "Make good cheer of it, as Panurge said of what was beyond him. For what this language really is, passeth me and mine." "The talk of the ould Picts — thim that build the stone houses like bee-hives," was Owen's conjecture. To this, the Rye added in comment, "I have no doubt that when the Picts were suppressed thousands of them must have become wandering outlaws like the Romany, and that their language in time became a secret tongue of vagabonds on the roads. This is the history of many such lingoes; but unfortunately Owen's opinion, even if it be legendary, will not prove that the Painted People spoke the Shelta tongue."

At first the discovery, with his account of it, did not attract half the attention it deserved. "I am more amazed than a little to think that I actually discovered it," he wrote once to Mr. MacRitchie, "and that so very little attention has been drawn to it. If it had been some remote African dialect it would have been duly

hunted up long ago — but a curious British one at our own doors — *merci!*" But there was another reason. The Rye's was never the way of the professional philologist. It was like "a magic power" in him, he had written to his sister, Mrs. Harrison, when he first began to make the Gypsies know and love him. There was something that always led the people of the road to take him into their confidence, and to tell him things they would have kept from the student who angled with a philological bait. And he wrote as the student never writes, — with gaiety and fun, as if he cared for, was really amused with, what he wrote: to find amusement in study, apparently, is one of the deadly sins against scholarship. Besides, as he was quick to confess, being "even less of one of the Celts than a Chinaman," he did not at once recognise that some of the words supplied by Owen were simply Gaelic, but their presence in the vocabulary shocked the learned critic into a virtuous suspicion of all the others. However, the Rye knew he had made a valuable discovery, — he felt sure not only that he had hit upon the "Mumpers' Talk" of which he had heard from the Romanies, and the Tinkers' Talk of which he

had read in Shakespeare, but that he had unearthed a genuine philological curiosity, and his interest never slackened. At the Oriental Congress in Vienna (1886) he declared it doubtful if he ever walked in London, especially in the slums, without meeting men and women who spoke Shelta, and he recalled with joy — for the edification of those less joyful philologists who make their discoveries at their own desks — two promising little boys he had found selling groundsel at the Marlborough Road Station and chattering all the time in Shelta.

It is my misfortune that I never could master the tinkers' talk, and, being less of one of the Celts even than the Rye, with his *duk* for languages, I might as well explain at this point that my further information on the subject I owe to Mr. MacRitchie, who wrote an article on "Shelta: The Cairds' Language," printed in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness" (volume xxiv, 1899–1901) and afterwards in pamphlet form; and to Mr. John Sampson, who contributed the article on "Shelta" to "Chambers's Encyclopædia" and who also in a letter to my uncle, that has come to me with all the other papers, sketched the progress made in the knowledge of the language from the

day of the Rye's meeting with the tramp near Bath until December, 1893, the date of his letter. The paper read in Vienna roused more interest than the chapter in "The Gypsies." An animated discussion followed not long after in the "Academy," and other men were found to have collected Shelta for themselves. Then came the "Gypsy-Lore Journal," in which it could not be ignored, Shelta and Romany being linked together in some way not yet explained, though that two of the secret languages of the road should be thus linked seems so natural it hardly needs explanation. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ffrench sent to the Journal the only specimens, collected in the Scotch Highlands, theretofore published.

Mr. Sampson next went into the matter. "It is a tribute to the secrecy with which Shelta has been kept," he says in the letter which contains his abstract, "that though I knew Romani well, and at least five or six of the various cants of the road, I had never met with a word of Shelta except in the printed specimens given by you in 'The Gypsies.' I often enquired about it in vain, and finally gave it up in semi-disbelief. Then, incited to hunt it up by MacRitchie, who had taken up the subject with his usual enthusiasm, I collected a few words from some

nedhers kyena nīdyas, whom I met in the streets of Liverpool. Those first specimens did not raise my opinion of the jargon. They were corrupt in the extreme and mixed with all sorts of other cants which I already knew, nor could I trace any connection with Irish in them. However, becoming interested in the thing, I tracked Shelta from one squalid model lodging-house and thieves' kitchen to another, until at last (directed by a friendly grinder who is now serving time for acting as a fence) I happened upon old Barlow (*Gisson Nyikaír*), a veritable tinker of the old order. From him I collected a complete vocabulary, and from him, too, I obtained the words in their purest form and learned to distinguish Shelta from the other jargons mixed with it by the lower orders of grinders and hawkers. From him too I learned to believe in the antiquity of the language, and took down many little stories. . . . I find it very common indeed on the roads," Mr. Sampson goes on, "though ordinarily in a corrupt form and mixed with other cants. ALL knife-grinders speak it, more or less purely, but few of them know it by the name of Shelta. . . . Irish horse-dealers speak it well. Borrow did not know it."

Mr. Sampson's enthusiasm, it is clear, was not less than the Rye's or Mr. MacRitchie's. The immediate result of his studies was to show Shelta "to be a back-slang and rhyming cant based on old or pre-aspirated Irish Gaelic." Mr. MacRitchie identified the tinker name "Creenie" with the Irish "Cruithneach" and Groome's "crink." Dr. Kuno Meyer's special addition to these facts was the detection of several Shelta words in the "D'uil Laithne," that curious old glossary dating back to the remote period of Ireland's learned past, and the identification of Shelta with Ogham. "Kuno Meyer will probably be severely attacked by somebody," was the Rye's comment in a letter to Mr. MacRitchie, "but he is, I think, 'presumably right.' The Irish had a perfect passion for everything eccentric, peculiar, grotesque, or odd in art and letters, and such people are given to mysterious languages and secrets. I think my idea as to the bronze-workers is *sound*. They were the chief artists of a very artistic and imaginative race and were supposed to possess magical arts. Here your Finns and other metal-workers come in. I wish that you yourself would write a paper on this, because you are best qualified of any mortal to do it."

And so it came about that the *jib* that was not "blown" in 1876, is now blown to all the world in learned publications and encyclopædias of general information, as — in Mr. Sampson's words — "a secret jargon of great antiquity spoken by Irish tinkers, beggars, and pipers, the descendants of the ancient ceards and bards." The world so far, I am afraid, has not evinced greater excitement than it usually does over knowledge of the kind. However, it was not the world's recognition the Rye was particularly concerned about. I quote a letter on the subject to Mr. MacRitchie.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. DAVID MACRITCHIE

LANGHAM HOTEL, PORTLAND PLACE,
LONDON, W., Oct. 30th, 1891.

DEAR MR. MACRITCHIE, — . . . What a pity it was that J. Sampson or Professor Meyer did not read a paper on Shelta, or send one to be read. Suppose you suggest to Mr. Sampson to send a paper to the Folk-Lore Journal on Shelta Folk-Lore. The world — even the learned — does not know as yet that a quite new (or ancient) language has been discovered in Great Britain, with tales and songs. If it had been some infinitesimally trifling and worthless Hi-

maritic or Himalayan up-country nigger dialect, every scholar in England would have heard of it long ago. But the old language of the bards — or at worst, an old Celtic tongue — is of no interest to anybody! However, it will bloom out some day. I hope that when the book on it appears it will contain all of Mr. Sampson's collections — and (modestly be it spoken *entre nous*) not omit the admission that I discovered it and first announced it — for we are all human. In great haste,

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

There was talk later on of his writing this book in collaboration with Mr. Sampson and Dr. Meyer. A scheme for it, even to the title-page, was drawn up. But it was one of the Rye's schemes that fell through. However, every credit for having discovered Shelta has been given to him. Consult "Chambers," and you will learn that "the earliest specimens of this idiom" were "collected (1877–80) by Mr. C. G. Leland from an English vagrant in North Wales and an Irish tinker in Philadelphia." Read Mr. MacRitchie's pamphlet on "The Cairds' Language," and you will find that "its

discoverer, and the one who first proclaimed his discovery to the public, was an American man of letters, Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, who throughout his life took a keen interest in all kinds of out-of-the-way forms of speech."

And this is the history of that discovery of Shelta, which I have no doubt philologists prize as the great work of the Rye's life, though many who are not philologists will prize still more his writing about it. At all events, it is a satisfaction to me that he was honoured as the discoverer before it was too late for him to know it. In any case, his pleasure in the people who talk Shelta would never have grown less. His "Memoranda" are full of tinkers. I have space but for one of many notes of meetings: "I met with a tinker on the road (June 16th, 1893) by Bagni di Lucca. And, having talked with him some time, deeply and sympathetically till I suspect he half deemed I was of his order, I offered him money. He shook his head and said: 'No, Signore, not from *You*.' But he yielded to my request to drink his health. No tinker can resist that. And a few days after, at a little village on the top of an exceeding high mountain, I found him again blowing away with the bellows. He spoke French well. I asked him to show me the way to

a tavern. No, he had work to do. But I led him away, and, in the public, ordered the best wine, to the astonishment of the assembled, who looked up to me, a Signore, and down on the tinker, — he was a tinker, for he worked only in tin. The wine was very good. I paid half a franc for five glasses of it."

As a lover of Romanies and tinkers, and as an American into the bargain, it would have been odd if the Rye's path and the Indian's had never crossed.[1] For, though the Indians of whom he was destined to see most have degenerated into commonplace house-dwellers during the winter, and are civilised to the point of sending representatives to the State Legislature, in the summer, when they pitch their tents under the pines along the coast of New England, they grow very Gypsy-like, while over them always is the mystery of their race and their legends. He had met with other Indians besides the peaceful Passamaquoddies. What to us might seem a matter-

[1] I have left the Indian names spelled as I found them in the books, manuscripts, and letters quoted. I am no authority. Scholars differ among themselves, and often, like the Rye, change their own spelling of a word as their knowledge of the language increases. This explains why *Algonquin* becomes *Algonkin*, why *Kulóskap* is at times *Glúsgabe* or *Glooskap*.

of-fact journalist's trip in the interests of his paper along a new railroad line, had been for him a journey into the heart of Wonderland. He had brought back the copy required of him — he was extremely conscientious in any work undertaken for editors or publishers. But the great event remembered in his "Memoirs" was not the newspaper's mission, but his initiation into the tribe of the Kaws, probably the merest side-issue to every one else. This was in the sixties, and his description of it is written in the same strain of exultation as that of so many encounters with the Gypsies in England and Russia and Hungary. It took place at Fort Riley, then the extreme far West and still, in the sixties, as savage as could be wished. The Rye had bought a whip from an old Kaw — but it would spoil the story not to quote it as he told it: —

"I went to the camp, and there the whole party, seeing my curious whip, went at the Kaws to buy theirs. Bank-bills were our only currency then, and the Indians knew there were such things as counterfeits. They consulted together, eyed us carefully, and then every man, as he received his dollar, brought it to me for approval. By chance I knew the Pawnee word for 'good' (*Washitaw*), and they also knew it. Then came

a strange, wild scene. I spoke to the chief, and pointing to my whip said, '*B'meergashee*,' and indicating a woman and a pony, repeated '*Shimmy-shindy, shoonga-hin*,' intimating that its use was to chastise women and ponies by hitting them on the nose. Great was the amazement and delight of the Kaws, who roared with laughter, and their chief curiously inquired, '*You* Kaw?' To which I replied, 'O *nitchee*, me Kaw, *washitá* good Injun me.' He at once embraced me with frantic joy, as did the others, to the great amazement of my friends. A wild circular dance was at once improvised to celebrate my reception into the tribe; at which our driver Brigham dryly remarked that he did n't wonder they were glad to get me, for I was the first Injun ever seen in that tribe with a whole shirt on him. This was the order of proceedings: I stood in the centre and sang wildly the following song, which was a great favourite with our party, and all joining in the chorus: —

I slew the chief of the Muscolgee;
I burnt his squaw at the blasted tree!
By the hind-legs I tied up the cur,
He had no time to fondle on her.

Chorus. Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

A faggot from the blasted tree
Fired the lodge of the Muscolgee;
His sinews served to string my bow
When bent to lay his brethren low.

Chorus. Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

I stripped his skull all naked and bare,
And here 's his skull with a tuft of hair!
His heart is in the eagle's maw,
His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw.

Chorus. Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

"The Indians yelled and drummed at the Reception Dance. 'Now you good Kaw — Good Injun you be — all same me,' said the chief. Hassard and Lamborn cracked time with their whips, and in short we made a grand circular row; truly it was a wondrous striking scene! From that day I was called the Kaw chief, even by Hassard in his letters to the 'Tribune,' in which he mentioned that in scenes of excitement I rode and whooped like a savage."

Little came of the initiation, except the romance of it in memory, though he met with Apaches on that same trip, and Chippeways on another to Duluth, and occasionally a stray

Indian turned up at the "Press" office in Philadelphia. The chronicle of these experiences is in "Three Thousand Miles in a Railway Car" (1867), and some articles, with the title "Red Indiana," in "Temple Bar" for 1875 and 1876. Europe, and the ten years it kept him, put a long stop to all relationships between himself and his own or any other tribe. But Europe gave him the Romany, and the Romany gave him a deeper intimacy with the life of the roads than had ever been his before, and when he got back to America in 1879 he was far worthier to be greeted as brother by the Kaws or their kindred, — a fact, however, that does not seem to have occurred to him at first. At Niagara and Newport in 1880, he must have seen Indians; for long I could have shown proofs of it in various odds and ends of bead work sent to me before the summer was over. At Bar Harbor, in 1881, there were "Injuns," as he wrote to Besant, but just how much he saw of them, or just how much they interested him, I cannot say. In the preface to his "Algonquin Legends," he states distinctly that it was in the summer of 1882, at Campobello, that he began to collect the traditions and folk-lore of the Passamaquoddy Indians of New Brunswick.

Some of the Indian villages are not very far from Campobello, and when that island was turned into a fashionable summer place and a couple of big hotels were built, the Indians, with their instinct for business, saw their chance for adding to the extremely few distractions it then provided for visitors. As I remember — it is many years now since I was there — the pine wood where Tomah and old Noël Josephs and their families camped was just off the road, about half way between the two hotels. There the Rye found them; there he spent many a long morning or afternoon in the cool, fragrant shade; there the Indians forgot they were Catholics and civilised, and told him, as their fathers had told each other, the stories of Kulóskap and Malsum the Wolf, of Lox the Mischief-maker, of Mahtigwess the Rabbit, and Atosis the Serpent; and I do not know whether to see more of civilisation or "old Indian" in the "By Jolly" of Tomah, when the drama grew too intense even for the traditional stolidity of the race. Miss Abby Alger was at Campobello in 1882, and she was the Rye's usual companion on these visits, aiding him in many ways, which he acknowledged by dedicating his book to her. She was there again in 1883, but had gone before

I arrived, to be made welcome, in my turn, to the tents in the little wood. With their dark faces, their love of bright colours, their courteous manner, their outdoor life, the Indians were enough like the Gypsies for me quickly to feel at home amongst them. I could not learn their language, — my philological excursions never did carry me further than Romany. But I was allowed to sit there while Tomah told his stories, and the Rye made his notes, interrupting every now and then, with that emphatic outstretched hand of his, to settle some difficulty or get the uttermost meaning of the last "By Jolly!" Beautiful days they were, so beautiful that I still regret having gone with Tomah, in his canoe, to the nearest Indian village, treeless, desolate, tragic, where I could see for myself what dreary days were to come when he and his people moved from under the pines.

The Rye took back with him to Philadelphia amazing treasures of tradition, — vast stories of the myths, legends, and folk-lore of the Wabanaki, or those Algonquins whose home lies nearest to the rising sun, — and he set to work to put them in order. He had been further helped by the Rev. Silas T. Rand, missionary among the Micmacs of Hantsport (Nova Scotia), who

lent him a large manuscript collection of Micmac tales, and by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown of Calais (Maine), whose husband is agent in charge of the Passamaquoddies, and who has had therefore unusual opportunities of collecting and verifying Indian lore, as well as the talent to take advantage of them. Another collaborator, or contributor, was Louis Mitchell, who had been Indian member of the Legislature of Maine, and who wrote out for him many fairy-tales in Indian and English, — a strange substitute for wampum, I cannot but think, as I turn over the well-filled pages of the manuscript. So well did the Rye make use of all the material he had got together from many sources, that before the end of the winter of 1884 "The Algonquin Legends" was in the hands of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

Now with the legends of the Indians, as with the Shelta of the Tinkers, it was the *duk* that led him straight to his discovery. For it was a discovery, these legends never having hitherto been collected, sifted, and published. And he wrote about them, as he had written about Shelta, with joy and with a sense of literary form in their presentation to the public. He did not leave out a few legends that were not Indian, any more

than he had omitted from his vocabulary a few words that were not Shelta. In addition, he allowed himself the luxury of a theory. He attributed the Algonkin sagas to a Norse origin, — he compared them to the Eddas, and their heroes to Odin and Thor and Loki, to the Jotuns and Trolls. But unconventionality in treatment and independence in theory are anathema to the folk-lorist and comparative mythologist. York Powell, in an obituary notice of the Rye, pointed to the reason of some of the criticism he received: "He could and did make careful and exact notes [this of his folk-lore researches in general], but when he put the results before the public, he liked to give them the seal of his own personality and to allow his fancy to play about the stories and poems he was publishing, so that those who were not able quickly to distinguish what was folk-lore and what was Leland were shocked and grumbled (much to his astonishment and even disgust), and belittled his real achievement. He thought clearly, and many of his 'guesses' have been or are being confirmed."

It was inevitable, really, that, as in the case of Shelta, the importance of his discovery of Indian lore was for a while overlooked. Indeed,

"The Algonquin Legends" fared worse, for the book was in many quarters violently criticised and condemned. And again, as in the case of Shelta, the Rye knew well enough what he had done, and his interest did not slacken. It was never his fortune to see the Passamaquoddies or any other Indians after the summer of 1883. For the remainder of his days he lived nearer still to the rising sun than they. But not even the witches of Florence could make him forget them, not even Etruscan incantations could silence their voices in his memory. One reason of his love for the Children of Light of his own country was that they, with their myths, had given "a fairy, an elf, a naiad, or a hero, to every rock and river and ancient hill in New England," and that he, by collecting these myths, could repeople his native land with the fairies of yore, and walk in spirit-trodden paths, and find goblins in the woods, and transform every foolish "Diana's Bath" into the "Home of the Elves" it really was. And as he recalled the legends, the words seemed to fall into rhythmical order, as when the Indians had chanted or crooned them to him. He regretted he had not written them in the original rhythm almost without knowing, he did rewrite them in verse. And then, by one of those "strange coinci-

dences" with which his life abounded, "it so befell," he writes, "that I, *per fortuna*, became correspondent with Professor J. Dyneley Prince, who had come some time after, but got far before me in a knowledge of Algonkin, as was shown in various papers containing the original text and translations of Algonkin legends in different dialects." The result of that correspondence was "Kulóskap the Master," — the Epic of Kulóskap, — written in collaboration with Professor Prince and published in 1902, but three or four months before the Rye's death, and eighteen years after his first Indian book. The world had been slower in honouring him for his work among the Wabanaki than for his work among the Tinkers. "Mr. Leland was indeed the pioneer in examining the oral literature of the northeastern Algonkin tribes, a fact which few scholars seem to recognise," Professor Prince says in his introduction to "Kulóskap," as if in surprise, for he admits that his own first inspiration as student of Indian languages was "The Algonquin Legends." But I do not think the day of recognition is now far off, and when it comes I can fancy the interest one of his followers will have in gathering together the material he has left, with whatever letters on the

subject his correspondents may have preserved. For myself, it would not be possible here to cover this vast field, except in the most fragmentary fashion. And so I am content to give a few of his letters to Professor Prince, for as "Kulóskap" was the last and, the Rye hoped, the perfect flower of his Indian studies, so these letters are the last and fullest expression of his interest in them. He was a very old man when he wrote them, but as young as ever in his love for the people and the legends of his own country.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Jan. 8, 1902.

DEAR MR. PRINCE, — I have sent you by mail — and you will possibly be astonished at receiving — a considerable addition to the Algonkin Indian Poems. I always had a great desire to make out of the Glúsgabe or Glooskap legends, which are really songs, a *real* Indian epic — not a *pièce de manufacture* like Hiawatha. So I have *measured* the principal legends and really made a small epic. To this I have added others not referring to him. . . .

As there is a legend that Glooskap split the Hill of Boston into three (old town, Penobscot),

therefore it follows that some Indian can repeat it — and you translate it, and I sing it, *which would greatly interest Boston.* It is very curious that I not only discovered this legend, but also one to the effect that Virgil split the hill of Rome into *three.*

The more I think of it, the more convinced am I that our illustrations ought to be often birch-bark pictures. I can hold my own with any Indian at the work (in fact I *am* the author of one or two in my book), but for honesty's sake we must get them from an aborigine.

It is very queer that I had a great g. grandfather who was so far gone in Algonkin and French that he served as interpreter during the Old French War. *Atavism!* I wish that I knew as much as he did. I wish that I could trade off one or two languages for Indian. I made a great mistake in not applying myself resolutely to it, years ago, when I had opportunities. . . .

Pray let me know at once when you receive the manuscript, for I have no copy of it.

Yours ever truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, 6, FLORENCE, Jan. 27, 1902.

DEAR MR. PRINCE, — I congratulate you on your appointment as Semitic Professor. *Mozeltorff!* May you *mallschen tover massumatten* as *baalbas* in der *Shool!* My own knowledge of the Semitic tongues is confined to Yiddish, in others I am a *gedanler Chamor!* But yesterday, meeting an Arab, a Constantinople Jew, peddling carpets, I asked him *bi-kám di?* and brought down such a flood of (no doubt *very*) vulgar Arabic on my head that I was fain to shut up shop!

Now as regards our book. Since I have begun to think it over I find that *l'appétit vient en mangeant* — and new vistas of glory open on my vision, the more I realise what a really clever colleague I have had the luck to secure, and, secondly, how much grander the Subject is than we at first realised.

My idea is this. The complete series of the Glúsgabe or Glooskap legends or sagas will combine into an Epic, the only *real* one from the Indian in existence. I thought of this 20 years ago. I am busy completing the series; it will not enlarge the book too much; you will

very soon receive the rest. Now what I *hope* for is, that you will make one great effort, — it may involve a little hard work, — and that is to satisfy yourself (which can be easily done) that my versions are *fairly accurate*, which they indeed *are*, and assert as much in a note or Introduction after my Preface. And I would be immensely gratified if you could give a line, or a few lines, of *the original Indian at the head of every chapter or tale*, e. g.,

When Glúsgabe the Master
Came into this world of ours.

This can be got from any Indian, even ——, drunk or sober. And it would give *great* prestige to the book. What with the whole "Wampum Record" (I have a copy of it in America) and your other contributions, and the *whole* epic of Glooskap, Glúsgabe or Kulóskap — we shall make a *grand* work.

. . . I think I had better do the birch-bark drawings, having had much practice therein under first-class Injun teachers. In fact, I have helped Tomaquah with his work when he could not get through — though I wish I had a few birch pictures here to inspire me. It requires something different from "*artistic*" skill to do such work.

I am very busy in these days, but I am more interested in *our* work, our big Injun monument, than anything else.

. . . This book, if well prepared, will be a two-foot feather on top of your scalp-lock and mine. . . .

Yours truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, 6, FLORENCE, Feb. 10, 1902.

DEAR MR. PRINCE, — . . . Firstly, you will receive, with this letter or before long, the remainder of the Glúsgabe poems. These form, with what you have, the complete Epic, and I am rather exalted over it, for to really publish the first and *only real* Indian epic entire is to have gone far beyond Longfellow's *pièce de manufacture* Hiawatha — the borrowing from a borrowing, because Schoolcraft had *his* best legends and most from a land surveyor named *Wadsworth* whom I knew intimately.

Now pray note that the Glúsgabe legends are mixed up, and I beg you, firstly, to arrange them in due order, according to the course followed in my Algonkin legends. Also to revise and *correct*, especially any faults of metre

FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY AN INDIAN

as they strike you, for, as I said, I see that you are more than commonly expert in verse. This epic, long as it is, will only help the rest.

. . . I must draw a title page, I don't know whether I can do it now. And a cover and back? Depends on publisher. . . .

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, 6, FLORENCE, Feb. 16, 1902.

DEAR PROF. PRINCE, — . . . I almost shudder to think that *Lappilatwan &c.* nearly perished, and that we have been just in time to get the few lost fairy gold pieces of the leaves. Of course you know the story how a fairy gave a branch to a man and told him to take it home, but he, thinking he was mocked, switched away the leaves till when he got home only three remained — and these turned to gold pieces. Even so, learned New England has neglected or switched away the Algonkin poetry. We shall have great credit, *mon Prince*, in years to come for this work of ours. If it were possible at great exertion (were I at home), old and weak as I am — and at considerable expense — to get more of such songs, *I would be*

glad to do so. And I dare say that Mitchell, if he really tried, *could* get more. I pray you to think this over.

Just as the learned world is amazed that, with the exception of the Emperor Claudius, no Roman scholar ever tried to collect or preserve any Etruscan record or any trace of the language, though it was in full bloom so late as the IV century — so will the world in days to come marvel that no scholar (save you and I) ever took pains to preserve the Algonkin poems. . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Feb. 16, 1902.

DEAR PROF. PRINCE, — I had received your letter of Febr. 4, and *answered* it — which answer I inclose — when lo! in came the typewritten MS! I am *charmed* with it, especially with *your* portion. And all my own work looks far better than I anticipated, and I am now *sure* that we have made a very attractive, curious, and deeply interesting work. But I wish that you had put some more or *all* of yours into measure. . . .

. . . I thank you very much for the charming compliment which you pay me as being

FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY AN INDIAN

"indeed the pioneer in examining," &c. This is to me *extremely* grateful, because I am proud to be a first pointer-out — just as I am of having been acknowledged to be the first discoverer of Shelta, which is now yielding such a crop of songs and stories — also of Italian-Latin *witch lore* and mythology, which latter has not as yet been credited to me, but *will* be some day. However, as regards "Algonkian" poetry, it shall and will be said that we unquestionably and certainly

> Were the first who ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

This is why I am so anxious to see the *whole Glûsgabe Epic*. You will, by the way, have to arrange the order of the chapters . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE

HOTEL VICTORIA, 6, FLORENCE, March 22d, 1902.

DEAR MR. PRINCE, — Great joy did fill my heart as I did read what thou didst write on the eleventh day — of March, in answer truly unto me! I am much cheered by your liking the Epic, though in truth I think it would have been better in a more Edda-like metre. However, it is better than the sing-song, wheel-and-bucket Kalevala-

Bulgarian metre of Hiawatha. *By all means* write for Dr. Hayes Ward the article and give him the Woisis story.

. . . When you reflect that the Father Vetromile, who spoke their language and lived among them, never could get *one* story, my early work in collecting may be understood, for when I went at it the Copper-coloured, one and all, were as averse to telling tales out of school as their ancestors *per contra* had been given to *taking* tails, i. e., pigtails or scalps from us. However, the spirit of my ancestor who once lived a whole winter as prisoner among *their* ancestors (they were *so* fond of him) helped me through. This was like my discovery of the Shelta tongue, which also took years, and I am very proud that I have *two* such discoveries credited to me, for the Shelta also has yielded a large crop of legends and poems, and is rapidly being recognised as the corner-stone of British Celtic literature. In both Shelta and Wabanaki there was only a few years ago *extraordinary* secrecy and reticence, just as there was 20 years ago among the Gypsies, as regarded letting anybody learn Rommany. But as I had gone through and through the Gyps with success, I was to a degree qualified for Injuns. I wonder how many *drinks*

I took first and last in the pursuit of Rommany and Indian philology and traditions! I wish I could take them and all the fun I had, *over again*. I solemnly believe that those among the learned who despaired of getting at Rommany and Passamaquoddy did not go to their tents with a bottle of beer in either pocket and a half-pound of tobacco, and sit over the fire in the real loafer attitude by the hour!

I am very glad that you like my pictures. I could have done *better* had I taken more time, but a kind of devil possessed me to "hurry, hurry" with all the copy I sent you. It is a fact that in all my "long and excellent life" I never did so much work of the kind in the same time. It was like the concert in Philada. at which a jug of beer was awarded to the performer who should *get done first*. . . .

Yours very truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

In his love for the Indian, so strong to the very end, there was a quality that could not enter into his love for the Gypsy. The Indian belonged to his native land, to "home." As can be seen in the preface to "Kulóskap," these last studies carried him back in fancy to the days

when he was a boy in Massachusetts; and to him the true value of the Indian's myths and legends was in the new beauty they gave to the country he knew best and cared for most, though so long away from it.

CHAPTER XVI

IN ENGLAND AGAIN

In June, 1884, the Rye went back to London. There were many reasons why he should. His work — the work of the organiser — was done in the Philadelphia school; Mrs. Jebb and Sir Walter Besant were urging him to help them in the movement his "Minor Arts" had started in England; he had left his affairs in London in some disorder, owing to the suddenness of the journey home four years earlier.

He sailed from Philadelphia, and arrived in London on the 26th of June. I learn from an entry in the often-interrupted Journal, scribbled there by my aunt, that within a week he had seen his old friends at the Savile, been welcomed to the familiar rooms in the Temple by Sir Patrick Colquhoun, and was staying at Mrs. Trübner's, where my husband and I, having sailed a few weeks later, found him on our arrival. It was the house in Hamilton Terrace he knew so well, but Mr. Trübner had died since last he had been there, and the return was full

of sadness. And there had been other changes. Palmer[1] had met with his tragic death, and his loss loosened one of the bonds that held together the little group at the Savile. The Rye went there as of old, but I do not think it ever was quite the same to him, and after a while he dropped away from the Saturday meetings. The Rabelais Club survived and was to survive for a few years; among the waifs and strays preserved in the "Journal" is a notice to members of the dinner given by the club to Lowell and Holmes one Sunday evening in May, 1886; at which Holmes "was lively from 8 to 11 and never failed

[1] In the *Memoranda* (1894), there is a reference to Palmer's death that shows not only how deeply the Rye felt it, but something of the quality of his friendship for Palmer: "Among the thousands of subordinates who could do the same quite as well, the Government could actually find no other person save a Cambridge professor, poet, scholar beyond all common scholars, artist, and genius — to send to buy camels! That Palmer was willing or anxious to go, is absolutely no reason at all. Every one of Palmer's friends disapproved of it — especially Trübner. Even the alarming state of his health at this time was not considered. He was in some respects a mere boy, while in others he was a proficient man of the world. That he was to the highest degree courageous, reckless, and adventurous, though small and weak, is very true, as I have often observed from experience. He was quite like his intimate friend, R. Burton, of whom I have heard him narrate many a strange anecdote. Yet his death was strangely befitting his whole life and character."

to say something well worth hearing every five minutes." But the club never rose to the heights the Rye had dreamed for it, and, though he attended the dinners when in town, his interest slowly weakened. He fell partly back into his old social life, but having no home of his own, he gave no Saturday evening receptions. When he and Mrs. Leland finished their visit to Mrs. Trübner's they went to the Langham Hotel, and it was there they lived for the next six years whenever they were in town. This made all the difference. In London, hold out something as a bait, if only a cup of tea or the national whisky-and-soda, and your house is crowded; offer nothing, and your existence is forgotten. His few real friends were as cordial as ever; but the cordiality of the many once supposed to be friends vanished with the withdrawal of the old bait. He must have felt it, though I never heard a word from him to make me think so, and though friendship no deeper than an invitation to Saturday evenings was not worth a regret.

But there was one disappointment more serious, upon which he could not keep silence. He had come prepared to take up the work of the society then developing into the Home Arts

Association; Mrs. Jebb had wanted him, so had Besant — both still did want him as urgently. But there were others, apparently, who did not. He attended the meetings of the committees to which he belonged, he gave the benefit of his experience in the Philadelphia school, he wrote many of the leaflets published for distribution among the different branches, he lectured for them in London and the Provinces, he taught when classes for volunteer teachers were started in rooms near the Langham — that is, he worked as he always did for others, without sparing himself. But to venture to give enthusiasm as well as time on a committee is apt to mean friction. Worse still, people, presumably working with him, went out of their way to discredit his services in the public press. And many seemed anxious to ignore the fact that it was he who originated the movement. This cut him to the quick; the more so because it came just about the time he was finding that, in Philadelphia, to be out of sight was to be out of mind. At first the reports from home were pleasant enough, Mr. Liberty Tadd writing that things were going well, that the school was known among principals and children as the "Leland Art School," that he was doing his best to keep up the methods

and the system as if Mr. Leland were there in person, — grateful for the start given him in the Decorative Arts, — and so on. And yet, almost from the beginning, there was the little rift in the dismissal of Eugene, "as good as Ebenezer," the coloured man the Rye had appointed teacher of carpentering; and the rift widening rapidly, friends began to write him that the school was no longer known familiarly as the Leland, — that credit was being given to others. Then came the news of the downfall of the club. These bad times, as I have written, were outlived, but they were bitter while they lasted, and the bitterness added to the annoyance the Home Arts Association was causing him. The details are too petty to be recalled. But that there should have been annoyance explains why, as time went on, his connection with the association became less active. Personally, I believe it was no loss to himself, whatever it may have been to the Home Arts. Others could do the work still to be done for that organisation. But none could go adventuring so gaily along the new paths that opened out before him. And despite the dissensions and the slights of a moment, it is now established beyond doubt that he was the chief founder of the movement, and that the

idea came originally from the suggestion in the preface of his "Minor Arts." Besant acknowledges this generously in his "Autobiography:"

"Another form of practical philanthropy which was laid upon me, so to speak, was caused not by anything I had written, but by the action of a friend. In the year 1879, my old friend Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann), who had been long resident in England and on the Continent, returned to Philadelphia, his native town; and there proceeded to realise a much-cherished project of establishing an evening school for the teaching and practice of the minor arts. . . . The attempt proved to be a very great success; very shortly he found himself with classes containing in the aggregate four hundred pupils. He then proposed to me that we should start a similar school here in England. As he was coming back, I suggested that we should wait until his arrival. We did so, and on his return we started the Society called the Home Arts Association. . . . Let it be understood that the movement is due entirely to the clear foresight of Charles Leland."

Besant omits to say that the Home Arts grew out of the Cottage Arts Society. But this does not affect his tribute to the Rye, for it was the preface to the "Minor Arts" that suggested the

Cottage Arts to Mrs. Jebb, and the methods were based largely on the advice and help he sent her by letter from Philadelphia. The greater part of her share of the correspondence remains, — a bulky packet that proves how deeply she appreciated what was owing to him, if others did not. Indeed, there were always the few who knew and acknowledged all that was owing to him. "There would be no work of this sort going on at all, if you had not waked us and set us to work," I read in one letter, written to him at this period. And, in another, that, humanly speaking, without him the Home Arts Association never would have existed. In the report for 1902, printed in the spring of 1903, after the Rye's death, the association was willing to recognise in him, at least, "one of the most active of the original founders," and attribute part of the original idea to "a sentence in the preface to his book, 'The Minor Arts';" and to admit the practical value as a guide of the pamphlet he wrote for the Bureau of Education in Washington.

Unfortunately, the climate of London aggravated his gout. For several years after his return, he struggled to believe it had nothing to do with his constant illness. He kept coming back from

the Continent for a few months' or a few weeks' stay until 1891, when he gave up the struggle and never got further north again than Homburg. On leaving America in 1884, he had undertaken to write a weekly letter for the "New Orleans Times-Democrat" and the "Chicago Tribune." But his long absences from London made any regular articles of the kind impossible. This only meant, however, that he worked harder than ever at the tasks he set himself. And they were such congenial tasks! They began with the editing of the Slang Dictionary and the writing of the book on Gypsy Sorcery. They led him into the society of witches and on the track of the high priests of Voodooism. They turned him adrift into speculations on the mystery of the Will and the psychology of Sex. His home might be the conventional hotel or *pension*, but it was always a background for extraordinary experiences. His travels might be over the usual routes and in the usual train or boat, but they carried him straight to adventure. For him it was strange people and strange coincidences all the way, — Gypsies, tinkers, witches, magic working of his Voodoo Stone. "Such adventures as I shall have to tell you when we meet," was the refrain of his letters to the very end.

Much of the correspondence of his later years, luckily, has been preserved, and, with the occasional help of the "Memoranda," forms a more complete story of the final period of his life than could be written for him. I have given therefore just this brief outline of his movements and his work at the time, and now turn to his letters to fill in the detail. If I use many addressed to myself, it is because he talked to me on paper as freely as he had on our long tramps through the streets of Philadelphia, and it was as natural to him to tell me what he was doing as to ask me to laugh with him in his lighter moments. He was a boy to the very last, not only in his enthusiasms, but in the love of a good story or a bad pun which had been his chief recommendation to Barnum at the outset of his career. Many passages in his letters will help a puzzled public to understand how the man who taught in the Hollingsworth School, and who published serious art manuals and a book on Practical Education, could also be the author of the "Breitmann" and "Brand-New Ballads" and the "Egyptian Sketch Book." The first letter is from Whitby, where he had gone after leaving Mrs. Trübner's in the summer of 1884. The book referred to is "The Algonquin Legends."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

WHITBY, Aug. 1884.

MY DEAR PEN, — I was very glad to get your letter and I thank you very much indeed for the slip from the "American." I have heard from one or two dear friends at home that they had seen such interesting notices of me and of my book, but none of them sent me any. I have had the pleasure too of reading a notice of my article in the "Atlantic," but have not seen *it as yet.* Mrs. Brown writes me that she has sent me by mail $4.00 of Indian songs collected by Lewey Mitchell. I had written to her from the Hotel in London, so she wrote to me there, although she had the Barings' address. I wrote to the Hotel and got the letter, but not the songs. She says Lewey has a story how Glooskap talked with a dead witch. It must be Odin's discourse with the Vala. This is a beastly mean hotel. For breakfast herrings, which cost here only 1d. for 6 or 8, bacon, cold meat, *bad* butter and decayed eggs — nothing more — the same every day, one small room, and prices twice what we paid at Campobello. Population — pigs! But it is very picturesque, though not up to Scarboro'. It was *very* dear there too. I bathe every morning in

the sea and that is nice. . . . This is an inexhaustible country for queer old houses, streets going up, up, up, curious stairs, sudden corners, etc. I have made about 2 dozen sketches, but only one decent one — oh! if I only *could* draw. But it is n't in me, and it never will be — and yet I know so perfectly what I want and what ought to be done. The truth is I was never really taught anything, and teaching is necessary in youth. . . .

I wish that Pennell were here to sketch the Luggerhead Inn. There is an indescribable antiquity about this inn — and within it goes back — way back to about the 10th century. And the company! There were four of them — one a radical mason, covered with lime, who abused the Queen, cussed the Prince of Wales, blasphemed the Bishops, and chaffed the Church — I stood four pints of ale and got the ancient legend of The Luggerhead. "Ees, sir, it be cawd t' Looger Head. Hoondreds o' years by gone when t' caught a smoogler, ta' boorned t' vessel and t' cargoo. And wan whiles tay caught a Logger foo' of smoogled goods, and tay boorned it an' kept ta *head*, and tat day was t' foorst pooblic opened in Whitby, and tay poot t' head here and ca'ed it ta Looger hid, and

then ta Looger Head. For ta smooglers was always at logger heads wit' ta Coostoom Hoose people, and thot woord Logger Head coomed fra tis very hoose."

The Lugger Head is a very, very ancient figure-head. It may have figured on a Norse dragon. It may represent Rolf or Ulf or Scrym Helbrander murdering somebody. But it is very charming. But I must run to lunch. Kindest regards to Pennell.

Tiro Kamlo Koko.
[Your loving Uncle.]

I give another letter from Whitby for the sake of the gay mood in which it left him, — the practical mood, too, for the paragraph of prescriptions was due to the fact that cholera was very bad that year in Italy, for which country my husband and I were bound on our tricycle.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

Whitby, Aug. 28, 1884.

Kamli Pen, — You say you have not received a letter from Ned, so I send you one at once. Always come to me when you want anything in a hurry. I went out on the beach yesterday with

two young ladies and two hammers to get fossils. Before we went, a Gypsy woman said, "*Lel trad o' yer Kokero.*" [Take care of yourselves.] This was the "Gypsy's Warning." And we were caught by the tide and had to take off our shoes and stockings and wade for our lives. The Gypsy is a Gray. I always find them — this one was in a regular slum. We found seven nice little street boys and put them in a row and gave each of them a chocolate drop.

Going home, we, the *dui tani rānis* [two young ladies] and I, met a very good-looking Italian selling ice creams. He had a pink hat on his head just like his ice cream. We had a fluent conversation and his rapture was immense at finding I was from Philadelphia and had been in Newcastle, Delaware. He was there as a sailor $3\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. We may have seen him! . . . We leave on Saturday for York, thence for London and Brighton. If you go on the Continent, take with you some doses of tannin and opium powder, which, it is generally agreed, is best for preliminary symptoms, and be sure and have Collis Brown's Chlorodyne for the same; very strong black coffee and *good* brandy are very effective — *small* doses of both at intervals. Use quinine (bark in wine best) everywhere in Italy,

don't neglect this. Don't drink much white wine — *good* red you can drink freely. I will write anon, to-day I am busy. If it be only a line, write to me oftener, as I want to know how you two are getting on. . . .

He did an incredible amount of work the following winter, — his two weekly letters; articles and reviews for the "Saturday;" preparing a new edition of "Breitmann;" arranging the new Indian stories and songs sent from Maine; writing, for relaxation, his serio-comic book of "Snooping" and various ballads for "Fun" and for "Hood's Comic Annual," to which he was a regular contributor for years. Early in 1885 he was once more in London, where, in addition to everything else, he was teaching for the Home Arts as he had taught for the Philadelphia School Board. The Home Arts Association, he wrote me from the Langham, "have taken nice rooms for a Ladies' Art School directly opposite the Langham. . . . I was the only person in the whole blessed crowd who knew what benches, chairs, closets for the girls were needed, how to arrange classes, etc. The situation for the School is admirable. A cab stand, a lunch room, a cake shop with cherry brandy (fancy Sauter's *with*

cherry brandy!) [Sauter's in Philadelphia, famous for its ice cream], a telegraph office, a post office, a newspaper stand, Mudie's Library, and a railway station, all at the head of Regent Street, and within a few yards!! Also a *church !*" And he lectured on the subject of Industrial Art in Schools, at the Society of Arts in London, and in Bradford and Manchester. "I will tell you all my varied Manchester adventures when you come to London," he wrote, though one might have thought even so inveterate an adventurer as he would not have had the courage to seek, much less the genius to find, adventure either in Manchester or the lecture hall.

In the summer he went for his sea baths to Etretat. I think he was always pleased to be in France, it gave him such a chance for the humours of grumbling. I am sure he would have disliked the country more, could he have found less excuse for liking it so little, and I am as sure he enjoyed grumbling to me because he knew I could not agree with him!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

ETRETAT, Aug. 21, 1885.

. . . I went the other morning to bathe. They charged me 30 sous (damn them!) to

begin with. They gave me a little sentry box to undress in (cuss 'em!). Then they bestowed on me a single small soft napkin for a towel (blast 'em!), but this was made up for by a great, long linen dressing-gown or shroud (bust 'em!). I asked what this was for, and they told me to put on in coming out of the water to prevent a chill ! ! ! !—and for *la décence* ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! Quite aghast (I was clad from head to foot already in a long bathing dress), I asked if it was *de rigueur*, and if the Law exacted such Tom-foolery. A crowd all screamed out, "Yes, yes, yes!" A little brute about 5 feet high declared that he was going to take me into the water! I told him he had better try it, and quoted what Hans Breitmann said to the assistant bathers at Ostend: —

> Gottsdonner, if ve doomple down
> Among de vaters plue,
> I kess you 'll need more help from me,
> Dan I shall need from you.

He asked me if I could swim! I told him to go to ——, etc. He sat on the beach waiting to see me perish. When I came out, I did not know what to do with the d—d old shroud. I pitched it on anyhow and ran into my box, pursued by the laughter and *huées* of the attendants. I did

not go there again. Since then, I have been to a place a mile off, where I have to clamber up and down an awful ravine 300 feet high — Campobello was a trifle to it. But the shingle is terrible, and I cut my ankle so badly with it that I have not bathed for 4 days. I don't like breakfasting early on bread and butter and then having 2 dinners. English and Americans are *very* unpopular indeed here, and nobody speaks to them. The French Democratic party has just published its Platform or Tripod of 3 planks. One is that all foreigners living in France shall be obliged to pay a heavy tax. This little country hotel is not *bad* — prices just the same as at the Langham — rather more than at the Fifth Avenue or St. George. Over a hundred Americans. With two American artist dames, who are pretty and just barely respectable, I am moderately intimate — the rest are mostly Philistine trash. This is about all the news. A great many artists, all doing the same thing over 'n' over again.

But France had some compensations. From St. Malo, he wrote not many days later

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

ST. MALO (no date.)

. . . We went to-day to Dinan — 2 hours by rail, saw Cathedral, etc., and fine ancient houses. There was a fair and Breton peasant women in quaint caps of many patterns. Just under the ramparts, on a grassy bank, I found a group eating on the grass, 4 or 5 men and a girl. I saw they were gypsies, and asked, "*Etes vous tziganis?*" They replied politely, "*Oui, Monsieur*," but when I spoke Romany, there was a sensation, and they got up. They were every one singularly handsome, and *such* eyes! We were immensely delighted with one another, which was increased when one asked me if I could talk German, for they were all German Gypsies. Every one was a subject for a picture, and the whole scene was remarkable — a pig market going on just by us! So I bade good-bye. They were the most real Gypsies I ever met, they quite understood all I said, their language is just like *very* deep old English Romany.

The autumn months were passed in Brighton; his special tasks now, a new manual of design, a new edition of "Breitmann," his "Prac-

tical Education," and the endeavour to interest the people of Brighton in the minor arts. "I am getting up a class in Brighton," he wrote on November 11th. "They seem to be nice people. I hold the first séance to-day." He succeeded so well that, when he was obliged soon after to leave his class, it was with regret.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

BRIGHTON, Dec. 5th, 1885.

Kamli Pen, — We expect to be in London on Monday and return to the Langham. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. I have fairly begun a Ladies' Club and induced a wealthy old cove to get them a room and give them £20. I lectured yesterday to a small and very select audience. My class are heart-broken to leave me. There were two nice girls in it, but all were nice as regards work and being thankful. Altogether I have not lost my time here, and I have, as usual, earned my pocket money by writing. Some amazement was expressed that I got so much out of —— who is regarded as being rather a cantankerous crank, but Lord bless you — the man is a rich, very rich brewer. I did not know this, and when I lunched with him and took no wine, he asked me what I

drank. I replied, "Nothing but ale." "What!" he exclaimed, "Ale! Would you drink ale *now?*" "Only try me," was my reply. Never did I see such admiring delight. "Will you have," he said, "mild or strong? I can give you ale a year old — two years — up to *fourteen*. Can you drink that? I have ale of which I cannot drink more than half a glass without getting drunk." "I" — I replied — "have drunk a quart of Trinity Audit and was all the more sober for it. It was done once before me, however, by a man 200 years ago." So he brought out his Fourteen year old, which burns in the fire like rum. And I drank 3 half pints of it. When he introduced me to his partner, he said I was the only man he ever knew who could drink a quart of 14 year old ale. Last Sunday he took me through his Vaults and I drank and drank till he said I *must* not drink any more. It made him and his *Brauknecht* laugh to see me go back to finish off my tumbler of the strongest. Of course, I got the £20. It was awful to see how, as soon as I merely tasted a glass, the rest was *thrown away*.

Brynge in goode ale, brynge us in no wine,
For if thou do that, thou shalt have Crist's curse and mine!

He sent me to the house 3 bottles of his best.

I wish I could earn £20 a day by drinking enough to floor a navvy.

The *rāni* sends her love, and would *kam to dikk tute* [love to see you] Monday evening, if it be perfectly convenient. Packing to-day — got through it very soon — I wish I were going to my own house in London. Keeping house *on a very small scale and cheaply* is, I think, within my intellectual capacity. I shall be awful glad to *dikk tute apopli* [see you again]. Love to Joseph.

Tiro koko,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

The winter of 1886, spent in London, brought him one illness after another. But it brought him also duties for which he managed to gather the strength. There is only one page of entries in the "Journal" for the winter months of 1886. But in it is no suggestion of feeble health or responsibilities shirked.

Monday, March 8, 1886. Went to Birmingham, stayed with Mr. Matthews, lectured before the Midland Institute on Algonkin Legends.

Tuesday. Went to Wolverhampton. Guest

of Mr. Mander. Lectured before Art School on Industrial Art in Schools, etc.

Wednesday. Returned to Birmingham. Staid with Rev. —— Macarthy. Lectured before Teachers' Institute on Industrial Art in Schools, etc.

Thursday. Returned to London.

Monday, March 15th. Dikked B. se sar tacho [saw B. and all is right]. Attended meeting of Society of Authors, of which I am one of the many vice-presidents. Mr. Mundella greeted me very cordially and quoted from my "Brand-New Ballads." Talked with Besant and Hake, who is soon to edit "The State." Asked me to write for the first number.

The notes were fuller when summer came, — notes of that dinner to Lowell and Holmes at the Rabelais Club, when "Had much conversation with the Doctor on Paganini and Rachel," of all unexpected subjects; of the Hampton Races, where I went with him; of dinners at Miss Ingelow's and Mrs. Trübner's, and visits to Sir Patrick Colquhoun — and how I wish the note of one of these visits, on June 22, had been amplified: "He told me when he first met Trübner, then a young clerk in Campe's book-

store in Hamburg. Anecdote of the Syndicus who called to inform Campe that he should send the police half an hour later to search for Heine's works." Notes there are, too, of the Exhibition of the Home Arts in Bethnal Green, and of lecturing before the Royal Literary Society on the Algonkin Legends, all in the course of a day; of visits to the British Museum and talks there with Mr. Furnivall, "the Shelley man. He gave me some good references as to Mediæval Goblins;" of dinners at Pagani's, and evenings devoted to Boisgobey's novels; of Fourth of July receptions at the American Minister's, — "saw J. R. Lowell, Dan Bixby, Hyde Clarke, the beautiful Miss Chamberlain, Miss Grant, Cyrus Field, H. Lambourn, G. W. Smalley, and a number of the 'prominent' citizens of America;" and, for contrast, notes of meetings with Gypsies in Tottenham Court Road: "Met a Cooper carrying a roll of split canes. Took him into a bar and gave him at first a pint of very good pale ale. Then I ordered him a pot-quart, which he begged might be two-penny, as he did not like any other kind as well. I told him he might have wine if he preferred it, but no. Then he asked leave to bring in a pal to share his quart, and returned

with an appalling rough who had prize-fighter of the lowest stamp in every feature. This new acquaintance was named Stanley. Both Gypsies were, however, well behaved. I learned how to split the cane, which was what I was after."

All this was in June and July. By the end of July, he was on his way to Budapest, stopping first at Heidelberg for the "Great Anniversary."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

HEIDELBERG, Aug. 6th, 1886.

I have almost got through a week of Festivities, and I really think the Fest is awful and the Ivities are wuss. I had rather have one week of the gout in bed. . . .

There is a stupendous time here in Heidelberg, a sort of Dutch version of the Bicentennial [Philadelphia, 1882] — and really not quite so agreeable. One evening's dinner in a hall containing 7 or 8 thousand people, half of them or four fifths smoking such — oh, such *ultra-extra*, awful, infernal, d——d bad cigars, with a big band and a great chorus! The next evening it was prettier, but harder to endure; it was the Illumination of the Castle — thousands of people in the great court and free wine and cakes for Everybody!

Such a spree! It was beautiful to see, but oh, how I suffered, standing in that crowd, and all to see the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Baden — who were to be seen every half-hour driving about town. I once in my youth had a talk with the present Grand Duke. But I have really enjoyed myself taking lonely walks in the country. Yesterday I walked 16 miles, and 8 of them going up and down an exceeding high mountain. On the summit of it the Germans have rebuilt, with great care and with *new stone*, a little old ruin which stood there in my youth. It is a great shame, for the old ruin was all that was left of a very famous abbey in the early Middle Ages. There is the same destructive, snobbish, silly spirit here as in Philadelphia.

I am determined to learn the new leather work if I have to go to Vienna, but I hear that there is a man in Munich who understands it. There was a Torchlight procession here last night — it was very fine, equal to a —— on fire (fill in that blank with anything nasty you can think of!). As the darkey preacher said of hell, "And de smells, my brudder — you'd gib yer whole soul, if you'd got one, to git jis one sniff of a rotten egg!" They are not up to American Kerosene

torches or processions. I do so wish that you and Joe were here. I think I should really enjoy Everything if you were. By the way, there is some superb work just in his line for him at Coblentz — 2 or 3 of the best street views I ever saw. The best place in all Germany, I hear, is Rothenburg, near Nuremberg. I hope to visit it soon. With best love to your husband, in which Madame joins, I remain,

Tiro Kamlo Koko.

It was a wonderful summer for Gypsies. He found them first in Nuremberg, and then in greater numbers in Vienna, where he took part in the Congress of Orientalists and read a paper on their origin. It was at this Congress that, I am afraid, he rather offended some of the delegates by a "word" that delighted others. A dinner was given by the Municipality to the Congress, and as the doors and windows were all closed in the banqueting hall, it became naturally hot and stuffy. "I believe," he said to Captain Temple and Major Grierson, the English delegates, "that if a German were sent to Hell, the first thing he would do would be to close the windows." Which is not unlike another saying of his, to a man selling what he called "brim-

stone allumettes," much about the same time. The Rye had tried a dozen and all had refused to burn, — one knows the species cultivated in some parts of the Continent. "I hope," he told the man who had sold them, "I hope for the sake of the poor souls in hell, that the sulphur which they use there is as scant and bad as it is on your matches." Of other things that amused him more in Vienna, he wrote to me: "I need only add in explanation that my 'young Rudi' was one of the Hungarian Gypsies I had seen so much of in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1883."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

VIENNA, Oct. 25th, 1886.

DEAR PEN, — . . . I walked out to the Prato day before yesterday; it is about 2 miles from here. Arrived at the Czardas Café, it was empty. I made an essay on the waiter in Hungarian. — Hungarian must be the language of the devils, being devilish and scratchy, and, O Lord — *such* a syntax! . . . In a few minutes came in my orchestra of 5 Gypsies, all very nice, very shabby, and poor fellows, and as polite as men can be. For an hour I had them all to myself, and in that time they drank 30 glasses of beer (my treat). By and by the leader said, Sing us any tune and

we will play it. So I warbled several gypsy songs and they *at once* played them perfectly on once hearing, — 3 violins, bass violin, and cimbal.

There came in a man, very well dressed — better than I — a quiet swell of 60 with a bold, energetic, rather bad face. The waiter whispered to me that he was a great Gypsy musician who had taken orchestras to every foreign country. He talked Hungarian to the band, told them what to play, played the bass viol himself, and then a violin (*very* swell indeed), and then explained to me, like a snob, that he only did it to amuse himself — as if I could not see that he was not one of this poor humble, thank-you-for-a-penny set. He at first affected not to hear me when I addressed him! By and by he told me he had been in America and showed me the photograph of your young Rudi. He had an American $20 and $1 gold piece on his watch guard. Then he went and I had my poor boys again. They played me an air called the *Gorgio* tune or the Song of Misfortune. But it was a very jolly tune. I went quite $2 on that spree, but it was worth the money. The leader is a jolly little fellow, and all of them when they drank waved their glass at me and cried "*Sasto*" or "*Sastipe*" [Health.]

Budapest, the next town in his travels, was better still: more Gypsies, more adventures. His letters are like the letters of a boy off on his first holiday, rather than those of a man of sixty-two, whose life had abounded in variety and movement. The Gypsy, whose remembrance was a great satisfaction to me, was one of the same Gypsy band who had played in Philadelphia.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

BUDA PEST, Nov. 16th, 1886.

DEAR PEN, — It would take a time to tell you all I have seen here. Gypsies!! I have been by moonlight amid Roman ruins with a whole camp of wild Gypsies, who danced and sang — yea, and begged — like lunatics. I have heard Gypsy bands every other night in our hotel for two weeks, and I am known here, also, as the *Romany baro rye* — quite a new idea to these Romanys. I visited some in their houses the other day, and there I found one who had been in Philadelphia and who inquired earnestly after *you* and Joseph! Me, he did not remember. . . . I have had a long private audience with the Arch-Duke, who sent me a superbly bound book and a long friendly letter; I have seen and been called on by the principal literary men, —

Vámbéry, Pulszky, Hunfalvy, and Budenz,— and I have had remarkable adventures to be narrated when we meet, for which I have not time now. Pest is a beautiful city — everybody almost can talk German. One fifth of the population are Jews, and I should say that two fifths were Slavonian — a very low, degraded lot indeed. Wine is very cheap, cheaper than in Italy,— even superior sorts in the hotel are only from 9d. to a shilling a large bottle. The shops are very fine, like those in Vienna — one can get everything one wants, and the people all dress well. It is not like Germany here in Austria; the women are very pretty and graceful and dress neatly. One sees such numbers of beautiful brunettes with American-like faces and expressions. I think you would enjoy being here and gypsying about with me. We have seen Eugene Schuyler several times, the first person with whom your aunt has really talked for two weeks! She is picking up a great deal of German. Hungarian is horrible. *Szalloda az Angolkiraly nöhöz* — Hotel of the Queen of England! Kiraly, King, is like the Romany Krallis. It has the same root as my name — Kiral–Karol–Karolus. No letters received since two weeks.

Tiro Kamlo Koko.

Venice came next, and Venice delighted him as if he had never been there before.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

VENICE, Dec. 25th, 1886.

DEAR PEN, — Yestereen I was two hours in San Marco listening to the music and was charmed every minute. The guide-book says that on Christmas eve the church looks as it did 800 years ago. Returning, I found a Christmas card from Mary Reath, pretty silver presents from Mrs. Bronson, who has a *casa* three doors off, a letter from a dear friend in London, etc., so that it was n't as bad, even for people living on the Grand Canal over a *traghetto* where the John Doleers holler all day long. God only knows what they row about — I mean make a row — that looks a pun but 't was n't intended. As for anybody's learning Venetian, 't is all humbug. I don't believe there *is* any Venetian, it is only squalling and howling. The *rani* is dressing, to go to Lady Layard's Christmas night.

December 26th. Went to the Layards. It is a *magnificentississime* house. He owns the great picture of Sultan Somebody painted by Gian Bellini, and has such superb plate and *bric-à-brac*. It 's quite like a royal palace, one grand room

after another, flunkeys in livery, etc. We went into San Marco yesterday and were just in time to see all the great relic treasures on the grand altar, while the immense gold screen, which is only shown twice a year, was still uncovered. To my great amazement and joy, they let me in to examine it closely, and I did so. It is *wonderfull*. I wish I could see it often and long. The sun was shining in on the gold mosaics — such a *chiaroscuro!* and the church full of people in their holiday garb.

There was a very nice New Yorker here the other day — he is also a practising lawyer in Paris. I found him very clever. I showed him some of my designs, and he at once said that they were exactly in the style of some he had seen in the "Art Journal" in an article on brass work, very singular and Byzantine-looking. That is, he had seen some of mine already. . . . Do you know I find that people nowadays don't *look* at pictures, as they used to do — i. e. as children look *into* them.

Nowadays, they only *see* them. They only see everything, — pictures, books, life itself. Decorative art is esteemed for the general impression or feeling which it gives, a man or woman for the collective result of looks and

character — the modern American realists are really writing novels to suit this heedless, hurried, popular, vulgar, half-educated taste. It encourages correctness, because *no* fault must strike the eye and offend it, but it utterly kills originality and inspiration and all that Nature indulges in as to caprice. To it, a tin pan, perfectly finished by machinery and giving the general impression of being well made and polished, is far more attractive than an Etruscan or neo-Celtic bronze. I meet very few people who are not really under its influence.

We have nice weather here — more than half the days are sunshine — to-day is so, and so was yesterday. I have been translating some Gypsy stories for the "St. Nicholas." They are like the Grimm tales, but milder, and sometimes like the Indian. Mrs. Brown is as piquante as ever in her letters.

I have not space for all the letters from Venice during January and February. But I pick out a passage here and there. "Brown" is Horatio Brown, author of "Life on the Lagoons." The "marvellous coincidence" refers to the fact that I was just writing — or had really finished, if I remember, so that I could

not use his suggestions — an article on the vulgarisation of "Faust" in London, begun at the Lyceum, and carried to the lowest depths, just then, in the Penny Gaffs of the New Cut and the side shows of the Country Fair.

Venice, Jan. 9th, 1887: I am much obliged for the notice in the "American," it is n't really the pride of seeing oneself in print, or of conceiting that one is somebody print-worthy, that pleases me so much, as the feeling that I am remembered *at home*, that there will be a lot of people who will have me called to mind by the Paragraph, *enfin* that one has a *home-city*. Your joys are my joys, — *O figlia mia*, your successes my successes, your glories in type are my glories. You never saw the time when I would n't esteem it a pleasure to give you my best ideas — and I am glad that the "Contemporary" accepts you as of course — so mote it be forever. . . .

I dined with the *rāni*, night before last, at Sir Henry Layard's, and Brown was there. He is one of the most agreeable, refined, sympathetic, well-read, earnest young men I ever met, and I took a great liking to him, even before he praised your book. I know that he is modest because

he seemed so unaffectedly surprised and pleased when I asked him to call on me.

Another marvellous coincidence. Last night we were in the Fenice by the invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Cafaro, our fellow boarders. The opera was Mefistofele, and I made observations on the extraordinary manner in which Faust is being vulgarised. I thought that Gounod had squeezed every drop of refinement, meaning, or sense out of Faust, but the Italian Boïto has shown that there are several rows of depths below depths — like the prisms in the Doge's Palace — of commonplace idiocy. When I say the *rāni*, who takes most things easily, was scandalised at the appalling flatness and silliness of the affair, I have said enough. For God's sake add this instance in your proofs. And the acting was so perfectly in keeping — a giggling, grinning Margaret in very high heels — and oh, "*la séduction*," as the Duchess called it, in which Faust woos like a brisk young country shopman, and Margaret behaves like a fast shop-girl of the lowest type. I don't mean "immorality," but vulgarity of conception of the part. You may quote from my remarks if you like. It would be well to say that the using

cheap librettos and bad texts by opera, etc. managers goes far to ruin public taste. . . . I am vexed to hear about a new translation of the "Reisebilder," because, if I had offered to revise mine for Bohn, he would have taken it. As the men came into the box last night, and were introduced to us, it seemed quite like reading a page from the "Libro d'Oro" or the Italian chapter of the "Almanach de Gotha:" all titles, except one artist, and I daresay he had a Countship or a Marquisate somewhere in his pockets. The Duchess, as usual, came out in all the glory of fresh solitaires; this time her ear-rings were diamonds as big as hickory nuts. She is a bride and appears to have been trousseaued with about a peck of the finest stones in Europe. Anything she wears would have bought a whole county in Virginia within my recollection.

. . . . . .

Venice, Feb. 6th, 1887. It seems to me that to be an artist in Venice is to be as utterly devoid of inventiveness and originality as to subject as a human being can well be. We went the other day to Mr. ——'s; of course the R. A. had on his canvas the old thing, a young Venetian of the lower class talking to two girls, one of whom looks arch. Such a lot of the most

commonplace rural Americans as we have here now! What do they travel for? What I most marvel at is that not one in twenty takes the pains to learn a single word of Italian before coming, and very few can so much as ask *Quanto*. They all go for the guide-book; pictures — pictures — pictures. Because other people have established it as the thing to do. The older I grow, the less I care for pictures made by man, and the more I live in those painted and formed by Nature. The second stage of this freedom is to admire views which are like pictures — the highest of all is to get all pictures entirely out of your head. Ruskin has not as yet achieved the last — but there is an age coming when the best Raphaels will be only historical curiosities. Of this I am *sure*. I feel it in me. I don't care for endless repetitions of the Holy Wet Nurse Maternal idea, or of saints who represent a very disagreeable phase of mere idle superstition, now obsolete, and as little do I care that this or that man attained to a greater or less degree of skill or inspiration. It is worth something to see and know it, but it is not worth a thousandth part of what Ruskin and the æsthetics think it is. Suppose Raphael *did* paint a Virgin — very well. Well — he *did* it and there-

with *basta!* One can see many women as beautiful, or rather with the far greater beauty of life and soul, every day, and I had rather see one of them than all the pictures in Italy. Truly, I am getting tired of galleries. I see from afar, yet coming rapidly, a great new age when Humanity will be, so to speak, the subject of Art — yea, *Art itself*, when the tuzymuzy and raptures and ineffability, etc., will be given to *life* and not to its weak imitations. Just imagine all the money and time and thought now given to Art directed to Education and Humanity! As I wrote, we hope to get away in a few days to Florence. I want to go to some place where there is more than one walk in the open air.

. . . . . .

Venice, Feb. 16th, 1887. The want I feel here is company. There are people and people, but not *the* people — no pals, no nobody (I call there — there are plenty of Nobodies). The police have tried to find me Gypsies, but they cannot discover any — 't is n't in them, I suspect, to know how to do it. Altogether I think that Florence may be livelier. . . .

Florence, however, had its own drawbacks, chiefly tourists. But the references to *bric-à-*

brac shops show one way in which Florence was, eventually, to make life there not only possible, but enchanting.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S PRIVATE HOTEL,
LUNG ARNO, FLORENCE, Feb. 24th, 1887.

DEAR PEN, — We have been here at this house 90 francs worth, i. e. four days at 20 francs a day for both, and 10 francs extras. That is, we have a large fine room with a good-sized dressing-room, very fine furniture, board, wine included, and a very nice reading-room with the "Times," "Telegraph," etc., all for 10 francs a day each. The house is on the Arno, rather away from the Ponte Vecchio centre, near Santa Croce. Company nearly all English ladies, about 20 to 1 or 2 men, very respectful, indeed. Food, *very* good — we had a dish yesterday all of truffles and mushrooms, and good roast beef and turkey. Very little fish. We have an open wood fire; it costs about 2 francs a day. To-day is sunshiny and lovely. I am afraid myself that Italy will keep me a great deal away from England, firstly, because another winter there would probably break me down utterly for life. Secondly, because we can live here so

much cheaper. But I miss London sadly. I have just received an invitation to attend the Conference of the Society of Authors and hear Besant speak, and I have many things to do which must be done there.

Wood costs here 2.50 (francs) a basket. I bought a beautiful carved wood *Pietà* — Virgin and dead Christ — in Venice last week, 16th century — for 12 fcs. So I said, at the price, it would be about as cheap to burn Virgins as firewood. . . . *Bric-à-brac* is cheap here, but principally because the great swarm of tourists are so utterly ignorant of everything except photographs (how I hate the whole d—d lot of 'em), lavas, corals, brass lamps, and gondola horses. But I know where to buy a stamped-leather fifteenth-century Virgin for 40 francs, for which I would have given $40 in America — and so forth. Oh that I were rich! We all say so — but everybody don't want *bric-à-brac*, and parchment-bound books on palmistry, and old amber, and little old silver crucifixes as badly as I do. If you were here, you and Giusepe (it is spelt with one p on a pearl shell portrait of St. J. in my possession), I would be quite contented.

I am greatly tempted to publish my work on Education at my own expense. It is a deep,

serious grief to me that such a work, worth a thousand times over all I ever wrote, cannot find a publisher. I am quite willing to guarantee a publisher against loss, but I cannot find one who will do it on such terms.

. . . . . .

Well, there are spots in the sun, and of our spots there are 40 — English tourist boarders. Heine says of the Tyrolese that they are of inscrutable narrowness of mind — these people are of fathomless and boundless Anglo-Philistinism. Across the sandy desert of their brains, there never yet wandered the ghost of a joke or the camel of an idea. Oh for Buda Pest and its Gypsies, and *literati*, and Slavonians, and Hungarian good fellows! This is not my first visit to Italy; therefore divine Florence is not what it was once, though I get a decent glass of beer every afternoon. At first I always had it very bad because I went to decent places, but I have found an unutterably low and vulgar slum where it is very good and costs a penny less. So it goes in life, advantages and disadvantages counterbalancing and balancing. This morning I was awakened at 4 o'clock by a lot of dirty little blackbirds and thrushes and things warbling in the trees, and here I have been wishing for

Spring to come! It is bad enough to have the bells of Santa Croce at six o'clock, and yet there are people who would like to hear them!

> In Santa Croce's darned old towers ring
> Bells which do make them darnder, then I wake
> In wrath and darn myself to sleep again.

It is amusing to observe how all these rumfustifoozles of tourists, who never had an idea in their lives about a picture or anything except their clothes and victuals, go wild about Raphael and Perugino, and see every picture and criticise it — as if they had been fed on paint all their lives. I must get out of this country. I want to meet with some people to learn something from — this doing all the preaching and teaching makes a prig of a man. There is a Captain Ward here, a handsome man of 30 who knows all about minor arts, and I should except him from the others. He has a furnace in his house to bake pottery. I wonder that any man can ever become an artist in Italy — there is such a want of thought here. And nobody does that I can see, — it is the same old painting of models as two peasants and a dog, a gondolier and two girls, a "bit," or some such rubbish as N's ghostly green gray girls and withered salad scenery, with green baize meadows.

CHAPTER XVII

"IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF WITCHCRAFT"

THE summer of 1887 saw the Rye back again in England. And what a year followed! His "Practical Education" was published, the book in which he elaborated his method of developing quickness of perception and memory. The Gypsy Lore Society was launched. His "Gypsy Sorcery" was written. The "Dictionary of Slang" was in full swing, and no work could have been more congenial. The untouched byways of language, as of belief, were "his favourite paths," and he loved strange words as truly as strange people. What this last alone cost him in time and work, the pile of letters from the men whose collaboration he secured, or tried to secure, would tell me if I did not know. He was in active correspondence with Maudsley and Francis Galton, — the two men, he felt, who had done most to influence him in developing his educational theories, — with old friends like Dr. Holmes and Walter Pollock, with Horace Howard Furness, Cable, Horatio

Hale, Colonel Higginson, Lowell, Lafcadio Hearn, Max Müller, De Cosson, Egerton Castle — with every distinguished man, I might almost say, who was an authority on any one special subject. The contributors to "Johnson's Cyclopædia" did not present a more impressive or a longer list of names. With Mr. Barrère, his fellow-editor, he was, at times, in almost daily communication. For months this was the most engrossing subject of his letters to me, from London, from Brighton, from Homburg. I give one or two in full and extracts from others which — I think — follow the progress of his various tasks, of his first serious trouble in connection with the Dictionary, of his movements, his recreations, and of the drift of his thoughts, without any further word from me.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.,
June 28th, 1887.

DEAR PEN, — I write with my friend the King, to my right. Yes — a royal personage, albeit he is black, and not a very great monarch, for he is the King of Yoruba in Africa. As we found we had a friend in common — King George of Bonney — we got acquainted.

There is another much more magnificent potentate here — Holkar the Maharajah — the many millionaire — who gives himself a million airs too — he is really no end of a swell in his high colours and Cashmere shawl and *kincobs*. H. M. of Yoruba tells me that a great many of his people are Mahometans and know Arabic.

I am much obliged for the "Critic." Jubilee time was awful, but the multitude enjoyed it. I had a call yesterday from Francis Galton, and a note from Maudsley saying that he could not be able to attend my lecture before the Royal British Society of Literature. I am busy helping the Whittakers with a Slang Dictionary. It is to be on a grand scale. . . . Lord Kerr has done the pictures for my book, and I think Whittakers will take it. I have got three books to review for the "Saturday," and I am finishing up a collection of Gypsy stories. . . .

I have such a lot of adventures to narrate of my last year's experiences! I have not seen Annie Dymes, she was done up with work and went to France before I arrived. The Home Arts has received £650 from some unknown benefactor. ——, addressing the Duchess of

Teck before my face, said that *some people* got together and started it among them. A nice reward that for absolutely inaugurating it! I suppose he thought I was magnificently rewarded by being called up to make a bow to the Duchess. This was at the opening of the Exhibition. . .

BRIGHTON, 16, ORIENTAL PLACE,
Dec. 12, 1887.

DEAR PEN, — . . . Ain't I busy? The Great Slang Dic. 2dly A Great Dic. of Americanisms. 3. A Dic. of Yiddish, Gypsy, Pidgin, etc. 4thly, Proofs of "Practical Education." 5. A new series of Art Manuals — involving an awful lot of drawing. 6. "Gypsy Tales," which my publisher hopes to get another man to take. And when all these are done, I have promised to translate a German novel!

I met Herman Merivale yesterday; he wants me to work with him to get up a Gypsy play. I hear of you more in the newspapers all the time. Why don't you write a velocipeding novel? The tips are all in that book by the fellow who went round the world and in your own — you could bring in all the sights in the world. Pursued by Brigands ; Escaping a Prairie Fire ; Running Away from a Lion, — of course the

hero first invents a marvellous tricycle. The sooner you make it up the better. . .

BRIGHTON, Dec. 23d, 1887.

. . . And my "Practical Education" is *printed*. All I ever wrote in all my life is a grain of dust to it. It may not be understood now — but when I am no more, it will live in some form. *Vedreta!* . . . [Others thought so too. I quote again from York Powell's obituary notice: "His views on education I have not to do with here, but I may spend a line in recording my belief in the soundness of their tendency, and to notice that the opinion of experts, both here and on the Continent, is in their favour."]

BRIGHTON, May 12th, 1888.

We are getting ahead with the Slang Dictionary. I wrote to Dr. Holmes, offering him £20 to write something in the Yankee dialect, and hope to get a lot of contributions.

If you can think of anything American which could go into the work pray tell me. I intend to have at the end a collection of American recipes for pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce, and a few other national dishes. *Suggest some.* I

want Creole-French contributions — Canadian ditto — everything of the kind. I am putting in the old nigger songs — the "Star-Spangled Banner," etc.

What kinds of folk-lore can you think of?

In the *main*, it will be a dictionary like Bartlett's — but there will be a wider range, more anecdotes and poems — and a great deal more etymology — Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and Dutch. It will be a deeper and a broader book.

LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON, June 9th, 1888.

Enclosed, please find a letter to Cable (not by wire). I have offered him $50. Read the letter. I think it fair, but I would give him something more rather than lose him. If you *think* that $50 will fetch him, well and good. If he has only at hand any vocabulary of Creole French, or any collection of stories or poems in it, he can make the contribution up out of hand. Or he can get any friend to do it all and revise it, and see that it is all right. Pray write to him and try to interest him.

LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON, June 24, 1888.

The cycling defs. are first rate. You and J—— could save yourself trouble and time

and make copy faster by increasing the size and number of your quotations. . . . Sling in a great deal of poetry.

I was at Mrs. Trübner's to dine yesterday. There was

Sinnett, the Theosophist,
Mrs. H. W. Burnett,
Genevieve Ward,
Mrs. L. C. Moulton,
The man who wrote that queer novel about Venus [Anstey],
Pretty Miss Hall,

And several more — every one a book-maker. And being all shop, we got on very well. I had a long talk on Theosophy with Sinnett, who talks very well and clearly.

Whenever you can contrive to tell *why* a word is so-called, do so. *E. g.* Bicycle, from *bis*, notice as shown in such words as bi-normal, bi-ennial, and cycle. Mark all your quotations l. c. to show that they are to be set in smaller type.

Don't let all this bother you.

FREYBERG'S HOTEL, HOMBURG V. D. HÖHE,
Aug. 13th, 1888.

I have just received your letter, and an hour before it the awful news that my publisher,

May, was probably drowned about ten days ago. He went, with a friend in the Isle of Wight, out in a small boat, and stood 5 miles out to sea. Night and storm came, and nothing has since been heard from them. This is bad enough. He had only just about a month since become the proprietor and head of the Whittaker firm. Now everything is in confusion, for nobody knows who is his legal successor. Mr. Bell of Bohn's was always supposed to back him, and he writes to me the news. I am awfully shocked by it. May was very ambitious, and he had great faith in me. And we had such a number of books projected. I do not know how long we may remain here. Your Aunt is getting better but slowly — the place is pleasant.

I can't write any more. This news is too much for me. I received Col. Higginson's articles. They were of immense value and interest to me. I at once wrote, imploring him to contribute, or to touch them over for the Dictionary.

HOMBURG, Sept. 1, 1888.

DEAR PEN, — When I'm in trouble, you are always there, and your letter was a great comfort to me. However the clouds are breaking and things look better. I think that Mr. Bell,

the publisher, will carry the Dictionary through — he only wants a few months to square accounts. I am glad to learn that the Thames was a success. . . . Deutsch is getting to be second nature with me here. I can talk with the peasants as easily as with anybody. I have twice walked 6½ *Stunde* in one day (a *Stunde* is 4½ miles — *vide* the glossary to "Hans Breitmann"). So I have talked much with the Pheasants. You would be amazed to hear your Aunt talk. It is Pidgin, but she has access to a shilling vocabulary and really talks! Dot ist de most woondervoll ding as nefer was. I am preparing a new edition of Breitmann with additions, to be dedicated to the late N. Trübner — also at work on a collection of Gypsy sorcery, spells, charms, and fortune-telling. It will be full of folk-lore. Your Aunt is much better as regards walking, but still suffers a great deal with gout — sometimes her hands are swelled up. Nothing the matter with me but a complete loss of appetite. I don't care to eat *anything* except breakfast. I can't understand it. I have bought 3 oz. of quinine tinct., with bitter orange bark. They keep it here for the English. The Germans use it so little that it is not in their pharmacopœia. . . .

Such a lovely book just from America — "Les Chansons Populaires de Canada," with the airs. Another on the popular names of birds, and a third on Indian dialects. I shall give several Canadian French songs in my Dictionary. They are simply charming.

C'était un vieux sauvage,
Tout noir, tout barbouillé,
Ouich-ka!
Avec sa vielle couverte,
Et son sac à tabac,
Ouich-ka!
Ah ah — tenaouich — tenaga
Tenaouich, tenaga ouich-ka!

Is n't *that too* sweet!

We see the Prince of Wales very often and all kind of swells, and are getting to be "so d—d genteel," as the archbishop's wife said to the Queen, that I expect we shall soon expire altogether of sheer dignity.

The next letter is from Vienna, where his old friends, the Gypsies, need no new introduction. But the few words about "Werner" do not altogether express the pleasure the Rye had in meeting him, and the reason for it. He was Dr. Carl Werner, the authority on education, who had taken a keen interest in the

Philadelphia school, in the Washington pamphlet, in the lecture on Eye-Memory, the book on "Practical Education," and who was so frequent a correspondent — so welcome a correspondent, I might add — that his letters, of themselves, make a good-sized packet.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

18 Landesgerichtstrasse, Vienna,
Oct. 1st, 1888.

Dear Pen, — Here we are again in our old quarters, quite at home. Your poor Aunt Belle still suffers very much with gout, especially in her hands. Homburg did her very little good. We had sauerkraut and sausages for lunch to-day, especially on my account. My appetite is better than it has been for months and I get enough to gratify it. I wish you were here to loaf with us, for Vienna is a city of *cafés* and beer houses — and I can every day find a band of Gypsies who would worship you. I went out to my old haunt, the Czardas *café* in the Prater. And when the dark Bohemian-faced head waiter saw me, he cried in amazement *Pane Leland!* (which proved him to be a Bohemian), and a Gypsy by his side ejaculated *Baro devlis!* And in ten minutes I had the whole set round me

at a table, every one with a double glass of beer, talking. By and by they began to play, and oh! my Pen — *how* they played the bird song for me! I never in my life was so charmed with music. It was a regular spree and cost me $2. To be sure, my friend the head-waiter cheated me immensely as usual — but I had the money's worth. One man, as soon as he spoke, hummed two tunes which he had heard me hum once two years ago!

I have written a long article in German on Folk-lore for the "Ethnologische Mittheilungen" and have just sent off a poem to the "Fliegende Blätter." Elizabeth, I am very much afraid that your uncle is coming out as a distinguished German poet and essayist. I send you a copy of the poem and beg you to note the lines, —

> Er sang wie die grausame Liebe,
> Persönlich das Herz zerbricht.

I have half finished a book on Gypsy Sorcery, etc., and am promised a mine of material in Budapest, where I hope to be in a month. My friend Prof. Herrmann is overjoyed at expecting to see me.

I have had a regular stunning 2 column almost article in the "N. Y. Tribune," review of my "Practical Education." Such out and out praise

— and it was wonderfully well written. Also the "School Journal" praised me as I never was praised before — I have given kreutzers to beggars ever since.

It is funny to feel so much at home as I do here in this far distant town. Vienna seems half way to the East, and there is an office here for Constantinople. I met a solemn, stupid, old Turk going along a day or two ago in full Oriental dress. I am doing a little at the Bohemian language. *Pepchra* means "it is beginning to rain" (which it *is*). One of my Gypsies speaks six languages, such as Croat, Slovak, Czech, Bulgarian, Serb, Magyar. What an awful investment of *Sprach-talent!* I dare say you would find out in five minutes that he and you had friends in common.

We were in Salzburg, where I saw Werner. He has a pleasant face and a good kind heart, and a nice innocent old German wife — as naïve and kind as can be. You would like the family very much. The town is very picturesque and has a fine Museum. There was also open a very large loan collection of antiquities. In the archbishop's old palace there were two chambers of torture. We saw in Munich an awful collection of instruments for torture. Also the Exhibi-

tion of Art work and of Pictures. In Salzburg, I saw seven iron monuments — over the seven wives of one man — and he had tickled them all to death. The peasants all round Salzburg wear the Tyrolese dress. There is no end to the beauty of the country, which is very mountainous. . . . There goes a horse hung all over with brass ornaments like coarse Oriental jewellery. You could run a dime museum with him in Philadelphia. . . .

The account of the visit to Budapest came from Paoli's Hotel, Florence, where he had settled down for the winter. He was far too deep in adventure to write from Budapest itself. I doubt if any people, in reading this account, would imagine, from the zest with which he enjoyed everything, that it was written by a man of sixty-four. He may have lost his appetite for food, but never for "adventure."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL — FLORENCE, 1888.

An English lady told me a day or two ago that she believed I was the Wandering Jew — ever going on — always in new adventure. Yes — 't is even so: *ohne Rast, ohne Ruh.* And I have

such a budget to unfold! I pass over the Gypsies in Vienna and the meeting of old friends, etc. But at Budapest I had a grand campaign. On the second day, I was taken to the Roman ruined city of Acquaquintum by the Danube to see a really wonderful mosaic representing wrestlers. "That thing to the left," said the *custos*, "represents an *ampulla*. But what that is to the right, neither Pulszky, nor Hampel, nor the devil himself can tell." Then I spoke and said, "I am not the devil — but I say they are *strigiles* — or implements used in baths to scrape the skin." There were three archæologists present, and the next day it was in the newspapers that a great American archæologist, "a man of imposing stature with a long grey waving beard," had solved the great question!

Then the greatest Folk-Lore Society in the world, with 14 subdivisions, was founded (Hungarian, Armenian, Yiddish, Gypsy, Wallach, Croat, Serb, Spanish, etc.), and I was the first member nominated.

Then the Ethnological Society gave me a reception, wherein Prof. Herrmann delivered an address all about me and my works and glorified me as the President of the British Gypsy-Lore Society — I did not (fortunately) under-

stand a word of it, as it was in Hungarian, but it must have been very touching, to judge from the admiration of your uncle which was expressed.

Finally, I found my system of the Minor Arts in 50 public schools in Hungary, and it is usually recognised there now as mine. And I succeeded in inducing a few very intelligent and able men who had already read my "Practical Education" to study it and form a body with a view of testing the whole system.

Now there is a Miss Carruthers in Pisa who has an Evangelical School of 175 Italian children. And she has made some efforts to bring industrial art into it. So she wrote to me in America for hints and the letter returned to me in Vienna. Then I wrote to her that I meant to be for a long time in Florence hard by, and I would work myself with her. There is an immense field here. . . . I wonder where all our wandering will end. I could almost live in Florence. I felt that my last 6 months in Italy were almost wasted — but now I have a prospect to do good in the schools. . . .

He did live, not almost, but altogether in Florence, as it turned out, and he accomplished

there much good, though not exactly of the kind expected. It was this winter he was initiated into the Witch-Lore of the Romagna, an initiation that was to bear fruit in a whole series of books, — "Etruscan Roman Remains" (1892), published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, "The Legends of Florence" and "Aradia," published by Mr. Nutt (1895–1896), "The Legends of Virgil" (1901), published by Mr. Eliot Stock. In his prowls about Florence he had met, by chance, a woman whom he always called Maddalena when he wrote of her, so that I hesitate to give her real name, and Maddalena she will remain. I say the meeting was by chance, but I should be more exact if I said it could not be helped, the Rye, as was once written of him, really having "something of Burton in his delight in natural human beings other than the ordinary frock-coated, tall-hatted, high-heeled European types."

Among his manuscript notes I find a description of Maddalena as "a young woman who would have been taken for a Gypsy in England, but in whose face, in Italy, I soon learned to know the antique Etruscan, with its strange mysteries, to which was added the indefinable glance of the Witch. She was from the Romagna Toscana, born in the heart of its unsurpassingly

wild and romantic scenery, amid cliffs, headlong torrents, forests, and old legendary castles. I did not gather all the facts for a long time, but gradually found that she was of a witch family, or one whose members had, from time immemorial, told fortunes, repeated ancient legends, gathered incantations and learned how to intone them, prepared enchanted medicines, philtres, or spells. As a girl, her witch grandmother, aunt, and especially her stepmother brought her up to believe in her destiny as a sorceress, and taught her in the forests, afar from human ear, to chant in strange prescribed tones, incantations or evocations to the ancient gods of Italy, under names but little changed, who are now known as *folletti*, *spiriti*, *fate*, or *lari* — the *Lares* or household goblins of the ancient Etruscans." When Maddalena was in Florence, the Rye saw her constantly. When she left Florence on her mysterious errands, she wrote often, sending him legends and incantations and odd news of the witches her friends; her letters and manuscripts rival in bulk the letters and manuscripts, with news of the Red Indian, from Louis Mitchell. She introduced the Rye to other witches and women endowed with strange power, — for one, that Marietta, often quoted, who improvised as only an Italian can.

MADDALENA, A FLORENTINE "WITCH"

The little handbills of many a Florentine palmist, or fortune-teller, make crude green or red splotches on the pages of the "Memoranda," where they are preserved as documents of importance. He lived in witchcraft, as he had lived in Romany years before. "I love occulta, without faith in the supernatural, because they are curious or romantic," he confided to the pages of the "Memoranda;" and in another place: "19 parts of 20 of the pleasure in the study of Witchcraft is the pure sense of mystery and strangeness — the delight of listening to an old fairy-tale, or of being in fairy-land. And Humour is blended with it — the vivid sense of contrast, contradiction, and, — dear delight! — of being taken out of this neat-handed five-o'clock tea Philistia of a common *comm'ondit* world." After the Gypsy, I do not think anything in his life absorbed, enthralled him as did the witches of Florence, — a fact which his letters from now onwards reveal with eloquence. It is easy to realise, therefore, his despair when, on the eve of such strange things as had never hitherto befallen him, he fell ill. The rest is best told in his own words.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE,
March 26th, 1889.

DEAR PEN, — I was taken ill on Jan. 7th, and since then I have only been able to go out for 2 weeks. I had at first 2 weeks in bed with very great pain and suffering, gout and throat. But three weeks ago I was attacked with gout in my left wrist, and *this* time my sufferings have been very great, in all my life nothing so bad. My left wrist pains me all the time as I write, but at night it becomes very bad. But I'm better than I was. It is just now not possible to write with ink in bed, with only one hand, so I must use a pencil. It is very hard, as I have a great deal of work pressing on me. When I am well, I collect Witch lore here in Florence, and just now I am losing a great deal. It is quite an unexplored field, and stranger than gypsying. A little while ago, I had given me, as a great Witch secret, a paper, "How to make the Tree of Diana." It is a mixture of chemicals to make a kind of foliage appear in a bottle. I had known it ever since I was a small boy, and so asked where the *witch-craft* came in? when I was told that Diana was the grand *Magia* or Queen of the Witches! Sure

enough, in an Italian book 300 years old, she appears as the Queen of the Witches. Hecate is the same as Diana, the Queen of the Moon and Night. One could make no end of articles out of my witch friends.

What made illness harder to endure in patience was that proofs of the "Slang Dictionary" were mounting up; promised articles for the Gypsy and the American Folk-Lore Journals were waiting to be written; a "Manual of Wood-Carving" was being clamoured for by the publisher; only the last chapters of the "Gypsy Sorcery" needed revision and the book would be finished. "Three months really lost is hard to bear," he wrote to me at the end of April. But for one great gain these months were also responsible, — the beginning of a correspondence that was to be one of the most voluminous of his later years. Miss Mary Alicia Owen of St. Joseph, Missouri, then unknown to him, but since known to everybody as authoress of "Old Rabbit the Voodoo," had sent him an Indian tale, impelled thereto, he must have thought, by his "Angel of the Odd." It was the best sort of introduction to a man of his tastes, and also the best sort of tonic. Despite his feebleness, he acknowledged it at once.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE,
April 21, 1889.

DEAR MISS OWEN, — I have been for six weeks so ill as to have been even looking in at the door of death, and can now only write with incredible difficulty in a forced hand, I am so weak. But I have been so pleased with your kindness in sending me that charming little Indian story (it is *quite* Indian), and so much delighted with it, that I "exercise my first effort" almost in thanking you.

If you can get any more stories, sayings, peculiar remedies, rhymes, etc., Indian or negro or even white, I would be very grateful indeed. I am writing a great American Dictionary (a 2 guinea book) and am trying hard to collect queer words, phrases, rhymes, charms, in short, folk-lore of all kinds — country people's usages, jokes, etc., and I beg all my friends to help me.

I have just received with your letter another asking me for my autograph. I replied that it was out of my power — I could only send a curious variation on it. So I remain, what there is left of me, Yours truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

By June, he had got so far toward recovery that he was working as hard as ever, or harder, and his next letter to Miss Owen was written from the deepest depths of witchcraft — though not so deep that he could forget to offer the help of his advice and experience, always ready for those in whom he saw possibilities.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

FLORENCE, June 7th, 1889.

DEAR MISS OWEN, — I have received with very great pleasure your charming and valuable MS. of Indian folk-lore, — I enjoyed it more than you perhaps imagine. When you say that you could *really* collect *hundreds* of pages of stories — charms, etc., "my heart leaped up with anxious joy." I have been living here in Florence in an atmosphere of witchcraft and sorcery, engaged in collecting songs, spells, and stories of sorcery, so that I was amused to hear the other day that an eminent scholar said that I could do well at folk-lore, but that I had too many other irons in the fire.

Never neglect to write down any story whatever, however feeble or uninteresting or petty or *repeated* it may seem. Some detail which may not strike you may be the missing link to

a stupendous chain of discovery. . . . But I must tell you that while these stories which you so kindly send me, delight me beyond measure, and will be used by me with gratitude some time — you are doing yourself a great wrong by not sending them to the "Folk-Lore Journal," which would gratefully receive them, or not making a book, which you are quite able to do very well indeed. If you care to do the former, I will give you a note of introduction to the editor, if the latter, I will write you an introduction or aid you in any way I can. You can't make much money by it — but such a book gives a name now that folk-lore is all the fashion. . . .

I am more pleased with these gifts [stories] than you imagine. If I thought less of them I would try to get them for myself, but you must not lose in this way the credit which such a work will bring. Make for yourself a list of subjects such as —

Stories, jests, anecdotes.

Odd expressions.

Superstitions.

Charms, including words uttered, customs, as spitting on money, etc.

Songs, proverbs.

Recipes of all kinds.
Medicine.

There is a list published by Folk-Lore Societies, and I dare say Mr. Newell will send it to you. I shall go ere long to the Folk-Lore convention to be held in Paris. Then, from Sep. 1st to Sep. 15th, to Copenhagen and Christiania, Norway, to the Congress of Oriental Scholars. . . .

These two congresses were the chief events of the summer of 1889, and they have had their place in the story of his adventures as Romany Rye. Two letters will bridge over the distance, of place and time, between Florence and Paris.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

AIX-LES-BAINS, June 28th, 1889.

DEAR PEN, — Here I am in what is to me a *benglo* [devilish] dull place, and worse than dull, as it is swell, fashionable, silly, and noisy. However, your Aunt is being benefited by massage and sulphurous baths, douching. She wanted me to try it, but I could not be indouched to try it, or sedouched.

While it is as dull here as dish-water, I get a letter from my fortune-teller in Florence, in-

closing several MS. poems and tales of witchcraft — and telling me, among other piquant things, that there has come to Florence an old Gypsy witch, whose intimacy she has cultivated, and promises me an Italian witch ballad. I dare say it will be improvised between them, but I don't care. One thing is very amusing — my collector of folk-lore can't for her life understand why there should be *any* difference between witch songs and stories, etc., and anything "literary," if the latter contains allusions to sorcery. Hence the MS. collection which she has made contains several pages from Dante — God only knows where she got them! — and the entire story of "Blue Beard." I could not make her understand why it was not what I wanted — she had taken it all down from an old witch and the pair probably believed it implicitly — *all* mixed up with unearthly and precious folk-lore. We expect to go to Geneva in about a week, and so on to Paris, then to Copenhagen, etc., etc. Goethe says that what we desire in youth, we get in excess when old — as far as travel goes, I agree with him.

Perhaps I should preface the next letter by the information that "your Voodoo" is King

Alexander, a high-priest of Voodooism who figures in much of the correspondence with Miss Owen.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

GENEVA, July 22d, 1889.

. . . Tell your Voodoo that this letter is from a great conj'ror who was intimate in Africa with the black Takroori Voodoos who conjure with Arabic books. Tell him that I know how to use *ivory rod* and *cresses* and have the *forty-nine poisons of Obeah*, and have touched the green serpent, and know more charms than any man living. Tell him that you can keep the great secret of life and death and making people *mad*, and that *I* recommend you to him. Tell him I have a king's stool from Dahomey and get *the root* from Dongola, and that he must teach you Voodoo and tie you a chicken's breast bone with red wool, and I will send him a *Voodoo stone* from Africa and the black book of Wisdom.

If you read this solemnly you will probably extract some valuable information. Tell him that I am a Master and that he must teach you all the secrets, till I come, and that you must be given *the Great Oath*.

You are in a rich field and must cultivate it. I have recently made acquisition of a Turkish conjuror's tambourine full of strange characters, also of two mystical magical wooden images of the 14th century, about 14 inches high. There is a *great* field in Voodoo, if you don't stick at trifles and show yourself too good to poison people or break all the commandments — for it is an extremely illuminated faith and admits great freedom. Cherish your old negro as you would a grandfather, and say I will send him secrets and gifts worth having if he obeys the Master and teaches you well. . . .

What the Rye got out of Romany in his journey to Sweden, I have written; what he got out of Voodooism, he wrote to Miss Owen after he had returned to his old quarters at Brighton, laden with early editions of the Sagas, over which he was hard at work. "Since I returned from Scandinavia," he told Mr. MacRitchie, "I have rarely missed reading Icelandic Sagas of an evening. I have them in Icelandic with *old* Swedish or Latin versions, and I find a great deal to make me take a great interest in your *very* remarkable articles. But who *were* the real little men? The Danes and Lowland

Scotch, who are more Danish than Celtic, are short, broad-shouldered and very strong." I have a great pile of these books brought back as spoils from Scandinavia. But the philological exercises they offered him could not overshadow the more powerful claims of witchcraft. I should preface the letter to Miss Owen by the explanation that she was already enriching him with various Voodoo charms, of which none was ever to be more prized by him than the famous Black Stone.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

BRIGHTON, Oct. 22d, 1889.

. . . I must tell you that King Alexander's fetich has been working the most delightful miracles. Firstly: To go from Stockholm to Copenhagen, we had 400 Orientalists, a night's railway journey, and only about 30 places in the sleeping cars. And I had hardly ever spoken to the Secretary, who was a hard, grim, *dour* man. However, I invoked the little spirit and put him in my pocket. Mrs. Leland went with me and asked for our tickets — only expecting, of course, common seats, as the sleeping cars were reserved for the magnates. What was our *fainting amazement* when Count Landberg volunteered us a

compartment in a sleeping car. *The Spirit had spoken!*

From Christiania to Gottenburg — the same thing, but more marvellous. I again invoked the spirit, and this time Count Landberg said he had only *one* ticket, but calling a stately Oriental in turban, etc., made him disgorge *his* ticket! We were absolutely awed at such good fortune.

Und noch weiter, on the steamboat to England Mrs. Leland found that a diamond worth perhaps $40 or $50 had fallen from her ring, probably while asleep in her berth. The whole stateroom was overhauled in vain. I invoked the spirit and I predicted its recovery. A few days after, here in Brighton, she found it loose at the bottom of her travelling bag. And I had another invocation to find a friend who I was confidentially assured had left Brighton. One day I invoked the spirit, and he bade me follow two girls on the other side of the way. I did so for some distance, when I met my friend, who had just returned to Brighton; I might have been here a year without doing so. . . .

As for my little spirit, I can only say, Blessings on him and on her who sent him to me.

With regards to King Alexander — and love to all around. . . .

Other wonders the fetich accomplished in the course of the year, as he wrote to me from time to time. But two charms it could not work. In the autumn of 1889 and the early winter of 1890, the "Dictionary of Slang" was threatened with a greater disaster than the drowning of Mr. May, and an American who had proposed to adopt and spread the Rye's system of education failed to fulfil his agreement. Both affairs were the cause of real sorrow and distress to the Rye, both were so regrettable that, were it not for their effect upon him at the time, I should try to forget them altogether. For a moment, it looked as if the "Dictionary of Slang," upon which he had expended so much thought and care and labour, would drag him into the law courts. There had been unavoidable confusion after the death of Mr. May, and when the first volume was published it happened that, by some misunderstanding for which the Rye was not responsible, much was left in that was to have been left out. Timid collaborators, who did not know what might be the result if their names appeared in connection with the publication under these conditions, shifted all responsibility upon him and Mr. Barrère. It was the more of a shock to him because the first intimation,

made with no great friendliness, came from a man whom he had hitherto thought a good friend. The excitement proved unnecessary. There was no difficulty, no dragging of anybody into law courts. The dictionary was published, privately, in 1889, and, in a revised edition, in 1897. Timidity had exaggerated a harmless mistake into an alarming offence. But it was terribly unpleasant while it lasted. The American affair hurt him more acutely, — a tragedy it seems, as I look over the mass of correspondence on the subject. That is why I say about it no more than is necessary to make clear the allusions in the following letters: —

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

BRIGHTON, Jan. 23d, 1890.

. . . I have just discovered within a few hours the manifest origin of the word *sockdolager*. It is plainly the Icelandic *Saŭk dolger*, which, while it means a bad business, is also translated a duel or attack — *i. e.*, a bad lick. —— would at once hem and haw and deny it. He made an ass in folio (1st edition) of himself once. I had declared that the Babylonian-Ninevite sorcery was Accadian — *i. e.* Altaic. But Mr. —— assured me that that theory was all exploded because he had

heard that somebody had said so. Now Sayce and Oppert are the greatest living Assyriologists, and when I asked Oppert in his room at Stockholm if this was true, he really danced with rage and said that only a mere *madman* or fool could have imagined such a thing. Then, converting in his mind's eyes the two panels of the door into two Assyrian tablets, he proceeded to paint on one an Accadian inscription and on the other an Assyrian, and I was so overwhelmed with his *élan* that I really thought I saw [here follows a row of hieroglyphics] of every description. And Sayce, who is a gentleman, used exactly the same words. Logical deduction

—— = lunatic + fool.

This is a little severe, but a muskito should n't buck against elephants. . . .

Do you write your book just as you write to me. *Don't let, however, your Skepticism be too manifest*, though I counsel you to be as droll as you can. People can always do their own doubting now-a-days. . . . I am inclined to write my book on Italian Sorcery from the standpoint of a *true believer*. But all magic is only the marvellous and inexplicable — and a growing cabbage — or flirtation and its consequences — or why a glass of wine exhilarates is as hard to under-

stand as congerin'. Thank you for the rabbit's foot *much*.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

BRIGHTON, March 17th, 1890.

. . . I return very sincere thanks for the rabbit's foot. That you put your foot in it when you sent this last letter is to me a great source of delight. My Museum is becoming worthy of a professional Voodoo. By the way, I have just received a letter from ——, in which he says he has a communication from you and is glad to have my opinion — I suppose of you. —— says he don't believe in an organised body of Voodoos! Well, this is a fact, anyhow, that they have *an agent in Liverpool*, who has one in Alexandria, Egypt, and he obtains for them from the interior of Africa ivory-root, cresses (a kind of drug) and other poisons. . . .

One finds on the seashore — within 100 yards of where I sit, a great many stones with holes in them. "Odin stones." Hang one up at your bed's head and you can never have the nightmare, and they keep off evil influences. I picked up a few and gilded them, and find they are very acceptable presents. They look just like gold nuggets.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

BRIGHTON, May 10th, 1890.

DEAR PEN, — We shall be in London in a few days. I anticipate great joy and benefit from the change. I have suffered lately, mentally and nervously, as I perhaps never did before in my life, owing to the conduct of the man in America who has my Education Scheme in hand. The constant worrying on one thing produced sleeplessness, vertigo, and spinal pains — aggravated by last year's illness. . . . But I feel better, and hope that when we come, you will, even at some trouble, try to give me as much company as you can for a while, for this lonely life here is horrible.

Fortunately I was in London that spring, and so able to be much with him. In July, he went to Homburg, and two of the letters he wrote from there to Miss Owen are so many more proofs of how he could forget himself for others. In her trouble, he was eager to point the way to the one source of comfort he had found in his darkest hours; to help her in her literary venture, he could lay aside his own.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOMBURG-LES-BAINS, July 23d, 1890.

DEAR MISS OWEN, — It is truly with grief I learn that a great loss has befallen you. As regards terrible bereavements there is but one thing to do wisely — to draw nearer to those who remain or whatever is near and dear to us in life, and love them the more, and become gentler and better ourselves, making more of what is left. There are people who wail and grieve incessantly and neglect the living to extravagance. It seems always as if they attracted further losses and deeper miseries. Weak and simple minds grieve most, — melancholy becomes a kind of painful indulgence, and finally a deadly habit. Work is the great remedy. I think a great deal of the old Northern belief that if we lament too much for the dead, they cannot rest in their graves and are tormented by our tears. It is a pity that the number of our years is not written on our foreheads when we are born. . . .

Keep up your heart, work hard, live in hope, write books, make a name, study — there is a great deal in you. As in China — we ennoble the dead by ennobling ourselves.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOMBURG V. D. HÖHE, Aug. 1st, 1890.

DEAR MISS OWEN, — I have received, read, and been enraptured with the beginning of your Missouri Volk (*Folk*, I mean, but I'm in Germany now) Lore. If I had *all* the book and you desired it, I would write an introduction for you. As it is, I set down a few points to use in case you write your own.

The first book ever written on its plan is the "Evangile des Convilles" (Quenouilles), the Evangel of the Distaffs, a very rare little black-letter French book of the 15th century, in which a number of old women assembled, discuss popular superstitions and tell stories — all just as your old women do. Both are alike in their genial humour and natural, easy style.

Call earnest attention to the fact that your work differs much from the Brer Rabbit stories, in being a carefully made collection of Folk-Lore, and that it is not intended to be merely a story book. It is a great pity that your story in the "Journal" will suggest to so many people a simple imitation of Brer Rabbit and Remus.

I could have wished that your old women had been white Missouri folk, peasants in fact,

although we don't call our people such even when they are far more illiterate, etc., than the average German *Bauer*.

Point out the many points of identity between these tales and those of the Indians. *E. g.*, Indians will not tell stories in summer because they are then always hunting, fishing, or working and it either interferes with employment or sleep which is then so needful. . . .

The 15th August will be my birthday. Do send me a charm for a present. My medicine bag which hangs up by me contains a choice variety now. . . . Remember that your Missouri negro-English is *difficult* for many Americans to understand, and almost a foreign tongue to English readers. Be liberal with translations. . . .

I must give at least a paragraph of a letter, virtually a postscript to the above, written to Miss Owen a few days afterwards, so much in it is there of that side of the Rye which few but his friends knew.

"Firstly, this morning I received and read your MSS. concerning a Goose, etc. I did not think you could do better than —

"(I had got so far when Mme. Leland came in

with the news that there was a Hungarian Gypsy band playing over in the Kursaal Gardens opposite. So I went and listened and interviewed them, and return to say) — That this 2nd chapter is *better* than the first, and worthy of admiration in every bar of the whole composition. And verily I say unto you, Mary — that even if this work could not be published (*Dii avertice omen !*) it would be a great triumph to have written it. It is replete with shrewd observations of folk-lore, it is inspired with real humour, it is concise and strong. So God bless it and you, and may you both 'Go It'!"

CHAPTER XVIII

IN FLORENCE

When the Rye left Homburg that autumn (1890), it was again to journey southward. Florence, without his realising it, had become his home. Something more than the climate drew him back there year after year. He had got to love the town where there was not an old street or an old house, an old church or an old tower, without its legend for him. His was not the Florence of the artist or the historian, much less of the tourist. Stories of the spirits that haunted it were more to him than the traditions of men who had made its fortunes or artists who had made its fame. He prized the old barrows about the Signoria far above the galleries which were cheapened for him by the correct raptures of the tourist. His chief friends were among the witches. His chief amusement was bargaining with the second-hand dealers for old vellum-covered books, and then patching and repairing and decorating them once he got them home; or in pottering about the old

curiosity shops, where, as he wrote to Miss Owen, "I buy 14th century Madonnas on gold grounds for a franc — and then have such a lovely time restoring them;" and, in the "Memoranda," "I like to pick up battered old mediæval relics for a trifle, because I enjoy mending them up, which is not strange, for the author of 'Mending and Repairing.' In fact, it is a passion." The "Memoranda," throughout the nineties, refer continually to the rare old volumes picked up for a song. One day it is, "Bought the 'Sei Giornate' of *M. Sebastian Frizzo* [?], Venice, 1567, for 4 sous;" another, "Bought of late from the hand cart of a perambulating bookseller many old works, some for 2 soldi but most of them for 4 sous. Among them is Dante's 'Convito,' a small quarto;" and, a few days after, "Found out all about my Dante's 'Convito.' It is the rare first edition of 1490 and was printed in Florence by Francesco Buonaccorsi, Sep. 22. A good copy has sold for 150 francs." And then, it is a "beautifully written MS. 'History of Florence,' of about 1650, parchment bound, for 4 sous, but found to belong to the Liceo Dante and honestly returned;" or again, "a curious and extremely rare book, 'La Science Curieuse ou

Traité de la Chyromanie,' Paris, 1695, *rarissimo*," and a Boccaccio *de Mulieribus* for 2 francs, complete; "saw the same work yesterday at Franchi's, several first pages and last page gone, for 20 francs." But I cannot name them all. After his death, the most curious and valuable were collected together and presented by Mrs. Harrison to the Pennsylvania Museum of Industrial Art.

Every book on his shelves, every Madonna on his walls, was a new rivet in the chain that held him to Florence. "Glad indeed was I to see the old faces, and our rooms, and the *bric-à-brac!*" was his note, in the "Memoranda" of his home-coming one September. "Concerning the comfort and companionability of which latter, I could write a book. These old books, and bits of carving, etc., are unto me of importance far beyond their artistic or pecuniary value. If I were a stranger in a strange city — and rich — I would just buy out the first *bric-à-brac* shop — omitting the Rococo — Louis XIV, XV, XVI trash — and furnish my sitting-room with it. Then I would be at home. I get on very well with cheap things — if valuable in ideas or really 'curious' — and I hate antiques valued by money, such as

compose the great Jew pawnbroker collection in Frankfurt." There is another passage as eloquent, in a letter to Miss Owen, referring to a silver cross he felt he could not afford: "I suffer as much from want of that cross as a poor man suffers from want of bread. What children we all are with our toys!"

The little room he loved, with the Madonnas on their gold ground covering the walls, and the vellum-covered volumes piled high on every shelf, seemed so a part of himself that no one who saw him in it can easily forget the picture he made as he sat there. The years had only added a new dignity to the great frame, and marked the face with finer and more expressive lines; the beard was almost white; the mystery had deepened in the brooding blue eyes. I used to think he looked like some old prophet, at work among the pictures and books of long ago.

At first in Florence, he went out a little. In the "Memoranda," for a while, such notes as the following are frequent: "Went to 5 o'clock tea at the Peruzzi's and Story's. Talked a long time with W. W. Story. He himself spoke of Walt Whitman not admiringly. He did not like his broken, rugged form of verse." "Dined

at Mrs. Grigg's and met W. W. Story, who, in a long conversation, told me many interesting anecdotes of W. Savage Landor, Browning, Pope Pius IX, and several Boston celebrities, — Emerson, Holmes, Ticknor, etc. He was very gay, but I fear is somewhat broken of late." Or else the entries are of dinners with Professor Fiske up at the Villa Landor, and breakfasts with Mr. Frank Macaulay, an old Philadelphia friend. He saw many of the innumerable Americans and English who were always coming and going. "Dudley Warner," he says on one page, "is passing the winter with Fiske. He has been twice to see me;" on another, "Mr. White, Ex-President of Cornell University, then Minister to Russia, has been here in the Hotel Victoria for several weeks." Mark Twain, R. W. Gilder, Bishop Doane, Harry Wilson, Sir John Elgar, Oscar Browning, G. A. Sala, are some of the other familiar names figuring in the "Memoranda." But notes of the kind were fewer as time went on. He reserved his strength for his work, and his work was his chief amusement. "Are there any men with average brains who are not always at work?" he asks in the "Memoranda." "I really cannot enter into or understand the nature of a man

who can idle away time. I know that there are such beings, but I cannot grasp their minds. When I am not reading or writing — and I always read with a view to turning it to literary — *i. e.* mental — account in some way, or working it up, I am designing, or carving wood, or making art work, and in doing all this I am experimenting on subjects to write about. There is some amusement in *art* work, but I should never touch it if the amusement were all." The only time he read for relaxation was in the evening after dinner, when he went through, I do believe, every book published on scientific subjects, which always fascinated him, as well as all the new novels, which amazed him, for he never got used to the modern novel.

He made his home in a hotel — Paoli's, the Bellini, and, for the nine last years, the Victoria — because it left him freer to move from Florence if, and when, he chose, and because it relieved himself and his wife from smaller anxieties and household cares. But hotel life is not the most conducive to social pleasures, and I can see in the "Memoranda" how there grew upon him the feeling that "he who cannot give dinners should not accept them, and the man who pays with his presence, his com-

pany and wit, for expensive entertainment is no better than a prostitute. Young men, who believe there is real friendship in the case — or who do not reason at all in their wild pursuit of pleasure — are apt to forget this. But wiser and older men have no excuse. Is it any wonder that rich cads, prigs, snobs, fat-headed citizens, and the like think themselves the equals of, or superior to, poets, men of letters, or geniuses, when they see the latter so very willing to accept treats which they cannot return? If there were more social reserve and proper pride among men of genius, they would not make themselves so cheap as they do, and the result would be more respect for them and a far higher social position." This may be thought a morbid view, but it was his view, and he was consistent. As the years went on, he paid fewer visits, accepted fewer invitations, and, as he could not stand small talk or "chatter," saw only the friends he cared to see and talk to: friends like the Rev. J. Wood Brown, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Lister, who shared many of his tastes and interests. Mr. Brown was perhaps the most sympathetic companion of these last years, and his account of the beginning of the friendship is characteristic: "I like to think

of the day when I first met Mr. Leland," Mr. Brown wrote to me. "The excuse for my call — as a complete stranger — was a vellum MS. I had, and have, of Michael Scot the Wizard. I sent in my card 'to show a magical manuscript,' and in a moment stood in the room I afterwards came to know so well. I shall never forget the hearty greeting and the words 'You have come to the right shop:' it was the happy beginning of so much to me."

The Rye's time being devoted wholly to his work, he accomplished in his last ten years an amount that should be a reproach to many a youth who thinks himself industrious. Of what his work was, and of the joy he had in it, above all in the "Etruscan Roman Remains," "a marvellous curiosity," he calls it, his letters continue to be the most faithful chronicle.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, November, 1890.

KAMLI PEN, — I am very glad to get your letter, having no end of small gossip to impart. I am very busy. Firstly, I am translating *all* of Heine, a very congenial and easiest of easy tasks. 2d, I have 2 reviews to write for "Nature." 3rd, I have, to please and amuse myself, begun a

book on strange Beings, such as Nightmares, Stone Men, Headless Men, Tree Men, Smoke Men, etc., but a book *with* a purpose, to show the world how little difference there is between all religion of our time and old sorcery, etc. I am taking *great* pains to combine in it a serious philosophy of Folk-Lore with nice stories, new to all readers and all kinds of quaint and merry plays of my most peculiar style. The proofs have been coming of my "Gypsy Sorcery." — And I saw my fortune-teller yesterday, and got a witch ballad and some sorcery charms. I sent a translation of a long witch poem to the annual Congress of the American Folk-Lore Society to be held on Nov. 26th. . . . I am trying to get up a Folk-Lore society for Italy, and if they ever have one, don't you forget that I was the first to set it going, as I was in Hungary, where I was inscribed the very first member. . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, Jan., 1891.

CARA PEN, — *Cosa stupenda!* I have made such a discovery! It came all at once, and actually for a quarter of an hour I was dazed — flummuxed at it.

For I have found all the principal deities of

the Etruscans still existing as spirits or *folletti* in the Romagna. Thus Fufluns, Bacchus, is called *Faflon*. He is the spirit who dwells in vines and wine cellars. Two beautiful stories I have and an invocation or hymn to him.

Tinia. Jupiter. Exists as *Tinia*. He is the spirit of lightning. Also a fine hymn to him.

Mania. Exists as the nightmare.

Feronia. A malignant spirit.

Lares. In old Etruscan, *lases*. Spirits of ancestors. In Romagnola, Lasii.

In all these cases the informer did not know the Latin name — only the *Old Etruscan*. And much more, I have got spells identical with those in Marcellus. 4th Century. (Etruscan Roman) almost one a day.

I believe I am the *first* to find out this! To think of finding hymns to Jupiter and Bacchus — the *last real* ones on earth, and probably the first! — still sung.

It turns out that Maddalena was regularly *trained* as a witch. She said the other day, you can never get to the end of all this *Stregheria* — witchcraft. Her memory seems to be inexhaustible, and when anything is wanting she consults some other witch and always gets it. It is part of the education of a witch to learn endless

incantations, and these I am sure were originally Etruscan. I can't prove it, but I believe I have more old Etruscan poetry than is to be found in all the remains. Maddalena has written me herself about 200 pages of this folk-lore — incantations and stories. It is a good thing that she likes to collect and write.

Don't give this away. I wish you were here to help. Finding Shelta was a trifle to this.

Tiro noko koko,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

FLORENCE, March 5th, 1891.

CARA PEN, — I write with a milliner's maid and a porter sitting by me awaiting *la Signora* (*Viene*). I have a great deal to say. I have about concluded my great work on the Etruscan mythology and witchcraft, and I feel that I ought to offer it to Unwin first. It is a great work, as you know. And I don't like to write to him. This "Gypsy Sorcery" has been a hard pull for him, as I know. I want you to find out from him if he will try it. It can be illustrated in an entirely different style, Etruscan Roman, but it need not be illustrated at all, or it may be done in smaller form for less money. But it will be a *far*

better work than the G. S. To have found the whole Etruscan mythology alive *is* startling. . . . There was a great mob and riot in Milan day before yesterday caused by the *popolo* trying to kill a witch!

I never worked harder in my life than now — at finishing this book — translating Heine, reading proofs of Heine, etc. And the house is full of idle tourists who *can't* understand that a man is here who works, and that they can't drop in and talk rubbish for half an hour.

Love to Joseph and try to answer soon.

Tiro kamlo koko,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, March, 1891.

DEAR PEN, — . . . I have accomplished this so far eating peanuts and a mandarin orange whose pungent perfume is like a pomological epigram. Which sounds like Heine. Apropos of whom — here I light a cigar and feel very conversationable — I am writing by a wood fire — Mr. Heinemann, whom I should like you to know, has in hand the "Pictures of Travel," "Book of Songs," and another volume (proofs read), and I am working hard now on Heine's

great work, "Germany," and putting into it a thoroughness of work far beyond what I put into the translation of the "Pictures of Travel." I translate every line from the German and compare it with Heine's French version — which I would have been ashamed to make. And it is a fact, *miri Pen*, that I am younger and better at this kind of work than I was 30 years ago. It is far, far easier to me, for I have insensibly of late years been becoming so familiar with French, German, and Italian that I can jump at renderings of phrases as I never could before. I am sometimes rather astonished when I am running on in them to find *how* I find apt phrases for my ideas. Is it not strange that Italian is really the hardest of the three? But it *is;* Mrs. Peruzzi, daughter of W. Story, grew up from a child in Italy, yet her Italian is declared to be *far* from perfect. . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. MACRITCHIE

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, April 8, 1891.

DEAR MR. MACRITCHIE, — I never desired more to take a run than I now wish to go to Budapest and meet you, but it cannot absolutely be done, because Heinemann is pushing on at a great pace with the Heine books, and I

get proofs every day (yesterday twice), and the least delay would cause great trouble and waiting to the printers, &c. And as Heinemann has always been very kind and obliging, I must do all I can to help him. This translating *all* of Heine's works is a tremendous undertaking, and I thank God that it is extremely easy and congenial work.

I hope you will enjoy Budapest and see no end of Romanies, and Turkish Baths, and visit Aquascutum or whatever the old Roman town is called. Don't neglect to make Herrmann take you to see my old friend *Pal*, *i.e.* Paul Sumrack — pronounce shoomrack — and convey to him regards from my wife and from me. He is a charming man. Also a thousand greetings to Herrmann, Pulszky, Hampel, Therisch, Hunfalvy, and all who remember me.

I have in my excessive work neglected Herrmann of late. Pray pump him quietly and ascertain if there is anything which he would like to have me do for him in any way.

I am greatly delighted at what you tell me of the gentleman who went to the F. L. S. on account of having read my G. Sorcery, and of Mrs. Ivor Herbert. I have been convinced that the work, owing probably to its size and handsome appear-

ance, has attracted more general attention than I anticipated. Which is a great delight to me.

But ten times more remarkable is my MS. on the Tuscan Traditions and Florentine Folk Lore. I have actually not only found *all* of the old Etruscan gods still known to the peasantry of the Tuscan Romagna, but, what is more, have succeeded in proving thoroughly that they are still known. A clever young *contadino* and his father (of *witch family*), having a list of all the Etruscan gods, went on market days to all the old people from different parts of the country, and not only took their testimony, but made them write certificates that the Etruscan Jupiter, Bacchus, etc., were known to them. With these I have a number of Roman minor rural deities, &c.

I *am* sorry that I cannot come. I hope that you will take Florence in on your way round. And pray write to me as soon as you can and tell me what you see. Truly your friend,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, May 6th, 1891.

. . . I have been finishing my Etruscan book, but I get new things all the time. Such a tre-

mendous mass of stories, incantations, etc. !! But my steady work is on the translation of Heine. I have read the proof of his "Shakespeare's Women" and "Fragments," and have half finished "Germany," a work of nearly 800 pages, every page of 300 words, which is a heavy undertaking, for I have to compare every word of the German with the French which Heine wrote in part first. And on every page, there are passages or words in one not in the other, and these are all put into footnotes; in short, it is *double work*. . . .

The result of this was that when, toward the end of May, he had another severe attack of gout, he wrote to me, "And now every night, all night long, I dream I am translating — but without the original. The passages come into my mind — they are not Heine, but perfectly in his style and quite as good — at least I remember admiring some, but I don't remember any. Also — I never refer to a dictionary, nor pause for synonymes, nor do I ever write foot-notes — hence this dream work *wearies me more than the real labour itself*. This has gone on steadily all night ever since I was laid up, nearly 2 weeks ago.

"I had the same trouble 2 years ago, much

worse. I had been very anxious about the illustrations to my wood-carving, and the result was that I designed all night long. Though in great agony I dreaded the relief of sleep, for then I should have nothing but a succeeding torment of crotchets and finials. And what was worst was that the designs were all *fade* and commonplace!"

The same trouble was to return a few years later on, when the greatest sorrow of his life had driven him to overwork.

He got well over the gout in the spring and summer of 1891, as he travelled by easy stages — several weeks at Via Reggio, Geneva, Homburg — to London for his last visit there. He went on with his Heine wherever he stopped; he wrote a long poem in blank verse, "Magonia," never published; he began the editing of the "Life of Beckwourth" for Mr. Unwin's "Adventure Series." And, all the while, letters were flying between him and Miss Owen and myself. For the reason of his going to London was, first the Oriental Congress, and then the Folk-Lore Congress, which Miss Owen also was to attend, and he was eager to make her first experience of England as free of anxiety and bother as possible, and to settle all question of lodgings, chaperonage, and so on, beforehand. My husband and I

were in Hungary that autumn, and I now regret our absence the less, because the consequence is the gay report of the Congresses sent to me by the Rye. The Oriental Congress, which Professor Cowell, its President, who was not given to such functions, pronounced a great success, opened on September 1st.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

LANGHAM HOTEL, Sept. 11th, 1891.

. . . I read a paper before the Oriental on the Salag*rama* Stone, worshipped in India, and the Salag*rana* stone of Tuscany, exhibiting one which Maddalena gave me, and another which I found and which she consecrated with incantations and put in a red bag. . . . I was referred to in the Congress as being "beyond question at the *very head* of Pidgin English learning and literature." There's a proud position for a man! Yes — I *am* the Shakespeare and Milton and Grimm and Heine and Everybody Else of that language. When Pidgin English shall become — as Sir R. Burton predicted it would — the common language of the world, then I shall be a great man! . . .

The Folk-Lore Congress followed immedi-

ately. Before it, he read a paper on his Etruscan discoveries; Miss Owen read one on Voodooism.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

LANGHAM HOTEL, Oct. 11th, 1891.

There were a hundred in the Congress, and Mary Owen, and Nevill, and Prof. Haddon, and I were really *all* the people in it who knew anything about Folk-Lore at *first hand* among niggers, Romanys, Dutch Uncles, hand-organ men, Injuns, bar-maids, tinkers, etc. It was funny to see how naturally we four understood one another and got together. But Mary takes the rag of all, for she was born to it in wild Missouri.

There are altogether in all America only 5 or 6 conjurin' stones, small black pebbles, which come from Africa. Whoever owns one becomes thereby a chief Voodoo — all the years of fasting, ceremonies, etc., can be dispensed with. Miss Owen found one out and promised it. The one who had it would not sell it, so she — stole it! As it had always been, when owned by blacks. And then gave it to me. I exhibited it to the Congress. MacRitchie says I am also King of the Gypsies.

Day before yesterday in Congress, there was a very long, very able, and very slow paper by Lady Welby, and then dull comments. I felt that I must either bust, vamos, or let myself out. Finally, Prof. Rhys said that no civilised man *could understand* a savage or superstitious peasant — that there was a line never to be crossed between them, etc., etc. Also something by somebody about souls in animals.

Then I riz and said: —

"Mr. Chairman (this was my foe Lang), Prof. Rhys says that there is no understanding between superstitious people and us. Now the trouble I always have is *not* to understand them and be just like them. (Here Lang laughed). I have been on the other side of that line all last winter, and I had to come back to England because Mrs. Leland said I was becoming as superstitious as an old nigger. As for souls in animals — last night at the dinner our chairman, with his usual sagacity and perception, observed that we had in the room a *black cat* with white paws, which is a sign of luck. (By the way, I myself saw her catch a mouse in behind the curtain.) Now to be serious and drop trifling. In America every association, be it a fire company or a Folk-Lore, has a *mascot.*

Ladies and gentlemen, I propose that that puss be elected a member of our Society. If we cannot have a *Mas-cot*, at least we shall possess a *Tho-mas-cat!*"

Roars of laughter, I felt better for 24 hours after.

We all contributed folk-lore articles to our Exhibition. I had only to pick out of one tray in one trunk to get 31 articles, which filled two large glass cases. As Belle says, she can't turn over a shirt without having a fetish roll out. And I could n't distinguish between those of my own make and those of others. For I am so used to picking up stones with holes in them, and driftwood, and tying red rags round chicken-bones for luck etc., etc., that I consider my own just as powerful as anybody's.

I think that our good Unwin will take Mary Owen's book. She has been a great success. . . .

He could laugh at himself, but he was as entirely in earnest in his folk-lore studies as in any of his other work. It is perfectly true that he believed, as he wrote to Miss Owen, "real folk-lorists like us live in a separate occult, hidden, wonderful fairy-land, — we see elves and listen to music in dropping water-

falls, and hear voices in the wind." To the "good Unwin" — and this was at a period when Besant was impressing it on authors that any other adjective was more appropriate for publishers — he wrote in much the same strain, and one of the letters is a proof, besides, of the trouble he was ready to go to for the literary beginner.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

LANGHAM HOTEL, PORTLAND PLACE,
LONDON, W., Oct. 7th, 1891.

DEAR MR. UNWIN, — I wish you *could* have heard me read my paper, for it caused amazement and admiration. I suppose you saw what the "Times" said of it in a leader — also of Miss Owen's "Voodoo." They have certainly been the two most *sensational* papers of the Congress. But you could *not* have been there — in fact, I almost missed *hearing myself* read, because the time was changed. As soon as this Congress shall be fairly over, I shall make my appearance *chez vous* bearing the agreement and Miss Owen's nigger book. It is full of darkey talk in such a rum dialect that English readers would be puzzled with it; therefore, she is engaged in making said nigger English

into something more directly intelligible. We are not all Missourians.

Prof. Sayce is very much interested in my Etruscan discoveries and says they are of immense importance and of a most astonishing nature. He and Dr. Garnett have referred me to scholars who can aid me in the illustrations.

Yours truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

It may have been the reaction, after Oriental and Folk-Lore gaieties, that made the winter in Florence of 1891–92 seem less exciting, at all events in his correspondence. He was as busy as ever with Heine and his Etruscan book, and, toward spring, he began to write his "Memoirs." But I fancied an underlying sadness in his letters to me: suppressed gout, he said, when I spoke of it. By spring, however, it had gone: no trace of it now when he wrote to me, or to anybody else.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

PAOLI'S HOTEL, FLORENCE, April 14, 1892.

DEAR PEN, — I am actually amazed to learn that it is so long since I wrote to you. Fisher Unwin and his wife are here in the house, and

Aunt Belle has taken a great liking to her. Unwin is a curious man: what an interest he takes in all his publications! I worked the better part of 6 months at the illustrations for my book on "Etruscan Roman Remains." It will be very handsome. I can hardly realise that it is really finished.

I am very glad that you are really settled in a nice home. If I were in London, I should paint you panels and tambourines to help furnish. I do hope you will be happy in it. I met Johnson of the "Century" night before last, at a very nice little "recep" which the Unwins gave.

I have been for 2 or 3 weeks writing reminiscences of my life. I have got to about 1867 and have an enormous MS. already. I read once of a man who could not write his biography because he had kept no diaries. I have not referred to anything, having nothing, but I find I remember everything worth noting. The trouble will be after 1869, when I get to Europe the second time. But here Aunt Belle will help me. It will be a very curious and *varied* book. It is a great pity that I lost last year a memorandum book full of data for 3 years before.

I found a charming old witch the other day here — in a room full of herbs and bottles. She had a great cat who sat on a chair opposite to me, and, after I mewed to him once, never took his eyes off me. I said, "Ah, you know me!" But the old lady only knew the common sorceries, and, when I left, said, "You come to me to learn, but I more need a lesson from you." Then she asked me earnestly for the Wizard's blessing, which I gave. It was really a scene for an artist, for she *looked* the witch, and as for Tom — he was actually splendid. If I had a house, I would give any money for him — I almost expected to hear him talk.

I wrote recently a little book, "The Hundred Riddles of the Fairy Bellaria." Unwin will do it. Mrs. Unwin liked it very much. . . .

Sad news from America! Mary Owen writes me that Alexander, the King of the Voodoos, died recently.

It really was, as far as he was concerned, sad news. He had delighted in this King of the Voodoos, and afterwards remembered him so well that, when he wrote a book about the cultivation of the will, he told Miss Owen in a letter that King Alexander had gone a long

way to making him write it, adding, "I wonder . . . if he did not get his magnificent idea of cultivating the will as the true Secret of Sorcery from his Red Indian Mother?"

The "Book of Riddles," when published, was dedicated to Mrs. Unwin and a special verse written for her copy. I quote it as typical of the little rhymes of the kind he delighted to make for his friends, to whom he thought they would give pleasure.

This book was only made for you,
The riddles and the pictures too.
Full many better things there be
To keep your name in memory:
Yet, if 't is true, as many say,
No book can e'er quite pass away,
My pride in it and only aim
Is that it bears your honoured name,
And that while it exists — as fit —
Your name will ever be in it.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

FLORENCE, November 14th, 1892.

Glimpses of his occupations and movements during the summer and following winter are to be had in extracts from his letters to Miss Owen and myself. These letters are more of a diary than the diary he kept, and I give them more or less in diary form.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

May 8th, 1892. I see by the "F. L. Journal" that you were at the Congress, or rather meeting, in Philadelphia. I wish you had met my sister, Mrs. John Harrison. You will see by the "Journal" that she made a fine present to the Museum of guards against the evil eye. A few days ago in an old book shop here, where the books are stacked up by thousands and the only way is to go over them one by one, I found a *very* rare one, 200 years old (1695), on Amulets. It had 800 large pages and is the completest work on the subject I ever heard of. It takes almost every disease, one by one, and tells what one ought to carry to cure it.

From Geneva, June 23d, his letters express a regret that, "It is a pretty but a prosaic Presbyterian town," and "there is no *witch aura* about it, like Florence."

From Homburg, "September something," word comes to show him waiting anxiously for proofs of her book from Mr. Unwin, in the meantime ready to throw out a suggestion, "Would it not be a good idea to start a Nigger Review or Magazine?"

By October the 2d, he is busy with the proofs, and writing an introduction for her.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

Jan. 28th, 1893. Groome and I have got together a lot of Gypsy Tales and I propose to write a Gypsy Decameron — that is, I will describe several narrators in quaint, old-fashioned style. I hope to get a few from Herrmann — won't you manufacture one? — there will be no money in it, but I will bring you in and all the others.

. . . Just to think that I received a day or two ago £46 18/ for receipts on "Breitmann," "Fusang," and one other book during the past year. During ——'s life I never got a penny, after one first payment, on any of my books. . . .

I am very busy with a book on Metal Work, i. e., *cold*, such as bent iron, repoussée, etc. . . .

I was out on a *bust* yesterday and spent money. I bought a bottle of port and one of brandy for my sister (Mrs. Thorp) who leaves in a day or two. I invested twopence halfpenny in 5 old Roman coins, invisible in rust, but which look very nice cleaned; one is a marvellously ancient Roman coin with a head of Janus. Then I bought an eagle's claw set in gold for 3 francs — a great charm or amulet — and a pretty 14th

century Virgin and Child, gold ground, on an old panel in a good frame, for 7 francs. Then a franc for 3 amulets of coral and a stone.

Returning home, I had a long and very jolly call from Mark Twain. You know that your uncle can tell stories and make jokes and — just fancy two such as *we* having a regular spree and convivium of fun! Well, we did have *one* and no mistake. I set him to writing autographs — his first was "None genuine without this signature on the bottle, Mark Twain." Another, "A true copy — artist Clemens." Just as he rose I said gravely, "You are an American, I believe." He replied, "I am, from Missouri." "Then," I replied, "I venture to ask a favour of you which I would not dare to ask an Englishman — *won't* you take a glass of whisky?" Which he did — you bet.

I have a great mind to write reminiscences of Humourists I have seen in my life. Seba Smith, Davis the original Jack Downing, Neal, David Crockett, Yankee Hill, David Locke, John Saxe, W. Irving, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, J. R. Lowell, Saphir. Don't you think that sketches of them with portraits by me and accounts of them and extracts from their works would sell?

[He gave a description of this visit from Mark Twain to Miss Owen also. "He was very jolly," he told her, — "as for me, I have n't talked American since I saw you — and for an hour, we had sitch a gittin' up sta'rs — swapping lies. . . . It fairly made me homesick to see him take that drink. Visions of days long gone by — the call on a friend — the usual hour — days of my youth — *tempi passati!*"]

March 16th, 1893. . . . I have begun and hope to be able to continue a book of queer odd chapters, called "Leaves from the Life of an Immortal." The Immortal is the wise and learned Flaxius, who has existed in all ages — a kind of humorous Wandering Jew — an eternal droll grave observer. I am awaiting new inspiration for the book. . . .

The more modern literature develops itself — the more the New Humour or cheap and feeble Irony (dear to weak-minded, would-be-witty Philistines) comes forth — the more Ibsenry and Langry and Marie Baschkirtseffery and Oscar Wildery is exhibited — the better do I realise that the more we refine and cultivate humanity, the more does it degrade into sentiment and rot. What is queer is that Russia,

Scandinavia, and Holland — which ought to give us good hard vigorous life, the objective — are taking the lead in nervelessness, pessimism, weakness — mal-odorousness — refinement without genius — taste without savour — existence without a sense of vitality. However, as the Nibelungen and the Sagas and the Greek drama and Shakespeare and the Kalevala and witch incantations and Algonkin legends are dearer to my heart than aught beside in literature, and as I feel strong in me the Revolutionary soldier blood, as well as that of my great-grandfather who was so dear to the Indians in Canada that they kept him a prisoner a whole winter (he appears in the colonial history as having been interpreter in French and Algonkin!), in fine, with such blood and tastes, it is sadly evident that I shall not fall in with the New Sentiment or — New Humour. A good rousing *War* would be a good thing for England — all the Horrors of War are less disgusting than the Horrors of Namby-Pambyism and feeble Despair — So I run on.

April, no day of the month, 1893. . . . Now for a stunner! Heinemann asked me lately for my "Memoirs"! Now, my dear, you must know that I wrote more than a year ago my life up to

A dandylion.

Florence —
Jan 29. 1893.

ear friend.
You were re
called to my
mind the
evening be
fore last.
As I sat over
my proofs —
all alone — who should
enter but Mark Twain.
I knew that he was living
here two miles out of town,
but I had an idea that
he had ways apart from
mine — et cætera. But
he was very jolly — as
for me I haint talked
American since I saw
you — and for an hour
we had sitch a gittin up
stairs — swapping lies —
I think he enjoyed it too
— it was rather funny
Hans Breitmann and
Mark Twain — both
on a blaze!

FROM CHARLES G. LELAND TO MISS M. A. OWEN

1871, and had the idea that, in case I died, *you* might use the MS. to write my life. There are 800 pp. of writing, 150 words to a page — Heinemann wants two large vols. This would just do. I revised it and was much struck by its curious and varied experience, and resolved to publish it *just as it is*. The MS. now lies before me done up for Heinemann. I don't know whether it is well for it, or *no*, that I had no one to whom to submit it. The temptations to be egotistical in an autobiography are tremendous, and reviewers are unmerciful except to "autobiographing" all about *other* people, especially about the Royal Family and all kinds of great people, — such as "Gossip of the Century." Now I have tried to show in every way how my mind and character were formed, and what influences of descent, early association, illness, schools, reading, and scenes made me what I am. I have *not* overdone this, but I have done it thoroughly. As I say, I am not like a Punch-showman in his box only exhibiting and speaking for other people — puppets. I write an "Autobiography" and show myself — not too much, but honestly. . . . G. W. Childs has died, aged 50! Had he only lived to 70, he would have been over a *hundred!* It was demonstrated a generation ago

that he was an enterprising publisher and public character at the age of *ten*, by his own showing.

May 2d, 1893. Is n't it funny that, after so much zeal in writing my "Memoirs" and so much joy at getting them printed, there has come over me, after reading the first proof, a kind of *pudeur*, indignation as of being exposed publicly — in short, an indescribable *malaise* — or regret — and yet there is nothing in this proof that is not creditable — indeed it is mostly about old Philadelphia. And then I never hesitated to describe my personal adventures in print as to travel — or Gypsies. I am at work on a book; no great news. This work is on the subject of — or is — "A Manual of Mending, or How to Repair" and Restore Damaged Porcelain and Crockery, Woodwork, Books, MSS., Leather, Wood, *Ivory*, clothing, etc.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

Feb. 19, 1893. I began lately a sort of book, "Leaves from the Life of an Immortal" — or the wise Flaxius. In one chapter he preaches a sermon on Drunkenness to 3 sparrows, a jay, an old Hen, and a peasant girl. It includes an account of all the different heresies and a list of

American fancy drinks — a poem of 20 pages! in this style: —

Pink of Beauty — let her rip — Bourbon-bon and jolly,
Old Monongahelio — trope with a maiden's Folly,
Rich New Year's Eggnography, with headache for the morrow,
Evening Lullaby and Fifty per cent off your sorrow!

This is what the French call *marivaudage*, or spinning a joke out too long. But if you can get me a real list of American fancy drinks, I would be much thankful to you. Then comes a prose rhapsody of all that thrills the soul — not funny — an eagle on the wing in a storm — an actor in the instant of a first great unexpected success — and many more — all drunkenness. 'T will be a queer book if it keeps up to the 4 chapters now written. The hero lives in all ages.

Mi manca l'appetito — I have no appetite of late — I long for ham and eggs and red herrings and a *good* beefsteak and apple-pie. I hate the cooking here and the red wine. I dined with George Sala lately — he is good company — also again with Mark Twain — but Bishop Doane was present and he was slightly a wet blanket — however, Mark Twain and Breitmann got off several stories. After Clemens had given us a long, strange, *serious* monologue on

the changing the name of New York to Manhattan, I said that, considering what Manhattan means in Indian, it would not be inappropriate. For, according to Irving, it means The Place of the Jolly Topers (another authority says it means "Where we all got drunk," the Indians having there first tasted fire water given by the Dutch). And Chicago means the Place of Skunks! Talking of skunks, Genl. Schenck was the greatest story-teller I ever heard — 't is only in the sound of the name, my cousin, for there was nothing skunkly in him.

Bagni di Lucca. June 16th, 1893. . . . a pretty, very healthy place, with a nice little old-fashioned public library, where they take the "London Times" and "Standard" and some weeklies — and I hear there is a witch 2 miles from here who divines by the aid of the spirits. . . .

And now, I have a great thing to relate — whereof the glory shall yet ring all over the earth and New Jersey! The Gypsy-Lore Society has been transferred to Budapest. Archduke Josef is the head — while I remain president. Now I propose to add to the Gypsy element, or Romany Ryes, all those who cultivate Voodoos, fortune-tellers, tinkers, tramps, travellers, fakirs, card-slingers, pitch and tossers, in short all who

form the outside class of creation — the *mêlange* to be called The Gypsy and Wanderer's Society. . . .

I am very busy on a truly great work — on the Art of Mending all broken things, which I find is Immense — and — Mrs. Leland, as I write, had brought me a shoe with a hole in the sole, which I shall repair with gum and an old glove. If I only had some india-rubber I could make it as good as ever. It will be invaluable for Housekeepers, Owners of Furniture or Books, Toys, Leather, Torn Garments, etc.

It does not seem from what I read that the Great Show at Chicago will be quite a success. They aimed at *too much.* — The entire World is not as yet "manageable" *à la Barnum* — nor is Enterprise all Genius. San Francisco and not Chicago will be the Rome of the Future. There will be in time a great Exposition.

Write soon — write ever — write often. Do study French and German. There is a future for you when you will need them.

Aug. 1893. Four years ago I tried hard to get the learned Count de Gubernatis to establish an Italian Folk-Lore Society. I have just received from him a letter in which he says that he has at last effected what originated with me, and we

now have one of 500 members — at 12 francs or $2.40 per annum. In order that this immense sum shall not fall too heavily on the members, they can make quarterly payments of 60 cents. For this, they will get a monthly review. There is to be an Italian Folk-Lore Congress at Rome in November. It is odd that in precisely the same manner, I originated the Folk-Lore Society of Hungary, and was accordingly the very first member entered. And I may be said to have been, in fact I was, the very first member and beginner of the London Folk-Lore.

After Bagni di Lucca there was a quiet interval at Vallombrosa. "W. W. Story and family live here at the old Medicean villa, now Villa Peruzzi," he wrote me. "He is very jolly, and the youngest man for his years I ever saw. I have persuaded him to write his own Life;" which Story did not live to do. In the late autumn, came the last Folk-Lore Congress the Rye was strong enough to take part in. For some time beforehand he was busy preparing the paper he was to read, and keeping up a most animated correspondence with Count de Gubernatis, if I can judge from the numerous letters he had to answer from De Gubernatis,

who offered every hospitality in Rome, where the Congress was to be held, and urged him to persuade Miss Roma Lister to come. What a great thing to have a lady member! and a lady member with a paper to read! You have to live in the world of Folk-Lore to know what excitement there may be in it, even for a man who, after an adventurous life, has reached his seventieth year. The best account is in a letter to Miss Owen.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOTEL VICTORIA, 44, LUNG ARNO VESPUCCI,
FLORENCE, Nov. 27th, 1893.

CARA AMICA, —

And did you think me still alive,
Or did you deem me dead;
And did you dream if here I thrive,
Or did you hear I 'd fled?

However, here I am, and just returned from 4 or 5 days in Rome. The occasion whereof was that Count de Gubernatis, having (as he informed a great audience in the Eternal City, I being present) — having, at my instance and *gentle insistence*, founded an Italian Folk-Lore Society, I went there and was made first fiddler, De Gubernatis being the leader. Now as the Queen of Italy is an ardent One of Us — or a Folk-Lorista — she had announced that she

would be present. But there came a great political crisis and threats to mob her — poor lady! — so she did not come. De G. read his address — then I mine in Italian — you will see it in the "Rivista," and then Roma Lister, my pupil, hers. De G. announced that her name was Roma and she was born in Rome, which induced cheers — I was cheered too, immensely. As the Queen was expected, we had a full house — with all the fashion and learning of all Rome — it was next to being crowned in the Capital — and the next day I was *célèbre* and *illustrissimo* in the newspapers. There were only us three, and Roma found herself just as you did at the Congress, the great feminine gun of the day — the Italians being of course charmed with us. . . .

Rome is lovely, but it rained all the time. However, we saw the Vatican and had sunshine for the Forum and Coliseum and Pincian Hill, and a few more old friends — and I found a marvellous old panel picture, A. D. 1300 Holy Family, which I might have had, a tremendous bargain, for $20 — but I feared I could not afford it. It was worth $150. So I bought two Roman lamps for 15 cents each, and one I have gilt and shaded into beauty.

I bought a very old violin lately for sixty cents, and have adorned it so that it adorns the whole room. If you were here, I would overstock you with my fancy work. We left Roma in Rome. The first cake baker in the city is very badly bewitched, and Roma was "called" in to cure him. She borrowed an amulet of me and took her own collection. I have not yet heard the results. I advised a strong dose of Latin, after two Italian incantations. Mrs. Leland called us a couple of infamous humbugs. How cruel and unjust!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

FLORENCE, Feb. 25th, 1894.

. . . I have been making some very quaint book covers. You have a mould cut in wood, if rudely done, no matter. Then press a wet sheet of paper into it, and with flour paste, put on the back six more sheets. When dry, colour lightly with Naples yellow and burnt umber, and it looks just like old ivory or parchment. I find great amusement in making picture frames and restoring old pictures.

Yesterday, I went with Roma Lister to visit Maddalena, the witch. . . .

I don't dislike my "Breitmann Ballads" —

indeed I love many of them — but I am sometimes highly pained when I find that people know nothing else about me, have never heard of my "Practical Education," or what I have done in Industrial Art, Language, Tradition, etc. So that when anybody begins by "loading up" on the Breitmann, I cannot help a mild *despise*. The "Memoirs" have somewhat helped me as to this of late, and raised me above *merely* Hans Breitmann. I am sorry that the Voodoo business is interrupted, but a strong will, ingenious trickery and belief in you, will set it all right. Have n't you a familiar demon who brings you news, etc.? Are you never heard talking to him, and laughing, and do you never alarm the negroes by telling them their secrets? A shrewd servant-friend spy can aid. But you must rehabilitate yourself.

The Rye was working now at "getting up songs of the Sea," and at "a very entertaining and lively book on Florentine Legends and Folk-lore, far droller than my others. Nutt has promised to publish it. Maddalena is employed, on a regular salary of 5 francs a week, to collect and write out traditions. She is marvellous at it, and as mysterious as marvellous. I sometimes

think she must invoke the ghosts of old Florence and Rome."

In the summer of 1894, despite the gout, despite "the thermometer in the Nineties and flies in the Hundreds," the "Legends" were finished at Siena, where I was able to spend some few weeks with him. In the fall, at Innsbrück, despite "beautiful walks," and "perfect" beer, and "abundant" peaches, and "occasional" Gypsies, he began his "Breitmann in the Tyrol." "I am working away, alternately at 'Flaxius, or Leaves from the Life of an Immortal,' and Hans Breitmann's 'Reisebilder,'" he reported to me late in October, just after starting homewards to Florence. There — though Florence was "lovely now, such sunshiny pleasant days, the leaves only just beginning to turn a little, figs and peaches still in" — he had to include in his report, almost immediately, another book: "a really *nice* book of Mottoes for Decoration of all kinds — Libraries, façades, fountains, bedrooms, perfumers' shops, restaurants, blacksmiths, jewellers, gardens, chairs, music and ball-rooms, vestibules, kitchens, *et cetera*," a book published in part in "The Architectural Review." But the new Breitmann was the more important task. He offered it to Mr. Unwin.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

HOTEL VICTORIA, 44, LUNG ARNO VESPUCCI,
FLORENCE, ITALY, Oct. 20th, 1894.

DEAR MR. UNWIN, — The idea of a new Breitmann book took strong hold of me in Innsbrück, where all the surroundings were favourable to its development, and having begun, I found that it ran off the reel as it did of yore — *i. e.*, very rapidly — and I now have ready what would make a little shilling work.

My idea is that it should be called "Hans Breitmann's Book of Travel in Song and Prose." It is all about Tyrol and its Legends, and is half prose, half poetry. I will soon send you the MS.

There is one thing which will be really needed and which must be considered. There are a great many German words, etc., in the work, and however carefully I correct here abroad, there will be blotching and blundering in it. Mr. Trübner himself saw to all this in the "Ballads." There are no end of Germans in London who would be very glad to revise such a book or read the proof sheets without charge, if it were just asked as a favour, but just now I cannot think of any one, all my German friends having dropped out of

sight. If you can think of, or hear of, anybody, so much the better. I would recommend getting the work up to match *in size* the Lotos form of Kegan Paul's edition, for many who have the "Ballads" would like to have this book *to match*.

Should this work on the Tyrol prove a success, I will follow it up with Breitmann in Italy, or Germany, or Sweden, or Egypt.

Pray send me an acknowledgment as soon as you get the MS.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Unwin, in which Mrs. Leland cordially joins, I remain

Yours very truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

The winter of 1894–95, and its work, may be summed up in the two letters that follow.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Feb. 3d, 1895.

. . . Many thanks for the letter, which is indeed a letter worth reading, which few are in these days when so few people write anything but notes or rubbish. Be sure of one thing, that yours are always read with a relish. For it is

marvellously true that as tools are never wanting to an artist, there is always abundance to make a letter with to those who know how to write. There is always something to "right about" — or to turn round to and see! *Dapprimo*, I thank you for the jokes from the newspapers. They are very good, but I observe that since I was in America, the real old extravaganza, the wild eccentric outburst, is disappearing from country papers. No editor bursts now on his readers all at once with the awful question, "If ink stands why does n't it walk?" Nor have I heard for years of the old-fashioned sequences, when one man began with a verse of poetry and every small newspaper reprinted it, adding a parody. Thus they began with Ann Tiquity and then added Ann Gelic and Ann O'Dyne — till they had finished the Anns. Emerson's "Brahma" elicited hundreds of parodies, till he actually suppressed it.

Then there were the wild outbursts of poems such as —

> I seen her out a-walking
> In her *habit de la rue*,
> And 't aint no use a-talking —
> But she 's pumpkins and a few.

There was something Indian-like, aboriginal,

and wild in the American fun of 40 years ago (*vide* Albert Pike's "Arkansas Gentleman" and the "Harp of a Thousand Strings") which has no parallel now. My own "beautiful poem" on a girl who had her underskirt made out of a coffee bag was republished a thousand times, — we were wilder in those days, and more eccentric. All of these which you send are very good, but they might all have been made in England. They are *mild*. Ere long, there will be no *America*.

I have often thought of collecting and publishing all the eccentric poems I could get — such as "Uncle Sam," "By the bank of a murmuring stream," etc., but — nobody would care for them now. Other times, other tastes. . . .

My forthcoming "Florentine Legends" will be nice, but I have got far better ones since I made it. The "Breitmann" I really think is fairly good — perhaps it will sell well. I have not much hope for "Songs of the Sea" and "Lays of the Land" by Sea G. Lay-Land — yet there are three or four good ballads in it. But what I await, with gasping hope, is "Flaxius," which is in Watt's hands. I have not yet heard that he has found a publisher. It is my great work and as mad as a hatter. . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, April 6th, 1895.

DEAR PEN, — I am always glad to write to you, for it is the next best thing to talking, and you have of late years not known what it is never to have a talk. But I pass whole weeks without it. I cannot, as Everybody else does, "chat" and feel relieved. I hate chat — it wearies me. It is hard work, and after the best of it I feel ashamed and bored.

My "Songs of the Sea" has astonished me. A. Lang in the "Daily News" praised it so that tears nearly rose to my eyes!

I learned to-day by letter that Emily Harrison is to come to Italy this summer — which thing Maddalena, unquestioned, predicted with the utmost confidence 6 days ago. M. does not make any pretence, but she has thus far shown herself as far ahead of Mme. Blavatsky as Sun to Moon. She casts the cards and then explains them carefully in detail. And it always comes true. I don't reason over it, but it is so. It is not like Gypsy or Ruskin inspiration — it is drawn from a kind of mathematical inference — and M. often asks me to learn the art so as to do it for myself. This is *living* in a bygone age. M.

never omits the incantations, and the more in earnest she is, the more zealously she repeats them in full faith. She has the deepest belief in magic as a cure for disorders. All illness is a *mal-occhio*, a spell cast by an enemy or gathered from an evil influence. There is a great difference between collecting folk-lore as a curiosity and *living* in it in truth. I do not believe that in all the Folk-Lore Societies there is one person who lives in it in reality as I do. I cannot describe it — what it *once* was is lost to the world. You cannot understand it at second hand. . . . I am hopeful about the "Florentine Legends." There was a great deal of work put into it, and it is really a very curious book, in which Maddalena and Marietta appear to strange advantage. Marietta's poems are really *beautiful*, and she never had a gleam of an idea that she had a talent. However, the more I know such people, the more bewildered I am, and the more lost in a kind of elfin-land of mystery. It is curious how I find such characters — it *is* like miracle — I don't seek them, they come to me as in dreams.

CHAPTER XIX

THE END

It was in the summer of 1895 that the Rye first began to feel the burden of years, to be conscious of what Ruskin called "the sea of troubles that overwhelm old age." From Innsbrück, on his birthday, the 15th of August, he wrote me, "I do not feel different, that I am aware, from what I was twenty or thirty years ago." But most of his letters did not let me forget that he had reached, and gone beyond, the limit of threescore and ten. "I long to be in Florence!" was the sad strain. "It is not much of a home, but it is singular that when one is in worry and uneasiness — especially when *old* — that one yearns, as animals do, for some place to feel more at home in, just as a child wants to be with 'Mother,' altho' the mother may be cruel and wicked."

He had much, besides age, to worry him: his affairs in Philadelphia, his gout, the want of new literary schemes, the cold and loneliness of the

summer. He was without friends in Innsbrück, even the Gypsies failed him. "I've nothing to write about," a letter dated October 19 begins, "so I'll talk. If you ever write a memoir of your uncle, say that he could write more easily than he could talk. G. A. Sala told the world in print that I was ponderous and dull personally — because when he was present, I let him, out of compliment, do all the Oratory. That was my reward."

In Florence, at his own writing-table, with the madonnas looking down from their gold ground upon him, he was more himself. And there came with the winter a request for work, always, for him, the best stimulus. The request was from Mr. Unwin, and the Rye's answer sufficiently explains it. But before this answer, I insert another letter to Mr. Unwin, as a pleasant instance of the friendly relations between author and publisher which, we have been asked to believe, belong entirely to the fable of the past.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Dec. 2d, 1895.

DEAR MR. UNWIN, — I was sincerely grieved a few days ago at hearing that you had experi-

enced a great loss by fire, and truly it never once came into my head that I myself could have a part therein. Then I heard it was not you, but your brother, who had been burnt out, and that you had published a statement that you had not suffered. However, a circular just received informs me that a portion of my books has been lost, and that is no good news surely. I suppose that you are terribly busy now, but hope that when things clear away you will kindly let me know the extent of the loss.

I need not say that you have my sympathy, — not only because a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, but because I have always wished you well with all my heart, and I shall never forget how, when I was so grieved that you had done so badly with my books, it was you who did the consoling, with very great kindness, unlike most publishers at such times, but most like a friend, as I really believe you to be. And so with kind regards to Mrs. Unwin, in which Mrs. Leland joins, including Dame Sickert, I remain, with sincerest hopes that all may go well with you, however I may fare,

Very sincerely your friend,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Dec. 20th, 1895.

DEAR MR. UNWIN, — I am sincerely gratified at being invited to contribute to "Cosmopolis," and more than usually anxious to do the very best I can for it, because I am very desirous that you shall succeed. It is a great risk, but it promises well. Therefore I have written to Mr. Ortmans, stating what I have written, begging him to give me some idea of what subject I had better choose. I believe that it is *in me* to contribute something valuable, but I have had too much experience as an editor myself not to know that a writer, whatever his ability may be, is always better for advice as regards the scope of the publication for which he contributes. The cleverest elephant needs a good driver — the most active monkey must be taught how to pick cocoanuts and bring them in, — yea, as I once heard a very honest gypsy say of his dog: "He is very clever, but he'd never a-been worth seven pounds if I had n't *teached* him how to steal rabbits," which is actually true, and it was said to me on the edge of the Thames by Moulsey — and it *was* the most infernally ugly lurcher I ever saw in my life. [Here follows a drawing of the

dog.] If you run short of contributions, you may publish my letters. They are not amusing,—but they are so edifying! . . .

Now I have something strange to tell you. I had no thought of "Cosmopolis" — had not heard of it — when last night, just before I fell asleep, reflecting that this had been the hardest year for me I ever knew, "specuniarily speaking," I resolved to write to you and ask you, if it ever came in your way, to get me some job of work, large or small, in the writing or designing way. And with this deep design, I went to sleep, and awoke — meaning to write to you when *loandbehold!* I was anticipated by your friendly letter! And to think there are people who do not believe in special providences or ghosts! I may be wrong, but it seems to me that you ought, now and then, or generally, to enliven the bill of fare a little. There are a great many genial good fellows, gentlemen, and scholars in England and the Colonies for whom a refined and yet jolly monthly would be a godsend. And there is really *no such publication in Great Britain.* I do not mean a *comic* affair *à la Burnand.* One sees more cheerful humour in the provincial press than in the London prints. Did you ever hear of the old "Knickerbocker

Magazine" in New York? It was a good-natured, refined, go-as-you-please concern, with a very large and broad editor's table, wherein a jolly company of contributors, guided by the editor, gossiped, jested, and sang, as they pleased. The columns were filled up anyhow, but it was very popular in its prime.

Well — and good success to "Cosmopolis"!

With Christmas greetings from me and mine to thee and thine, I remain

Ever your friend,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Through the winter and spring, however, he grew weaker physically, until, by June, he could not muster strength enough for the daily walk back from the Signoria, even after the daily glass of beer, now his one dissipation. And my aunt was ill, feebler than he. And to make matters worse, at Homburg, reached only after the effort of packing had brought on serious palpitations of the heart, it rained almost all through the summer. "It is raining now," was his dreary account of it early in September, "it has rained all day — it rained all yesterday. As I have hardly met a soul with whom I could talk, except during the two weeks when my sister

[Mrs. Harrison] was here, I can declare that it has been not only the dullest summer of my life, but the dullest 4 months I ever experienced *Anywhere*. Great God, how stupid it was! I have not done much in the way of work beyond adding a few chapters to my 'Memoirs' and writing a bold curious article on Miracles and Evolution. Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Braddon, was here one day and I had a talk with her, which I ought to have excepted. A Gypsy or an Italian witch would be a godsend."

A greater pleasure of which he did not write, though I know how much it meant to him, was a letter, received in September, from Burne-Jones, in praise of the "Legends of Florence," which had been published in 1895 and 1896. It is a charming letter. But here it is to speak for itself.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES TO CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

THE GRANGE, 49 NORTH END ROAD,
WEST KENSINGTON, W., September, 1896.

MY DEAR SIR, — This summer I have been reading your two books of "Florentine Legends," and studying — or, to be more accurate, reading twice, which is a very poor substitute for studying — your book of "Etruscan Roman

Remains," all new and inexpressibly delightful to me, and this must be my excuse for so outrageously writing to you.

If you hate answering letters as much as I do, you will be justified in taking no notice of this, but it ends with a humble sort of supplication, that if you are ever in London, you will give me the great pleasure of letting me meet you.

Besides, you have attacked so much that I love, especially in the Etruscan book, that if I owe you gratitude, as I do, I think you owe me a little reparation.

Believe me

Always yours truly,

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

Things were better in Florence; they always were. But whatever improvement there may have been in his health was not apparent to my husband and myself, when we joined him at Baveno, on Lago Maggiore, in the summer of 1897. He had gone there because he dreaded the longer journey to Homburg, and feared a repetition of the last season's rains. We had seen him only three years before at Siena, but we were shocked at the change. Not in his

industry: he was finishing his "Hundred Arts," compiling a volume on "Musical Instruments," writing and illustrating his "Legends of Virgil." But the shortest walk tired him. The easy expeditions to the near towns on the Lake exhausted him, though he would return laden with madonnas to repair, and odds and ends of the *bric-à-brac* indispensable to his happiness. I thought it extraordinary that he should accomplish even this little, when I found that, except at breakfast, he ate practically nothing. He had the appetite of a child and the frame of a giant. Nothing but his interest in work kept him alive. It seemed to me that if this continued, he could not live many more months. But when he could no longer walk in search of the "strange things," as indispensable to him as *bric-à-brac*, and was forced to seek them within himself, he met with an adventure that was to be as a new lease of life, and that was in truth a "great marvel," when his seventy-three years and his extreme physical feebleness at the time are remembered. But I leave it to him to describe this new adventure. Its beginning dated back to the summer months in Baveno, as I learn from the pages it fills in the "Memoranda."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, Dec. 11th, 1897.

. . . I never knew nor heard of any human being who lives so secluded as I do. I am in love with — absorbed and buried in work. I am, if anything, rather better or stronger than I was a year ago, and keep perfectly well. I attribute this to cultivating the *Will*, or maintained *mental resolution*, which has opened to me during the past year a new life. Thus it is really true that, in all my life, I never could write or work so many hours in succession — in fact I never tire, though I work all my waking minutes — as *now*. This is absolutely due to the habit formed of every night resolving and repeating, with all my *Will*, that I will work *con amore* all day long to-morrow. I have also found that if we resolve to be vigorous of body and of mind, calm, collected, cheerful, etc., that we can effect marvels, for it is certainly true that after a while the *Spirit* or will does haunt us unconsciously and marvellously. I have, I believe, half changed my nature under this discipline. I *will* continually to be free from folly, envy, irritability, and vanity, to forgive and forget — and I have found, by *willing* and often

recurring to it, that, while I am far from being exempt from fault, I have eliminated a vast mass of it from my mind. Such things do not involuntarily occur *now* without prompt correction, — when they come and I think of old wrongs, troubles, etc., I at once say, "Ah, there you are — begone!" If I had begun this by hypnotising myself long ago, I should, to judge from recent experience, have attained to the miraculous. I begin to realise in very fact that there are tremendous powers, quite unknown to us, in the mind, and that we can perhaps by long continued steady *will* awake abilities of which we never dreamed. Thus you can by repetition will yourself to notice hundreds of things which used to escape you, and this soon begins to appear to be miraculous. You must will and think the things over and over as if learning a lesson, saying or rather *thinking* to yourself intently, "I will that all day to-morrow I shall notice every little thing." And though *you forget* all about it, it will not forget itself, and it will haunt you, and you *will* notice all kinds of things. After doing this a dozen times, you will have a new faculty awakened. It is certainly true that, as Kant wrote to Hufeland, many diseases can be cured by *resolving*

them away — he thought the gout could be. But it cannot be done all at once — it needs long and continued effort to bring this to pass with confident faith. I certainly think that I have improved *my* health by it.

He was so in love with work, so convinced of the efficacy of Will, that only three months later (March 28, 1898), he wrote to me, "I have finished a book of which I daresay I have spoken before. It is entitled 'Have You a Strong Will?' and shows how the mind may be trained by making a resolve and thinking it over as we go to sleep, to feel the next day, and all day, peaceful, industrious, etc." The book (published by Redway, 1899) must also have been some help to others, for it has gone into three editions, and I have come upon letter after letter on the subject from men and women who were strangers to him, but who wrote in gratitude or sympathy.

It was too late for the new practice, or prescription, to restore his strength, but it made his next two or three years more peaceful. Certainly new life animated his letters. The few that follow will give some idea of how wide and varied his interests still were, how keen

his faculties, and how ardently the old patriotism was aroused by the first appeal.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 25th, 1898.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It was with great pleasure that I read your last letter. There are very few people left of the last generation, like me, who practise the lost art of letter-writing. Dr. Holmes was one of them. He never wrote a letter, however short, into which he did not put at least one witty or clever point. This was so invariable that I at last made sure that it was a principle with him. . . . My life is now very quiet and uneventful. I have grown physically much weaker, but preserve good average health. . . .

The Cuban troubles trouble me, for I have all my life long pitied the Cubans. Every nation in Europe, except England, is really against America. The English really understand our situation, and it is much like their own. The French hate us worst of all. They wanted once to occupy Mexico and perhaps had an eye to Cuba. But to see John Bull in Egypt and us in Cuba is maddening. Once the French had India, Egypt, Canada, all the West of America,

and the Suez Canal. And they lost them all to England or to us. And this sense of being a cat's paw to the English (we are all the same) is humiliating. Now, all their hope is in Russia. France, Spain and Germany cannot colonise, because they all three *oppress* their colonies — tax and govern them too much, even cruelly. A German in a German colony has to endure more bullying than at home. The French all hope to return to France some day. The English, even in India, are just, even when severe. It is amusing to see how every day they are buying up Egypt and getting to own it as proprietors. If the French *had* Egypt, they could not buy out the English companies who own banks, public works, etc. It is like the English island of Campobello, which belongs to Americans. . . .

So a Mr. Scespanik (pronounce Shé-panik and think of a mob of frightened women) has invented the art of seeing anybody far away! Next the flying-machine. Then fuel from air — I wonder that this was not perfected long ago. Then *pure* glass, infinite lenses, and we shall see what people are doing in Mars. And so on! . . .

The next letter refers to the Life of Franklin by my brother, who had just sent a copy of it to the Rye.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, May 22, 1898.

MY DEAR NED, — I have received and read your "Franklin." I need not say it was with pleasure, for I very nearly finished it at one sitting, and should have done so in fact, had I begun to read 20 minutes sooner. And for its merits, you have, evidently enough, read the subject up thoroughly and judiciously — it is a great art to know how to read up anything, requiring a natural talent of perception and selection. Secondly, you have chosen well what to give according to the limits of your book. There are a few small items which I would have included, however. In the allusion to Ralph and Pope, you might just as well have quoted: —

> Silence, ye wolves, while
> Ralph to Cynthia howls ! etc.

And you certainly should have said that Thomas Godfrey (a collateral relative of mine by the mother's side) invented the Quadrant. I, as a boy, subscribed a dollar to raise a monument to him.

Mrs. Kinsman, an own niece of Franklin's, told me that of all the many portraits of Franklin which she had ever seen, the statue over the Library was the most perfect, having just his expression ; I forget whether it was Mrs. Kinsman or another niece, Mrs. McCaw, who gave me the cotton quilt which was over Franklin when he died. I treasured it for many years, but fear it is lost now.

Your style is *admirable*, clear and simple, often delicately humorous. You have made it clearer to me than any one else did before, that Franklin was a many-sided and universal Genius, as the really *first* class man always or generally is, *e. g.*, Goethe, Napoleon, Peter the Great. . . .

There is a quaint little old engraving, in some juvenile book, of Miss Read laughing at Franklin at their first interview. You might reproduce it in some future edition.

There is a very good sketch of Franklin as a boy, given in one of Miss Leslie's stories. It might also be reproduced.

Capt. Thos. Hutchins was Geographer General to the United States during the Rev. War. He was some time in England, where he served as spy. Then he went over to France, and at Passy took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Franklin delivered the oath and gave and signed a certificate of it. This I have put away in Philadelphia. If you can find it, or the quilt, you may have it. Or if it ever comes to light, it is yours. Hutchins and the oath are mentioned in a biography of him.

I send you a little life of Franklin translated into Italian from the German. It is like yours in some details, but far inferior.

I wish you would write a book on distinguished Philadelphians. John Fitch and Fulton really belong to us, for it was in Philadelphia that the steamboat was imagined and perfected. And there is a great want in our national literature of works which really reproduce the spirit or romance or picturesqueness of the past, or of the old Colonial time. The few touches (only a few paragraphs) in my "Memoirs" devoted to old Philadelphia did more to awake interest in the book than all the rest put together. There must be the same old Swedish and Dutch literature about Philadelphia extant. — And there is a great deal which is curious and merry in the old newspapers in the Historical Soc. Library. . . .

He wrote to me so constantly through the summer of 1898 — except for the few days when

my husband and I, cycling down to the Austrian Tyrol, stopped at Homburg — that I again give extracts from his letters in the form of the journal they really were.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

Homburg, June 16th, 1898. I was, for more than a week before leaving Florence, very ill indeed with gout in the throat; it came in an hour, just as the last things were packed up, and my sufferings were fearful. Then I was cured by cocaine, which made me so nervous that I saw spectres, etc. One day I was in my sick bed, on the next we got into the train, and in 30 hours were over Switzerland and here. I bore the journey perfectly well, and as soon as we were over the Gothard, I was *renewed.* We arrived here a week ago. Poor Aunt Belle is very much reduced and worn, but we have had perfect weather — have our old rooms, and blackbirds sing near our windows, while the Curgarten with musik is over the way. Everybody remembers us, — the maid brought up several tools and a Dalmatian knife which I had forgotten and left here two years ago! Beer is very good and costs about a third of what it does in Florence, but sundry other pleasing extrava-

gances peculiar to a great city are wanting here — old books and *bric-à-brac* — it is something to see the Perseus of Cellini every day, and the Duomo.

Homburg, June 29th, 1898. . . . By far the best work I ever wrote has just been declined, "Have you a Strong Will?" . . . By means of the very easy process described, I have actually achieved marvellous results, beyond all belief. I believe, for instance, that my late coming from Florence in such good condition was due to it. . . . I take a great interest in the war. Germany, to get a foothold in the Philippines, is risking tremendous danger, — firstly war with us, and secondly the internal dissension which would arise from exciting 7,000,000 Germans in America, who are all pro-American and Socialists. Germany would lose, I say, because England would back us up, and a general war ensue. If the Germans and French had had the sense of idiots, they could have got as much of the Philippines as they wanted. We could have shared with them willingly. But no — they must needs let all the Press loose on us, and threaten us through their diplomatists. It is funny to see France and Germany about to unite against us. So much for *greed* and envy. "The Dutch are hogs."

Ach, mein Herz ist in Hogland, my Herz is nicht hier,
Mein Herz ist in Hogland a-trinkin' das Bier,
A-trinkin' das Bier und a saufin der Wein ;
Mein Herz ist in Hogland — all unter de Schwein.

I interrupt the sequence of my letters to quote from one to Miss Owen, — a paragraph that is like a reëcho of the old fighting days in the sixties: —

Aug. 22d. "The war has gone to my very heart, as it has to that of every real American, and I am exalted — enraptured — at the idea that we are going to take our place among the nations as one, and no longer adhere to the old mean Yankee-Chinese."

The "Memoranda," at this period, became a daily chronicle at immense length of the progress of the war, and each fresh crisis awoke the old newspaper man in him, and set him to writing letters to the "Times" and "Standard" in London, the "New York Herald" in Paris.

To return to the journal in the letters to me: —

Homburg, July 19th, 1898. . . . I have just received with joy your letter, and am rejoiced with your Aunt Belle to know that you and Joseph will probably be here for a short (I would it were long) visit. . . . I believe I told you that

I am writing a book of short Essays, each of about 1600 words. Among them is one on the coming Flying Machine, showing how it will change the whole world and put an end to Tariffs and War. Also, how everybody can start off and make visits anywhere. So it will necessarily be cheap, light, and swift. That it will come in a few years, I am sure. If a bow or a spring can propel twice its own weight through the air, we have the force beyond all question.

I am in no hurry to see the war end. Since we *must* have foreign colonies, let us have all we can get.

Homburg, Sept. 2d, 1898. G. Redway has accepted the "Strong Will," but has not written when it will come out.

Homburg, Sept. 17th, 1898. . . . It was with extreme joy that I received your letter of yesterday, 16th. The letter enclosed was from the editor of the "Architectural Review," asking me to do what of all things on earth, literary and artistic, I most desire to do, — write out and illustrate legends of Florence and articles on the Minor Arts. "Tears bedewed my face for joy." . . .

Homburg, Sept. 25th, 1898. . . . I met with a real Gypsy family in a beer garden day before

ere here you should have
them - also the two dec-
ated Tippers - which
make lovely card re-
ceivers and are so very
convenient to carry
abart.

But the shoes are really
much prettier than this
and are nice to hang up
and put watches on.
And so with much love
in which Belle joins
me at chava sarja
Tiro kamlo kako
Charles G. Leland

Address reply to Croce di Savoia
Vallombrosa Italy

yesterday and had a gay time. They called me *Koko*, which seemed so much like you!

Homburg, Oct. 4th, 1898. . . . Hutchinson's little tobacco poetry book is, of course, lovely unto me. However, I thought so before I came across the compliments which he pays me. . . . I shall be delighted to return to Florence. I have absolutely no human being to speak to here. And I am anxious to get to work for the "Architectural Review."

Florence, Nov. 16th. I have been very ill in bed — 2 weeks, in the house nearly 4. I had gout in the foot, inflammation of the lungs, and a bad influenza, all at once. Dr. B. says, and has said thrice, it was a very bad attack. Now note that I never once complained, or swore, or fretted, but bore it like a brass statue and never heeded it. I knew the pain was there, but *would not* think of it. B. says that this shortened the attack and greatly helped to cure me.

Florence, Dec. 3d, 1898. . . . I am still confined to my room, the gout is a little better every day — no more pain to speak of, except when I walk. I have just now really nothing literary to do, so am occupied with restoring a high relief image of the Madonna and child. . . . It took two entire days to restore it. The Christ's head is

gone. I only gave 5 francs for it — it was so awfully dilapidated, but it will look worth 1000 when done. XV. century, rather late. . . .

Jan. 31st, 1899. . . . Eliot Stock is willing to print a volume of my "Virgil Legends." . . .

I insert a letter, written before the end of the year, to Miss Annie Dymes, Secretary of the Home Arts Association, as one of many examples of the thought he ever gave to old friends and old interests.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS ANNIE DYMES

HOTEL VICTORIA, 44, LUNG ARNO VESPUCCI,
FLORENCE, Nov. 21, 1898.

DEAR ANNIE,

Earnestly I prayed last night
To my guardian angel sprite,

that I might hear good news this day, and it came in the form of a card from Miss Mabel de Grey, informing me that you have been reappointed — from which I conclude that there is some justice left in the world. That there could have been any opposition to it is so monstrous that I, though fairly familiar with meanness and selfishness and ingratitude, was "choked" at the idea. *Ebbene* — I congratulate you, and assure

you that I shall in future have a better opinion of human nature.

And I send the kindest greeting which heart can conceive, with "the benediction of the wizard" (I am supposed in certain humble circles here to possess it) to Miss Mabel de Grey, who greatly touched me by her solicitude in your behalf. God bless you both in every way.

> May Diana the queen of the moon,
> The Sun and the Stars,
> Earth and sky,
> Send you for-tune !

I was reminded of you yesterday. I have written a book entitled "Have You a Strong Will?" or how to develop it and other states of mind by an easy process of self-hypnotism.

Yesterday, I sent back the revise of the proofs. In it, I cited a remark which I once heard you make, that there ought to be Temples raised to the Will. I give your name, adding that I would, instead, raise school-houses where the young should be taught how to form the Will.

When the book shall appear, pray send a note to G. Redway, 9 Hart St., Bloomsbury, and say that I request him to send you a copy. I put you to this trouble because I may forget it and I *want* you to read it.

Just had a visit from a very charming Miss ——. She was attacked by brigands a short time ago, and fought like a wild-cat, tackling a man with a pistol — finally the coachman saved them. A young Italian gentleman with her gave up all he had — 150 francs — and then wanted her to marry him! She is American — I always believed her to be English.

Write soon to your old friend,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

The gout and influenza left him very weak all through the winter of 1899; how weak I knew when he wrote me, "I have two or three cook books for you, very nice ones, and absolutely lack the energy to hunt up wrapping paper and do them up and mail them" — and this, after he had been visiting the barrows of the Signoria in behalf of my collection for the last three or four years. He could not risk going out in damp or stormy weather. But he got through an enormous amount of work. Another book, "Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches," was in the press (Nutt). He wrote a novel to amuse himself, and finished a collection of studies of Vagabonds. He began a series of Gypsy stories and sketches, and planned a book in Shelta with Mr. Sampson.

He sold his "Hundred Arts." He could forget his increasing feebleness in writing and in the practice of the "little arts," — he was always restoring madonnas, binding books, carving panels, making frames in *gesso*, or decorating the innumerable trifles he loved to give to his friends. But he was glad when spring came.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOTEL VICTORIA, 44, LUNG ARNO VESPUCCI,
FLORENCE, May 11th, 1899.

. . . I am beginning to feel like a bear at the end of winter, as if I had lived long enough by sucking my own paws. I am drawing on my old experiences and not making or gathering new ones. That is a bad sign when an old man goes on ever telling the same old stories. However, the Strong Will was a new idea, and I may get another! I do so love new work, —

> To change our occupation
> Is ever recreation.

I am astonished that there is so little in the American newspapers about our doings in Cuba and Porto Rico. I suppose that we are pushing on there all the time, but I see no signs of it. As for Manila, I am too disgusted with Boston Babyishness to express myself. We must and

ought to be like England in the world and doing our work everywhere, and not subside into a Yankee China, as we were doing before the war. However, your West will take care of all that, and, since I have felt it, my heart has gone Westward.

What I would like to see, albeit it is impossible, would be a joint protectorate of all the West Indies and Philippines equally shared between England and America. . . . I fear a time may come when it will require England, America, and Russia to keep John Chinaman from overrunning the whole world, our share of it included. When he gets ships, we shall see trouble; *perhaps* we had all better subdue him now, and divide his land! A coalition between Chinese and Hindoos is possible, and an Exodus of 20,000,000 or more would not be missed. Even 50 millions could be spared from 600,000,000, and 50 millions armed could conquer Europe and trouble *Us!* All of which becomes possible if China should take to steam-engines and science — which it is beginning to do.

A paragraph in another letter to Miss Owen, written from Homburg a few months later, I quote to show how his thoughts were ever carry-

ing him back, in every, even the smallest, way to his own country. "Homburg is supposed to be the gaiest summer resort in Europe — but oh, how flat and *fade* it is compared to what Cape May used to be in the old times, with the bathing in the surf, the tenpin alleys, the walks on the beach, the sea breezes! How flat and poor is German wine and the best amber Pilsener beer compared to a mint-julep or a sherry-cobbler!"

In the autumn, the Oriental Congress was held in Rome. He could not go, but he sent a paper. "I received two telegrams yesterday from Rome," he wrote me on October 12th (1899), and I have found the two telegrams among his papers. "The Oriental Congress is being held there, and I sent a very curious paper in Italian, on the identity of Virgil with Buddha as a magician. Thus the mother of both was named Maia, they were both identified with a mysterious *tree* of life. Buddha in his first incarnation was a physician, Virgil was identical with Esculapius, etc., etc. The telegrams announce it was *applauditissima* or applaudest — and the Countess Evelyn di Martinengo, that it was *stupendamente gran successo* — which means *at least* that it was not a failure."

The book on the Will introduced new friends

and reclaimed old ones, and he saw something, now, of Dr. Franz Hartmann, Colonel Olcott, and a little group of Theosophists living at Bellosguardo. Perhaps it was thanks to them that he set out on a new adventure, adapted to rainy weather, — crystal gazing. The interest he took in it is revealed in a series of letters he wrote to Mr. Harry Wilson, then editor of the "Architectural Review," for whom he prepared an article on the subject.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MR. HARRY WILSON

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 16, 1900.

DEAR MR. WILSON, — As I have the "article," a monograph on Magic Mirrors, all ready, I send it to you. As it lay before me, in came Olcott the Theosophist, who gave me the bit of information on the subject which I have added.

There was once published somewhere, I now forget in what, a picture of Earl Stanhope's famous crystal ball. If you can find it and add it to the Chinese and Etruscan mirrors it would be an improvement.

It lately occurred to me to make casts with tin-foil. Instead of oiling the relief to be cast, lay tin-foil on it and squeeze it well in, — oil would spoil many objects. After I had *invented* this I

found it in Cennini, 1490. I have *made* a paper on it. . . .

In haste,

Yours truly,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

P. S. Perhaps by a little inquiry you may add to the illustrations of magic mirrors, etc.

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 18, 1900.

DEAR MR. WILSON, — I send 4 designs which should have accompanied the article on Magic Mirrors. It may be that some ingenious folk will like to make frames. I ought to be inspired for occult work since both Olcott — *per anagramma* Ocoltt — and Franz Hartmann are among my visitors. In haste,

Yours truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 25, 1900.

DEAR MR. WILSON, — I send herewith a small MS. not containing, as you suggested, folk-lore on the subject of occult crystals and mirrors (of which, however, I could give a great deal), but what will be, I think, far more interesting, viz., an account of the things which I myself have seen in conjuring stones, with careful

copies, showing how any person may master the art even to seeing pictures as accurate as coloured miniatures. It will make altogether a long article, but most assuredly a very generally interesting one.

I have never read anything which explained the phenomena and showed what a practical and useful art it might be to designers and suggestive of Quick Perception to children.

Yours truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 27, 1900.

DEAR MR. WILSON, — *Ecce iterum!* — you will think that the magic mirrors will never come to an end. But since I sent you the second supplement I discovered in an old book, three additional kinds of magic mirrors, so curious and easily made that 't would be a pity to leave them out, so I send them. I think that the whole will be interesting to most readers.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, March 31, 1900.

DEAR MR. WILSON, — This is becoming preposterous, but a picture of an Egyptian magic

mirror which I found in an Italian work, "L' Arte del Vetro," and a very curious passage in Pliny on mirrors of black stone which gave shadows instead of reflections, will cause you to reflect that this is a marvellous support to what I have written.

Yours truly,

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Save for this new pastime, and the writing and researches it involved, the winter of 1900 was largely a repetition of the winter of 1899. And the summer was rainy, and in Homburg he was a prisoner, as in Florence. But when the sun did shine, there was the chance of meeting strange people, and one adventure of the kind I like to think he had, for it *was* to be his last, could he have known it, in Homburg or anywhere else on this earth. The story is in a letter to Miss Owen.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOMBURG, June 27th, 1900.

I have not had a *talk* with more than one person since we have been here, for I don't count a few wearisome exchanges of commonplace with two or three matrons as conversation. That

talk was a few days ago in an old-fashioned shop, where I found a Ruthenian Slovak from the Turkish border, a pedlar stuck all round with pipe-stems, arms, — yea, bristling with real or sham Orientalisms, with a fez or tarboosh on his head, and in general array Slavonian theatrical, a good-looking, youngish man, who could not speak German. So we plunged, to his ineffable amazement and joy, into a conversation composed of Bohemian-Czech, with bits of Russian, Gypsy, and Italian, — in fact, *anything at all.* He had a dagger which I fancied ('t was for 75 cents), and when I asked him *Sholko hanjari?* (How much the dagger?) he cried aloud with admiration, for *hanjar* is the regular Turk word and not *yataghan.* So I bought it and had great fun, to the immense amusement of the shopman and his family, etc., who are old acquaintances of mine. The man could not talk Romany, but he greatly admired me for having it. He thought I was a Pole — then it occurred to me that most Poles talk Bohemian, which, next to English, will take a man further in the world, perhaps, than any other language, for it is intelligible to all Russians, Poles, etc. . . . Though I eat and sleep well here, I get no stronger. We have a very good, yes, a famous

doctor, but I feel inclined to say to him what Abraham Lincoln did to the blacksmith, "I admire your honesty, but damn your manners!" When I asked him if I could grow stronger, he said no; that I was too old; that you could n't renew a worn-out locomotive by oiling it. Very true, but I thought of —— in Florence, who always left me feeling better; he could cure illness by *talk*. And we exchanged American stories, no matter how ill I was. General Schenck, our Minister to London, was about the most unconquerable story-teller I ever knew. I believe he and I could have "swapped lies" for 48 hours without stopping. Judge Fisher of Delaware, who knew Lincoln intimately, said that he and I beat anybody he ever met at capping stories, and Judge Shea of New York gave me the palm. I don't say this to *boast*, but to make a record. . . .

Back with his madonnas, in the little room at Florence, he wrote to me of an essay on "The Alternate Sex," which "shall be the development of my work on the 'Will;'" of a book to be called "The Gothic Mother Goose," the old nursery rhymes illustrated by Gothic grotesques; of a "Mysterious Geography" to be compiled in

collaboration with the Rev. Wood Brown. And then the blow fell, from which he never entirely rallied. On the 29th of December (1900), Mrs. Leland had a severe paralytic stroke, the third, though the first two had been so slight that I do not think she, or he either, knew their gravity at the time. Now, her left side was paralysed, her speech for a while was affected, for weeks she hung between life and death.

No year brought me a packet of letters from the Rye so large as 1901, though I was with him in Florence for a short time in the winter, and again during August at the Villa Margherita, near San Marcello, in the mountains above Pistoia; and my husband was in Italy, and saw him constantly throughout that spring and summer. The letters are too intimate to print. All the tragedy of his wife's illness is in them. He had been married over forty years and had rarely been separated from her. His affection was a part of his life; she had always relieved him from every petty care and discomfort; and now he had to watch her suffer from one of the most cruel of all diseases. And he had to face new duties, trifling in themselves, but of a kind he had never faced before, and his own age and feebleness magnified them in his eyes. I can still see him strug-

gling with his accounts, as hopelessly as he had struggled with the multiplication table in the old Philadelphia school-days long years before. Friends came to his aid. Mrs. Boker, the daughter-in-law of the man who had been as a brother to him, journeyed up from Rome at once when news of Mrs. Leland's illness reached her, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, as fast as steamer and train could bring them, hurried to Florence from Philadelphia. The days and weeks dragged on. My aunt got better, but was too weak for the journey home that Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had hoped possible. In the spring the Rye was alone with her again. And news reached him of the death of his sister, Mrs. Thorp. I hardly know how he lived through the weary months.

And yet, he made the arrangements for the summer at the Villa Margherita, and he was no sooner up there than he started to teach the minor arts to the young people in the hotel. When I joined him in August, the peace of the mountains seemed to have fallen upon him. He was doing little writing, though stirred out of his apathy by letters both from Bombay and Philadelphia, asking his advice for classes in the minor arts according to his method. His talk was more extraordinary than ever, as if all the old energy

for work had gone into it. I can never forget him, as he sat at the head of the long table, telling one American story after another with a joy that made me understand all the more the reputation Judge Fisher had given him. But I remember him better on the afternoon walk, now no further than across the stream behind the house, and up the little hillside to the clearing under the chestnuts. He was mostly silent there. When he did talk, it was of the past, as if he looked to no future in this world. I carried away with me a picture of him, — his life work completed, at rest in the cool of the late afternoon, under the chestnuts.

I might have known the fires had not burnt out, but only smouldered. He had hardly returned to Florence in October before he was arranging for a second edition of "Have You a Strong Will?" for the publication of "Flaxius," and for a new and abridged edition of "Breitmann." By January (1902), he was carrying on the vigorous correspondence I have quoted, with Prof. Dyneley Prince, and writing to me about it in the old jubilant vein. "I have been having a regular *spree of work;* few enjoy it as I do," was the way he put it in a letter written on Jan. 10th, 1902. On April 6th, he reported, "My

book on 'The Alternate Sex' is now ready for Wellby if he wants it." And he was preparing still another work, "Mind in Nature, or Materialism the Only Basis for a Belief in God and the Immortality of the Soul." But he also reported: "I had indeed an attack a few days ago which I feared would be a paralysis. I saw things *double* and felt my brain and sight affected, and could *hardly walk* at all." The last real "spree of work" was over. Though my husband, again in Italy, sent me reassuring news, in June for a week the Rye was so ill he thought death a question of hours. Nor was Mrs. Leland any better. They went to the Villa Margherita in July. It seemed the only chance for both. But the journey was more than my aunt could stand. The end — the release — came almost immediately. She died on the 9th of July. "It is a rest after such long suffering," his letter said, "but, oh! how I miss the wife of more than forty years! I miss even the cares and anxiety and troubles. I must be alone for a long time." "I have wept very little," he wrote again, "and my grief is promptly met by the memory of the immediate relief from suffering which your poor aunt found in death."

He was stunned. He tried turning to work,

with a sudden flaring up of the old fire of energy. But I had no more hope after the next letter — the last — he wrote to me.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO E. R. PENNELL

VILLA MARGHERITA, LIMESTRE PISTOIESE,
Sept. 22, 1902.

DEAR PEN, — I have not been inclined to write, and am in arrears to many people. Of late, I have been ill, though not confined to bed. When Belle died, I took to drawing all day and often in the evening, so that, by excess of labour, I lately brought on frightful nervous suffering. The doctor here did me a little good and I am mending. When I go to bed, I fall asleep and am tormented with images of designs, or a state like delirium of confused ideas sets in. This is getting better. To-morrow I shall return to Florence. I am perfectly well and very sound of mind when awake, but sadly weak. . . .

I should be doing scant justice to my uncle's memory, if I did not leave a record not only of his growing weakness, but of his unfailing interest in others that old age and illness could not destroy. One incident of it I have from Mr. Brown. Others are in letters to Miss Owen. In

writing to me, Mr. Brown has recalled the time, near the last days, "when hearing of Mrs. Leland's death I drove in a July morning up the thirty miles of the Lima Valley and found him at San Marcello. Some memories of that day are too sacred for words, but, passing these, there was the moment after lunch when he introduced me to an Irish friend, with whom we both took coffee in the garden. As we drew up chairs to our particular table, Mr. Leland said, 'Now we shall shut out all the *Sassenach*,' and there followed half an hour of the old delightful, incomparable talk in which he led, as always, sinking his own deep sorrow under the inimitable tact which the moment called for, and which developed all that was best and raciest in his companions, to crown it at last with the inevitable touch which he knew so well how to supply. It was the last time I saw him in what could be called his health and strength."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

VILLA MARGHERITA, LIMESTRE PISTOIESE,
ITALY, Aug. 13, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was glad to get your letter of July 30th. I am all alone, but not suffering from it, except that I *miss* her who was my

only company for so many years and entered so into every little consultation and deed of life that to have nobody and be *responsible* to no one (we are all so to somebody, if it is only a valet or housekeeper) is as bewildering and new to me, as if I myself had died! . . .

I have had a great part of the proofs of the Epic of Kulóskap, Glúsgabe — Glooskap. *Do* keep an eye on the book — it will be out soon. And try — try to collect Indian poems. It is a new field, and I recommend you to collect them and correspond with Prof. Prince. Go at it earnestly, be among the first. For I foresee that sooner or later every scrap, good or bad, will be studied and admired to a degree of which no one now living has any idea whatever, and men will wonder that among all the scholars of our age so few cared for such a marvellous record of the vanished race. . . . Don't lose time. Come in with us. Collect *anything* — folk-lore is nothing to this. Just suppose that some Roman scholar had collected Etruscan poems! Charlemagne did collect the old German songs, but they are now *lost!* The monks did not care to preserve them.

Day after to-morrow, on the 15th of August, I shall be 78 years of age. . . .

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND TO MISS MARY A. OWEN

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, October, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — To read a letter like yours makes me realise how charming it would be to be able to talk to you. I am suffering more than I ever supposed it would be possible from the want of some one in my life to turn to, to consult, to talk with. Almost every human being has somebody; even a prisoner knows that his jailor is a kind of a guardian, but I am brought up standing again and again by the reflection that I have no one to condition or modify my life. . . . My health has been getting worse of late, so that all I am hoping for now is that my sister, Mrs. Harrison, will come out ere long and take me home, where, in truth, I do not expect to live long, inasmuch as the doctor does not think I could endure the voyage. But I can no longer endure this life of utter loneliness. . . . I sympathise with your niece. I never could learn the multiplication table, nor anything like mathematics, and suffered accordingly. Now that I look back on it all, I can understand that it was my teacher's fault as much as mine. They were paid to *teach* me — not merely *to make me teach myself*. If a capable person had taken me

(or your niece) — and by a judicious and gradual system of easy steps, rewards, etc., induced the mind to go step by step (very gradually at first) into easy mental arithmetic (many children's games are equivalent to this), I, or she, could most certainly have been made "good at figures." *Every child* can be made, as I know, proficient at drawing, etc. Yet how many scores of people I have met who, knowing nothing at all about it, deny this because *they* cannot draw! I pity your niece, who has never been shown the right way — nor was I. I used to pass in my childhood as a half fool in all regular studies, and was the last in my class at college in mathematics. However, I got the poem which was the second honour. But I believe that the vast majority of all my American friends died under the impression that I have been a failure in life, not having made a fortune or gained any public office, notwithstanding my "magnificent education."

I am very glad to know that you have begun to collect songs from the Sacs. Pray take all the pains you can to get all you can, for it is a far more important thing than anybody now deems. . . . *Do try* and learn as much of the Sac languages as to authorise you to claim some posi-

tion as a translator. Never mind the work — it will well repay you. Get all and any kinds of songs, and remember that in Indian all the most ordinary narratives are *songs*, i. e., can be or are narrated in a sing-song manner. If you go to work with a will, you will surely collect a great many songs or poems of some kind. If I can help you in any way, I will with all my heart. The time will come when those who collected Indian songs will have undying names.

Instead of getting used to my bereavement, I suffer more and more from it. For, indeed, after living for half a century with any one, separation is half a loss of life. I do not care for Anything now in reality, light seems to be dying out of the sun — all things which tasted once have lost their savour. And all kind of work has lost its zest for me.

This is a sad letter, but I am in peculiar conditions of sadness. Hoping that all is going for better with you, and that you may never know what it is to be alone in life, I remain

Ever truly your friend,

CHARLES G. LELAND.

So far as friends were concerned, he was not alone. The Rev. Wood Brown was with him

almost every day. Mrs. Tassinari, the daughter of his old friend Mrs. Bronson, and Mrs. Arbuthnot came often to spend an hour with him. The visits of Dr. Paggi were those of a welcome friend as well as a devoted physician. And the sister he so dearly loved rejoined him as quickly as she could, and she and her husband, the friend of years, were with him for the few months that remained. He grew better after their return; it seemed almost as if, with the spring, he would be able to make the journey home. And there were still some pleasures not without zest. His last manuscript, "The Alternate Sex," was in the hands of a publisher. He lived to see his "Flaxius" in book form, and the "Kulóskap," too. And there was a winter day when as marvellous a thing happened in that little working-room as the madonnas, looking down from their gold ground, had ever yet beheld. In October, a box containing money had been stolen from him. He could have borne the loss with equanimity, had not a greater treasure still been locked up with the money, — the Black Stone of the Voodoos. In February, the Italian police, somehow, found it. "He had a great joy the other day of which I must tell you," the Rev. Wood Brown wrote me. "When I went in on Saturday, I found a

detective in the room, and in Mr. Leland's hands was the lost Voodoo stone, over which he was laughing and crying with pleasure. It had been found on an old woman here, probably a witch, and presently the detective turned out from a bag the whole crude contents of the woman's pocket on a paper, which Mr. Leland held, to see if anything else of his was there. There was such a quantity of loose snuff that we all laughed and sneezed by turns, and then saw, to our astonishment, that beside the Voodoo stone, the woman had been carrying no less than six small toy-magnets — no doubt a part of the stock-in-trade of her witchcraft."

The Black Stone had worked its last spell for him, completing with a marvel the career that had begun with one, almost eighty years before.

The end was a few weeks afterwards. He had been seriously ill more than once during the autumn and winter, each illness bringing him face to face with death, each leaving him with his heart weaker. And so he had no strength to struggle when he fell ill again late in March, his heart and other troubles made the more grave by pneumonia. Dr. Paggi, who had already done much to lighten the sufferings of the last year, could not now save him. On the 20th of the

month (1903), with a prayer on his lips, his sister and her husband and the Rev. Wood Brown at his side, he passed on to the greatest adventure of all — the Adventure into the Unknown.

His ashes made the journey "home," for which he longed at the last, and they lie at Laurel Hill with those of the wife he missed so sorely that he could live without her but a few short months.

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NOTE. — I have not attempted a list of the magazine articles by Charles Godfrey Leland. It would be almost impossible, for, from the days of his connection with the "Knickerbocker" and "Graham's" down to those of his last work for "Cosmopolis" and the "Architectural Review," there is hardly a periodical of note to which he did not contribute. I mention "Red Indiana" and "Ebenezer" because they are the only series of importance that, for some reason, never were republished. It would be no easier to make a record of his pamphlets and leaflets on politics and art, — he had not a complete collection, and in many cases they could not be traced, — or of all the volumes in which he collaborated: for instance, at the time of his death, his papers on the "Hundred Arts," to which he had devoted so much care, and which, in return, had brought him such anxiety, were appearing in a publication of Messrs. Dawbarn & Ward's. As he said of himself, he wrote more easily than he talked, and he did an incredible amount of writing. But it was presumably for the work he valued most that he chose the more permanent book form. In this Bibliography the dates given are of the first editions. I might add that he left several unpublished manuscripts.

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[1] I give the date of the only volume I have seen. But I think

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THE END

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